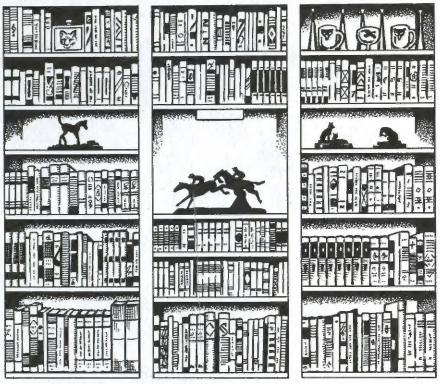

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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

Drawn by G. Sharples. *Engd. by Percy Roberts.*

TOM SPRING.

Published by Geo. Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane, 1829.

BOXIANA;

OR,

SKETCHES OF MODERN

Pugilism,

DURING THE

CHAMPIONSHIP OF CRIBB

TO

SPRING'S CHALLENGE

To all England.

BY P. EGAN.

Θάρσει μηδέ τί πω δειδισσεο.—HOMER.

Homo sum, humani nil à me alienum puto.—TERENCE.

DEDICATED TO

THE MOST NOBLE THE

MARQUIS OF WORCESTER.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

London:

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1821.

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TO THE

MOST NOBLE

THE

MARQUIS OF WORCESTER.

My Lord;

It has been observed by several authors, and men of considerable talent, that the most difficult part of a book is the DEDICATION; perhaps it may be so, if SOPHISTRY on the one hand, and *flattery* on the other, are unfortunately connected with the subject. This, however, is not the case with me: I have no stumbling-blocks in my path; I can see my way; and the road before me is plain and direct.

Therefore, my Lord, as an admirer of true courage, I most humbly present the following pages to your notice, in a national point of view, with all the bluntness of an Englishman. In them you will perceive a list of many brave encounters—several noble specimens of manhood—numerous real traits of generosity of

disposition—fine touches of feeling, and wound up by that climax of all subjects—HUMANITY.

It cannot be unknown to your Lordship, that when THEMISTOCLES led an army of his countrymen against their barbarian neighbours, he beheld two cocks engaged in furious combat. The spectacle was not lost upon him; he made his forces halt, and thus addressed them:—"These *cocks*, my gallant soldiers, are not fighting for their COUNTRY—their paternal GODS; nor do they endure this for the *monuments* of their *ancestors*, for their *offspring*, or for the sake of *glory* in the cause of *liberty*: the only motive is, that the ONE *is heroically resolved not to* YIELD *to the other*." This impressive harangue rekindled their valour, and led them to conquest. After their decisive victories over the Persians, the Athenians decreed by law, that one day should be set apart in every year for the PUBLIC EXHIBITION of COCK-FIGHTING, at the expense of the state.

Permit me then, my Lord, to observe, that the PARALLEL is borne out from the battles in the *Prize Ring*. It is of no importance to the public at large, whether CRIBB still retains the CHAMPIONSHIP as a *boxer*, or whether RAN-

DALL is viewed as a *Nonpareil* in the situation of a *Pugilist;* but it is of the very last importance to ENGLAND, as a nation, my Lord, that she still preserve her high character for TRUE COURAGE, both at home and abroad, both by land and by sea: nay, more, that not one particle of this real greatness should ever be *frittered* away from *squeamishness* of DISPOSITION or EFFEMINACY of *habit.* It is, indeed, an important point, my Lord, and well worthy the consideration of the statesman, in order to prevent a WELLINGTON (whenever his splendid talents are again called into actual service) from experiencing the want of a body of brave men to direct, and also from becoming little more than possessing the *title* of a *great* general; or some future NELSON only able to prove himself a *gallant* commander.

It is from such open and manly contests in England, my Lord, that the desperate and fatal effects of human passion are in a great measure, if not totally, prevented; the use of the *poisonous* draught shuddered at; secret *revenge* found to have no lurking place in the breast of a Briton; and the application of the *dagger* abhorred.

To your Lordship, who has gloriously contributed in person to earn the most splendid laurels for England, it must be well known, that no soldier or sailors, from one end of the globe to the other, show so much mercy to a fallen foe as the British; and I hope, my Lord, it is not too much to infer, that they owe that "doubly blessed" quality to their early acquaintance with the Ring, the principle of which is not to strike an opponent when he is down.

To increase, if possible, that love of TRUE COURAGE, generosity of character, and HUMANITY of disposition, so highly possessed by Britons, and of which your Lordship has given such ample specimens under the great Commander of the Age, has been the plain and only aim of the writer throughout the following pages, which are now most humbly dedicated to the attention of your Lordship.

I am,

My Lord,

Your obliged, obedient Servant,

PIERCE EGAN.

May 1, 1821.

BARNEY AARON,

acknowledged as

THE STAR OF THE EAST.

BOXIANA.

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW OF THE RISE AND FALL OF THE MODERN PUGILISTS (SINCE THE PUBLICATION OF THE SECOND VOLUME OF THIS WORK). THE INTRODUCTION OF NEW BOXERS, WITH SOME REMARKS ON THEIR CHARACTERS AND VARIOUS TALENTS. PHILOSOPHY OF PRIZE-FIGHTING. CORRECT DELINEATIONS OF THE CÆSTUS WHICH THE GLADIATORS EXHIBITED WITH AMONG THE ANCIENTS; AND, AS A CONTRAST TO THOSE TREMENDOUS WEAPONS, AN ENGRAVING OF THE GLOVES AS USED IN THE COMBATS AT THE FIVES COURT, AND LIKEWISE BY THE TEACHERS OF THE ART OF SELF DEFENCE. THE PECULIAR FRAME OF THE BOXERS CONSIDERED. AND A LIST OF SPORTING-HOUSES KEPT BY PUGILISTS, AND BY OTHER PERSONS CONNECTED WITH THE SPORTING WORLD.

SEVERAL *new* NOBS have made their appearance in the pugilistic hemisphere since April, 1818, possessing *peepers* bold and confident, and anxiously on the "*look-out*" to obtain, as a reward for their exertions,

FAME'S highest pinnacle of greatness: while the *upper works* of others, who have "strutted and fretted their hour, in all the pomp and glorious circumstance of war," have, in consequence of such "*appearances*," been reduced a *step lower* on the list of glory; and, although the *nobs* of some of the *milling* coves have, from the reverses of fortune, by their repeated *defeats*, become almost *chap-fallen*, yet, nevertheless, they are not so *diminished* in importance as to be compelled to *hide* their *toppers* for ever. An EPITOME of those *alterations* of NOBS in the PRIZE-RING, it is therefore presumed, will be acceptable to the OLD FANCIERS: to the *rising* AMATEUR it may also become more or less ATTRACTIVE; and perhaps it is not too much to infer, that a cursory review of the whole of the NOBS of the BOXERS, GOOD, BAD, and *indifferent*, may not prove an uninteresting *feature* to the Sporting World. With this APOLOGY, it cannot be denied that

A *boxer* requires a *nob* as well as a *statesman* does a HEAD, coolness and calculation being essential to *second* his efforts; and it is also highly necessary that the pugilist's NOB should not only be *screwed* on rather FAST, but the right way; *i. e.* if he is not exactly in danger of having it *knocked off*, he should be particularly careful to avoid any SCREWS being *loose* about it. It has been frequently observed by *connoisseurs*, when criticising the paintings of several eminent artists, that the HEADS of their *works* do not belong to their *bodies!* the same thing is also to be discovered in real life. A more common assertion is not to be met with among the lower classes of society, than in speaking

of various individuals according to their *notoriety* of talents, or remarkable for their *stupidity*, "that such a man *wears* a HEAD;" again, of another, "he is *without* a HEAD;" of a third, "he was upon the wrong side of the hedge when the *brains* were given away;" and so on to the end of the chapter upon mankind. If the NOB of the boxer, then, does not bear any competition with the nicety of the mathematician's HEAD, it will, however, not be disputed but it has some analogy to the *upper works* of the GENERAL'S. Without *science* and *tactics* the pugilist's NOB soon becomes a mere *dummy* in the *hands* of his opponent.

A *boxer* without a HEART is an impostor indeed! But such *things* cannot be; a *fighting* man without the above *pendulum*, which moves or is at the *bottom* of all his *actions*, sinks into nothing else but a mere *apology* for a PUGILIST!

The *morley* of the *boxer* is of as great importance to him as the *hand* is useful to an AUTHOR: they are also both exerted to procure the *blunt*, but the *works* of the former are frequently more *intelligible*, and likewise *profitable*,* than the latter. It falls to the lot of very few authors to make a *lucky* HIT, but he must be a trifling boxer indeed whose *blows* do not *tell*. The *marking* instruments of both of them can paint *black* and *blue*, as well as now and then make some flourishes

* The GAS-LIGHT MAN, in his second battle with COOPER, WON (or *earned*) *one hundred guineas* in three minutes. This is even getting "the *best* of SIR WALTER SCOTT;" at all events, it is making use of the *hands* to a *profitable* purpose.

with *red.* *But then where is the* PHILOSOPHY *in all this?* Professor WILSON *might ask.* We will tell him, in case he should be at a loss for a *striking* argument to impress on the minds of his pupils upon this subject, that there are lots of PHILOSOPHY even in PRIZE-FIGHTING. And, although it was never illustrated by that great, that enlightened man, the late inimitable DR. PALEY, yet prize-fighting practically teaches men to admire true courage; to applaud generosity; to acquire notions of honour, nobleness of disposition, and greatness of mind. To bear hardships without murmers; fortitude in reverse of fortune; and invincibility of soul. It teaches men also, in obtaining conquests, to show HUMANITY, and not to triumph over a fallen foe. It clearly points out, likewise, to despise a coward; not to harbour resentments, but to attack your enemy openly in the field, and to take no unfair, no unmanly advantages of him. To *punish* foul play; to decide impartially; and not to look on and see wrong done to any person. It also teaches men to discountenance *treachery;* not to stab persons in the dark; and to become horror-struck at ASSASSINATION. It likewise is a stimulus to love of country;—and these maxims are not only thorough-bred English ones from top to toe, but they are felt and acknowledged by the mass of the people: and the name of a BRITON makes a man feel proud that he belongs to such a nation.

It is the HONOUR, as well as the *reward*, in obtaining the PRIZE PURSE, which sets the boxer above his fellows; and it is this circumstance which operates on his mind and instils into the hero—PHILOSOPHY.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in *your* philosophy.

It is winning the purse that gains the boxer friends—it procures him fame; he acquires notoriety—and, if he does not make a fortune, he obtains a handsome living. It also enables the pugilist to mix with superior society—it enlarges his mind—and, according to his deserts, so he is respected; all of which tend to make him a better man.* Facts are stubborn things, and the names of Messrs. JACKSON, GULLEY, CRIBB, and TOM BELCHER, are in themselves sufficient seals of assurance, not to be broken. The general and the admiral, the poet and the painter, and the architect and the sculptor, are all actuated by one powerful *stimulus*—the love of fame and the sweets of reward.

PRIZE-FIGHTING has also its advantages, even at a distance from the ring, when the boxer is engaged in fighting the battles of his country. It is then the true courage of the pugilist is again witnessed bursting forth in a flame, animating all around him; he courts danger, and then the honour of victory only presents itself before his eyes. He becomes a hero, a host within himself, and his companions in arms endeavour to follow so bright an example in battle. The conquest gained, his eye beams with sympathy, humanity softens his heart, and the generosity he displays to

* A pugilist, who has fought several battles in the prize-ring, is at the present moment a most respectable magistrate, and much admired for his urbanity and upright conduct.

succour a fallen foe, is one of the finest specimens of the philosophy of human nature.

> But mark our last broadside—she sinks—down she goes!
> Quickly man all your boats, they no longer are foes:
> To snatch a brave foe from a watery grave,
> Is worthy a BRITAIN, who but CONQUERS to SAVE!

It is no argument against the PHILOSOPHY of prize-fighting to observe that *blackguards* are to be found round the Prize-Ring. Is there a horse-race, a fair, or any other public sight, it might be asked, in answer, where bad characters are not to be seen? Thieves and women of the town are to be found in churches. Neither is there any valid objection to the philosophy of prize-fighting because it admits of *gambling*. Persons who are not connected with pugilism, but who are fond of *sporting*, will lay wagers on the election of any particular parson, who is considered the *favourite*, to obtain a *rectorship*, with as much *sang froid*, if it requires judgment or produces *gain*, as they would upon any other subject. Then, without any further preface, come forth, thou

CHAMPION OF ENGLAND, TOM CRIBB,

and, if necessary, lend thine HAND to *second* my argument, as thou hast been tried upon all the preceding requisites, and not FOUND WANTING!

THE CAP OF LAUREL

still proudly graces thy NOB, no rude fist daring even to make an attempt to remove it from thy manly brow, or to *snatch* the

CUP OF HONOUR

from thy lips; out of which I drink health and long life to thee.

CRIBB, in 1820, offered to fight any man in England from £1000 to £500 a-side; but no one having accepted it, he has retired, covered with glory, from the prize-ring.

The NONPAREIL, JACK RANDALL, the champion of the light weights, has closed his milling career in a style that has astonished all the Sporting World. He has never been defeated in 12 contests, and retired from the ring distinguished in a peculiar manner, and what no other boxer besides himself can put in a claim to, having never received a

KNOCK-DOWN BLOW

from any of his opponents; and, as a reward for his exertions, a few Swell Trumps presented him with a PIPE OF WINE, of the value of £130.

SPRING has risen considerably in the estimation of the Sporting World. He made rather too sure of his second battle with PAINTER, but he has made good use of his time since that period, and recovered his lost laurels. SPRING conquered *Carter* cleverly, who for three years had assumed the title of the Champion of England. It was 2 to 1 against SPRING. *Ben Burns*, in a hasty over-night-made match, was also defeated by SPRING in a short time. *Bob Burns*, nephew to the above boxer, was likewise conquered in 15 minutes by SPRING, when a bed would have been, for the latter, from his bad state of health, far more proper than his appearance in the Prize-Ring. He also disposed of the *game Oliver* without a *stratch* upon

his face, from his improved state of fighting. His match with *Neat* was *off*, to the great disappointment of the amateurs. SPRING, on the 25th of March, 1821, declared himself OPEN TO ALL ENGLAND for three months.

DONNELLY, the Irish Champion, who left his native soil to try his prowess upon English ground, and who proved successful in obtaining a conquest over *Oliver*, has since been *floored* by Death!

Bristol has enrolled one more pugilist amongst her celebrated boxers, in the person of BILL NEAT. His conquest over *Oliver* has given him some *milling* notoriety; but his capabilities cannot be exactly ascertained till he has been engaged in some more battles. He possesses great advantages from his person, which is very fine.

PAINTER has also appeared twice in the prize-ring with success, in recovering two of his defeats from his old opponents, *Spring* and *Oliver;* but he has since retired from fighting, and is now established as an inn-keeper at *Norwich.*

OLIVER, who once stood so very high in the annals of pugilism, has suffered severely in the estimation of the *Fancy*, from his repeated *defeats* by *Neat*, *Donnelly*, *Painter*, and *Spring;* and who, it might be said, if he had not gained a conquest over *Shelton*, was in great danger of suffering a total eclipse, as to *milling*.

BOB GREGSON, the P.P. has left the Metropolis, and taken up his residence in Dublin. He has opened the rooms lately occupied as the Royal Academy, as a School for teaching the Art of Self-Defence; and

he is well supported by the first class of amateurs in Dublin.

SHELTON has obtained great notoriety in the *milling* circles; indeed, he appeared for a time almost like one risen from the dead. His conquests over the giant, *Bob Burns*, gave him considerable importance with the amateurs; and, although he was defeated by *Oliver*, it did not reduce his character as a pugilist. In his gallant fight with *Cooper*, notwithstanding he lost the battle, he displayed such *game*, and good *science*, that he received great marks of approbation from the surrounding spectators. The above fight with *Cooper* was allowed by the oldest *fanciers* to have been one of the best battles ever witnessed. It is rather singular to remark, that SHELTON fought on the coldest and hottest days ever experienced in this country.

TOM OWEN, the conqueror of *Bully Hooper*, the Tinman, after an absence of twenty-five years from the Prize Ring, has added fresh laurels to his fame, by a well-fought most scientific battle, and obtaining a conquest over the accomplished *Mendoza*, in a style that astonished all the fighting men; practically and clearly illustrating the advantages of "HIS STOP," and also his excellent knowledge of "THROWING," which he had long *theoretically* laid down to his pupils.

CARTER, the Lancashire hero, went round the country for nearly three years as "the Champion of England," and could not meet with a customer till he was defeated by *Spring*. CARTER followed *Donnelly* to Ireland, and challenged him in that country.

He for some time kept the Black Lion, at Kilmainham; but he has since departed for America.

RICHMOND is now too old for active service in the ring, but he teaches the science at his rooms, No. 6, Whitcomb Street, Charing Cross. He is also anxious to provide the *ring* with a *black servant*, if they will not let a *man of colour* be the *master* of it.

GEORGE COOPER has distinguished himself in the most gallant manner in the Prize Ring. Every amateur was well acquainted with his superior knowledge of the art of Self-Defence, to which, although in defeat, he has added *game* of an equally fine description. His conquest over *Shelton* was an extraordinary circumstance.

TURNER, the *out-and-out* NED TURNER, has experienced *defeat;* but, be it remembered, it was only to *Randall* that he surrendered, after one of the finest contests ever witnessed of TWO HOURS AND TWENTY-TWO MINUTES. TURNER has since conquered the fresh gay Bristol boy, *Cyrus Davis*, in a style which characterised his manhood equal to any boxer that ever stripped; and he also defeated the *Master of the Rolls* with equal coolness and confidence. TURNER must be pronounced one of the finest high-couraged boxers on the list.

JACK SCROGGINS, who has hitherto afforded so much sport to the amateurs, has not been IDLE, though *unfortunate*. He suffered defeat in succession with *Martin*, *Josh. Hudson*, and twice with *Dav. Hudson*. But SCROGGINS has been cheered with the reviving sound of victory in two most gallant battles with *Holt* and *Parish*.

The scientific BILL EALES, so truly distinguished for a superior knowledge of the art of Self-Defence, and his elegant and decisive mode of *setting-to*, has to add a most gallant battle with, and conquest over, *Isle of Wight Hall.*

The *two* HUDSONS, DAVID and JOSHUA, both designated *Tom Owen's* boys, and the *John Bull* boxers, have made great progress from their repeated victories, although they have both been defeated.

WEST COUNTRY DICK has added five more conquests to his numerous successful battles.

The *Master of the Rolls*, JACK MARTIN, has met with two unsuccessful *cases*, in his opposition to *Randall* and *Turner*. In other respects, his *practice* has not only been very *extensive* but *fortunate*, the *Master of the Rolls* not having lost a single cause.

SUTTON, the tremendous man of colour, has not been able to get a single customer since his battle with *Painter*, at Bungay, in Suffolk, on Dec. 16, 1817, upwards of three years since, although he was then defeated. His *turn-up* with *Kendrick* might be termed nothing. SUTTON, with *Carter* and *Reynolds*, has been a long time in Ireland.

TOM REYNOLDS, the town and country boxer, has added *two* more victories to his former list. One he gained in Ireland, and the other at Macclesfield, in England, making five battles in the whole. REYNOLDS has never been defeated.

But the greatest novelty and attraction in the Prize-Ring is TOM HICKMAN, denominated the *Gas-Light Man*. He is viewed as one of the most finishing boxers that has exhibited since the days of *Dutch*

Sam. He is rather under 12 stone in weight, but most compact and firmly made. His impetuosity is terrific. HICKMAN has obtained this high *milling* character from three battles in the Prize Ring. *Young Crawley* surrendered to him; and the *scientific, beautiful* fighter, *George Cooper*, was almost smashed to pieces, in the short space of *fourteen minutes and a half*, in his first contest; but, in the second battle, COOPER was *hit* out *of time* in THREE minutes!!!

DICK CURTIS, a brother of the late *game Jack Curtis*, quite a *stripling*, and under nine stone, has appeared in the ring with great success. He is a most accomplished boxer; and it is quite a treat to the amateurs to see him either *set-to* or fight.

JEM HAWKINS, another little hero, has also exhibited with great approbation. He is about nine stone in weight; quite a general as to tactics; and a most excellent *hitter* with his left hand.

A gypsy, of the name of JOHN COOPER, has made his appearance in the Prize Ring, possessing tremendous *milling* requisites. He defeated *West Country Dick* in a style that astonished all the spectators. He does not weigh more than 10 stone; and COOPER has conquered every boxer opposed to him. He is a busy fighter; and when in close quarters his execution is wonderful.

KENDRICK, a man of colour, has exhibited in the Prize Ring with *Cooper*, *Oliver*, and *Sutton*. *Defeat* has been his *only* feature; but it might have been otherwise, if KENDRICK had had a patron.

JOHNSON, a new black, and one selected by *Richmond*, has the most tremendous arms and shoulders

ever witnessed for doing execution. His arms in length, when stretched out, measure upwards of six feet; they are also as firm as a rock. It is impossible to get at him without encountering the most dangerous *punishment.* His first essay in the Prize Ring was truly ludicrous, from his opponent, *Smith*, a waterman, being so *frightened* that he *bolted* out of the ring. JOHNSON, however, is yet to be tried.

MENDOZA has, unfortunately for himself, in the decline of life, wound up his celebrated pugilistic career in *defeat.*

SAMPSON, denominated the *Birmingham Youth*, introduced to the fighting world under the patronage of *Bob Gregson*, has proved himself a *hard* feature, if not a *successful* one. He is, however, a good fighter, a *game* man, and a *troublesome* customer to any body; he wants strength about the loins, and is not so firm as might be wished on his legs. His opponents will all be extremely glad when SAMPSON says, "No!" So the *John Bull* fighter, *Josh. Hudson*, intimates, and that is no mean opinion upon the subject.

CYRUS DAVIS, the gay Bristol boy, positively electrified the ring, from the quick style with which he defeated *Abraham Belasco;* but, in his battle with *Turner*, he lost a point or two with the amateurs. *Cy.* has numerous friends; not in want of *backers;* and some conquests above *mediocrity* are yet expected from him.

HARRY HOLT has proved himself a brave man in defeat; but from the fine *science* he displayed in his *sets-to* with *Randall*, nightly, at the Olympic Theatre, in January, 1821, he not only gained great applause,

but he and the *Nonpareil* succeeded in drawing good houses.

PARISH, the waterman, raised himself from the water's edge in defeating *Lashbrook;* but he has since lost the tide in surrendering to *Scroggins.* He is, nevertheless, a *game* man, and well acquainted with the art of Self-Defence.

The *Giblet Pye*, otherwise GRANTHAM, was introduced to the notice of the Prize Ring under excellent patronage. He possesses great strength; is an active boxer; and displayed active talents in defeating the hardy *Rasher.* The *Giblet Pye* is about 11 stone in weight; and it is expected to be a good standing dish before it is ultimately *cut up*, if cut up at all.

LARKIN, the Life-Guardsman, has often exhibited at the Fives Court; and would have given the Amateurs of Boxing a specimen of his *capabilities* and courage in the Prize Ring, had he not been prevented by his Commander.

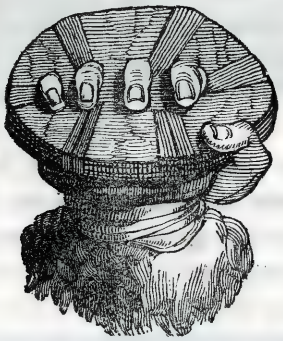
The *game* GEORGE BALLARD; the tremendous little PUSS, otherwise HENRY ABRAHAMS; and the terrific MOLINEAUX, have all surrendered to the grim King of Terrors.

But the LINK that keeps the whole CHAIN together,

Mr. JOHN JACKSON,

still continues to increase in the estimation of the *Fancy* in general, at his rooms, No. 13, Bond Street, London, INDEPENDENT OF ALL PARTIES, yet whose most anxious endeavour is to please every individual, from the highest to the lowest person connected with the Prize Ring.

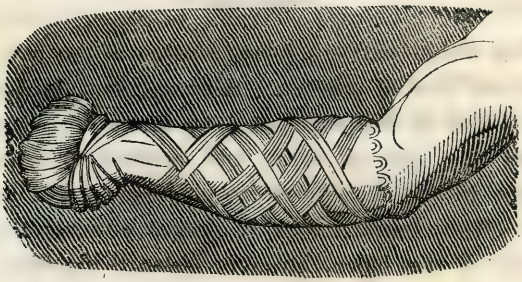
THE VARIOUS KINDS OF CÆSTUS AS USED BY THE GLADIATORS IN COMBAT BEFORE THE ANCIENTS.



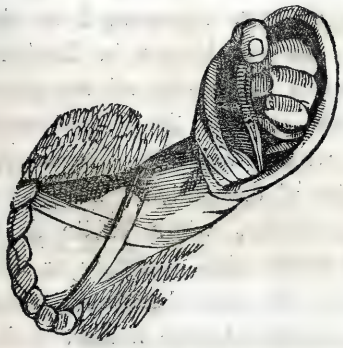
The above cut is a representation of the most tremendous kind of CÆSTUS. The original, in bronze, was found at Herculaneum. It is of a proportion above the natural size; and appears to have belonged to the statue of some gladiator, armed for the fight. This CÆSTUS was composed of several thicknesses of raw hides, strongly fastened together, in a circular form, and tied to the hand and part of the fore arm; and yet, to prevent its hurting the *metacarpus*, a glove of thick worsted* was used for the occasion, ending in a sort of frange, called VELLUS.—*Voyage Pittoresque de Naples et de Sicile, par l'Abbé de St. Non.* Vol. ii. page 49.

* Pentedactylos laneos sub cæstibus habebant.
LACTANTIUS.

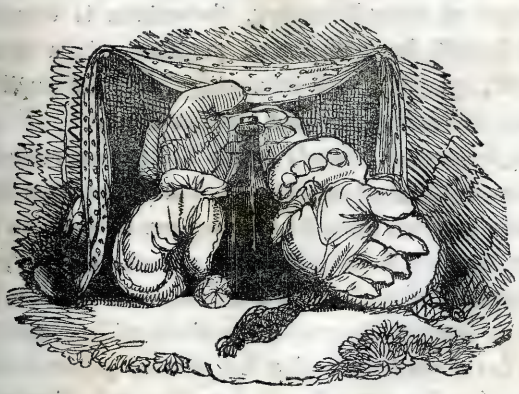
This CÆSTUS, however terrific in its operations, is not so destructive and injurious as the preceding one, and is copied from plate 20 of "LENN'S *Costume des Peuples de l'Antiquité.*"—Lieg. 1776.



The above cut represents a CÆSTUS of nearly the same kind, and capable of administering the most death-like *punishment.* It will be seen in the first volume of "*Bronzi del Museo Kirkeriano,*" where Amycus is discovered fighting with this armour, in his conflict with Pollux.



This sort of CÆSTUS, materially different from the three preceding ones, though equally destructive in its operation, is copied from a bas-relief, found also at Herculaneum. It is also engraved as a tail-piece in the second volume of "ST. NON's *Voyage Pittoresque de Naples et de Sicile*," p. 51. For further particulars respecting the use of the CÆSTUS, see pages 3, 4, 5, and 6, of the second volume of this work.



Thanks to modern invention,* those weapons of

* Mr. Broughton first introduced the *gloves*.

cruelty, the CÆSTUS, represented in the four preceding cuts, are not known in England; and the above *delineation* points out all the apparatus made use of upon the stage at the Fives Court and in the Prize Ring, without any thing like terror, or accompanying marks of dissolution. The *silk neckerchief*, or inspiring colours, which excite the pugilists to victory; the PURSE, also operating as a stimulus towards conquest. The *gloves*, stuffed with wool, whereby instruction is received by the *novice*, without any hurt or injury, and from the frequent use of which, the more experienced boxer obtains practice and improvement. The *bottles* filled with water and brandy, either to cleanse the *pinky* hero, or to revive his exhausted spirits; with that most essential article the *sponge*. It is true, the nose may be *clareted* in a determined *set-to*, and the mouth tinged with *vermilion* in what is termed "a glove fight;" but in taking *lessons* of the art of SELF-DEFENCE, the *science* is communicated by all the teachers of pugilism, in a manner so light, playful, and interesting, that the pupil has nothing unpleasant to dread from its effects.

The *frames*, in general, of the BOXERS are materially different, in point of appearance, from most other men; and they are also formed to endure *punishment* in a very severe degree: indeed, it might almost be urged, as it has been of the poets, that a man must be made on purpose* to exercise the profession of a pugilist; and if he is not in the possession of a few *peculiar points*, he cannot excel in his art. The RACE-HORSE is chosen for

* Certainly we have not as yet heard of any of the *Fancy* attempting to raise a *peculiar breed* of BOXERS.

his fine symmetry, &c.; and the GAME-COCK, the GREYHOUND, and the BULL-DOG, have all their distinguished qualities attached to them, whereby they are either chosen for their prominent features towards *perfection*, or rejected on account of some defects which speak for themselves. It is exactly so with the BOXERS. The *eyes* of the pugilists are always small; but their *necks* are very fine and large; their *arms* are also muscular and athletic, with strong well-turned shoulders. In general, the *chests* of the BOXERS are expanded; and some of their *backs* and *loins* not only exhibit an unusual degree of strength, but a great portion of anatomical beauty. The *hips*, *thighs*, and *legs*, of a few of the pugilists are very much to be admired for their symmetry; and there is likewise a peculiar "*sort of a something*" about the head of a boxer, which tends to give him *character*.* Those boxers who do not stand firm on their *legs*, and who are *thin* about the *loins*, indicate weakness; and where it comes to any thing like *struggling* in a contest, they frequently *lose* the battle, merely from want of strength. The *hands* of the pugilists are large, and should be firm; but it is rather singular to remark, that the late JEM BELCHER, who did such tremendous rapid execution, was distinguished for the *smallness* of his *hand;* and RANDALL is thought to be one of the "*biggest*" little men ever put together. The *arm* of Mr. JACKSON is so very fine, as to be quite a study for an artist; and the *tout ensemble* of OLIVER is viewed, by the

* The *old Fanciers*, or "good judges," prefer those of a *snipe* appearance.

lovers of anatomy, as one of the most interesting subjects ever witnessed. Trace the boxers throughout, and if they do not possess the whole of the above requisites, there are very few who have not some of the above *good points* about them.

A List of Sporting Houses kept by Pugilists,

And other Persons connected with the Sporting World respecting Pugilistic Events.

Tom Cribb, the Union Arms, Panton Street, Haymarket.
Tom Belcher, the Castle Tavern, Holborn. The *Daffy Club.*
Jack Randall, Hole-in-the-Wall, Chancery Lane, Fleet Street.
Harry Harmer, the Plough, West Smithfield.
Cy. Davis, Bear and Ragged Staff Tap, West Smithfield.
Tom Shelton, Black Bull, Cow Lane, West Smithfield.
Tom Spring, the Catherine Wheel, Little St. James's Street.
Jack Martin, the Griffin, Borough.
Harry Holt, the Golden Cross, Cross Lane, Long Acre.
Ben Burns, the Sun, Windmill Street, Haymarket.
Bill Eales, Pr. of Mecklenburg Arms, James-st. Manchester-sq.
Ned Painter, Anchor, Lobster Lane, Norwich.
Dav. Hudson, King's Arms, Chelmsford.
George Cooper, Britannia Tavern, Leith Street, Edinburgh.
Davidson, One Tun, Jermyn Street.
Peter Pidgeon, Horse and Trumpeter, Old Jewry Street, Aldgate. *East End Daffy Club.*
Pledger, Castle Tavern, Moorgate.
Franklin, Goat, Lower Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square.
Bill Wendy, George, Smithfield.
Bill Giles, Green Dragon, Leadenhall Market.
Bill Moss, the Gun, Islington.
Harry England, Green Man, Kent Road.
Bob Pilch, Horse and Groom, Hampstead.
Bob Lawrence, Red Lion Inn, Hampton, Middlesex.
Wheeler, Riddlesdown, Surrey.
Sam Portch, Guildhall Tavern, Broad St. Bristol. *Daffy Club.*

THE

CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

TOM CRIBB.

Of this celebrated hero of the fist, since the publication of the second volume of this work, it might be said, that the Champion has been "laid up in ordinary;" and, therefore, having nothing to relate respecting "his *actual service*," more especially as Tom Cribb has, at the request of the Sporting World, taken his leave of the Prize Ring, our path is rather narrowed; but, trusting that every circumstance connected with the *movements* of so *great a personage* in the *annals of milling* will prove acceptable to the amateurs in general, we are induced to offer the following *anecdotes*, &c. to their notice:—

IMPROMPTU,

On passing Cribb's new House in Oxendon and Panton Streets, Haymarket.

The Champion I see is again on the list,
His standard—The Union Arms:
His *customers* still to *serve* with his *fist;*
But without creating *alarms!*
Instead of a *floorer* he *tips* them a *glass,*
Divested of joking or *fib;*
Then, *Lads of the Fancy,* don't *Tom's* house pass,
But take a *hand* at the *game* of Cribb.

Cribb, the Irish Champion, and the Lancashire Hero, at the Fives Court.—The crowds of amateurs on Tuesday, March 23, 1819, which pre-

sented themselves at the doors of this Theatre of the *Fancy*, exceeded every thing of the kind for some years. It was a complete overflow; and not less than 1000 persons were in the Court. It was *Scroggins's* benefit; but the attraction of the day was *Donnelly*, the Irish Champion. The gentlemen amateurs from *Paddy's Land* were numerous, and not a *Murphy* from the *Holy Land* that could muster the blunt was absent. *John Bull* was equally on the tip-toe to get a *peep* at the "famed hero" of Erin; and the Champion of England, like a well-bred *gemman*, also appeared to make his bow, and behave *politely* to his brave rival in *arms*, should he wish to have a *taste*, a *lunch*, or to make a *meal* upon Old English fare. But to the great disappointment of the audience, *Donnelly* did not make his appearance. The *sets-to*, however, were generally good; and the amateurs were liberal in their shouts of approbation, and in exercising their *hands*. The principal attraction of the combats was between the following pugilists, between whom for the last two years a match has been tried to be made, but in vain. *Carter* made his appearance on the stage; and a *glove* being thrown up as a sort of defiance, the Champion of England presented himself, amidst thunders of applause, to answer the challenge; but upon *Gregson* ascending the platform to *spar*, *Cribb* was about to retire; when "*Cribb, Cribb!*" was vociferated from all parts of the Court. The anxiety was now so great among the amateurs, that they seemed impatiently to wait till the Champion had prepared himself for the combat. *Cribb* appeared like the "*Monarch of the Forest*," firm and immoveable, and

the *skirmishing* tactics of the Lancashire hero, however lively and gay, could not make any impression on the veteran of the ring. At *in-fighting* CRIBB also decidedly took the lead; *Carter* put in one or two facers with much dexterity; but upon the *milling system*, the once black *diamond* proved that he was still a *diamond;* and that, instead of losing any of his former brilliancy, he shone with increased lustre and effect. It was a most interesting *set-to*, and the amateurs appeared to relish it with the highest taste of the art. From the crowded state of the gallery, a seat broke down; but no accident occurred.

RENCONTRE BETWEEN THE REAL AND SOI-DISANT PUGILISTIC CHAMPIONS.—Carter, who arrived from Ireland on Tuesday, February 1, 1820, felt anxious, before his return to the *boys of the sod*, to have a *day's play* with the tremendous man of colour, Sutton, for 100 guineas a-side, and in order to make it known, called in at a sporting house, at the West end of the town, on the above night; and, in consequence of his not being admitted into a private party, then assembled, he intemperately addressed a note to the chairman as "*Mr. Swell.*" On his admission he began by *flourishing* about his repeated conquests over the *dark part* of the creation; also *sneering* at the CHAMPION, that he had left off fighting, &c., but he (Carter) had come to fight *somebody*, and indeed he would fight *ony body!* This sort of *chaffing* was rather impeded by a person present, when the *Lancashire* hero, *sans ceremonie*, threw the contents

of a glass of wine in his face, part of which alighted on TOM CRIBB. This insult was not to be borne, and the Champion of England exclaimed "*it was wrong!*" Little parley ensued, when the *lion* of the ring, although rather worse for the *juice of the grape*, was not long in *grappling* for his enemy. In fact, he held up the *Lancashire Hero*, with the utmost ease, with one hand, and in the *Randall* style, or perhaps, to make it more intelligible, Carter's *frontispiece* received such repeated *quiltings* from the fist of CRIBB, that it was like a dashing footman paying away at a knocker in announcing a countess at the door of a rout. It was close quarters—in fact, yard-arm to yard-arm; but the heavy shot of the FIRST-RATE, although long *laid up in ordinary*, and nearly *invalided*, told heavily on the *mug* of his opponent. In was an *up-and-down* contest, and the Champion made such good use of his time, that his opponent was quite *satisfied* that he had *enough*, and begged, in a piteous manner, that some person would take CRIBB away from him, or else he should be killed! This *entreaty* was at length complied with, and upon the fallen hero getting upon his *pins*, the LADS OF THE FANCY *buffed* it, from his altered appearance, that it was meeting an *old friend* with a *new face*. This severe *thrashing* scarcely occupied the LION *one minute!* CRIBB has now added to his former traits and character that of a *dentist*, as it is said he *dislodged* the *ivory* after a mode of his own. He did not receive a hurt in the slightest degree. Carter, upon feeling his mouth, declared the whole of his *rail-way* had departed.

TOM CRIBB AND THE COURT OF CLAIMS.—The following paragraph appeared in the newspapers, on the 4th of June, 1820.—"The Champion of England, it seems, is too *game* to have his *duty* performed by *deputy;* and since the period of presenting his 'memorial to the Congress,' and also from the great progress he made when among those erudite and scientific characters assembled at Aix-la-Chapelle, TOM is rather up in the *stirrups*, and somewhat *larnedly* observes, 'that he is *toujours pret* in the defence of his King; and likewise, *sans ceremonie*, will give any enemy of Old England a drubbing *tout sweet.*' It is also asserted, from *first-rate* authority, that TOM, in the course of a few days, means to appear before the Lords Commissioners in the Painted Chamber, where the 'Court of Claims' is held respecting the ensuing CORONATION, and to throw down his *glove* in forwarding his own *claim* towards performing before GEORGE THE FOURTH, giving at the same time a public challenge to any man in the nation, that he will, without the advantages of a *coat of mail—visor—shield—lance—spurs — helmet—or paraphernalia of a squire*, support the right of his present Majesty to the succession of the throne of his late beloved Monarch and Master, in whose reign he had also the honour of holding the *Championship*. TOM wants no herald to proclaim his *capabilities* by the sound of trumpet, relying only upon his *bunch of fives*, *one*, *two's*, and *floorers*. But previous to his appearance before the Lords Commissioners, CRIBB intends to have a *public rehearsal* for the pleasure of his friends at the FIVES COURT, on Wednesday next, when the mode of

putting-in and supporting his 'claims' will be *practically* illustrated from the assistance of Messrs. Belcher, Randall, Spring, Oliver, Richmond, Turner, Eales, Scroggins, &c. &c."

Upon the conclusion of the *set-to* between *Harmer* and *Lancaster*, at the Fives Court, on August 7, 1820, being for the benefit of the former boxer, the Champion rushed into the Court, almost out of *wind*, made his way through the audience in a *twinkling*, ascended the *stage* with great rapidity, and threw up his hat. With his other hand, he *snatched* out his pocket-book, (which by the bye, was full of *soft*,) and, with great animation and good emphasis, spoke to the following effect—TOM keeping in mind our immortal bard's advice to the *actors*,

"To suit the action to the word."

"GENTLEMEN,—I will fight *Neat* for 1000 guineas, or for 500 a-side. *(Bravo.)* I have been just told, while I was taking a few *whifs* over some *cold* brandy and water, that *Neat* had challenged me. I therefore lost no time to *show* myself before you. Gentlemen, I do not like this *chaffing* behind a man's back. I won't have it. I am an Englishman; and I will behave like one. An Englishman never refuses a challenge.—*(Thunders of applause from all parts of the Court.)*—*Neat* is my countryman, but what of that? If he refuses to meet me, I will fight any man in Bristol for 1000 guineas, and stake £100 directly. Here's the *blunt!*—*(showing the* SWEETENERS *of life, or what some of the gay boys term* SCREENS *for* MISFORTUNES.) My countrymen used me ill when I was

last at Bristol; and *Neat* behaved *rude* to me.—*(Hear!* and 'TOM'S *quite an orator; he must certainly have taken lessons from Thelwall.')*—Perhaps, the *old fool* may be licked; but I will give any of them some trouble first before they do it.—*('There is no one on the list can do it,* TOM.') I will tell you, Gentlemen, they say *Neat* shall fight my boy, *Spring*, because they know he is unwell. This conduct is not right; my boy is in a *consumption.—(Loud laughter.)*—Therefore, I will fight *Neat* instead of him.—*(Bravo.)* —My boy, Spring, has not got belly enough for him, but I have.—*(Clapping his hand upon his rotundity of abdomen.*—'You have too much of it.') Never mind, then, I am right enough about my *bottom.—(Great applause and laughter.)*—I will fight; and blow my dickey, (striking very hard his fist on the rails of the stage,) but I will give any of them that fight me *pepper.*" *(Tumultuous cheering, and* "*To a certainty you will, Tom.")*

This speech brought up *Belcher*, who observed, that if CRIBB had alluded to him, the Champion had been wrongly informed. He *(Belcher)* had said, that *Neat* should fight *Spring* for £100, and he was ready to make that match. CRIBB, in reply, said, he entirely acquitted Mr. *Belcher* of any such charge.

MILLING POETRY.

Every puny whipster gets my sword.—SHAKSPEARE.

Not so with our Champion of Britain's proud throng,
He still rears his crest for the fight or the song;
'Bout friendship or fighting he can't make a speech,
O' the latter he'd much rather practise than preach.

A lapse of ten years or more soon roll'd away,
Since Afric's brave bully proclaim'd it TOM's day;
He then, like a game cock, retired with his pickings,
In peace to provide for his old hen and chickens;
When, lo! a cock crow'd on his walk in the west,
Supposing *Old Tom* of OLD TOM had the best;
But TOM left his *Hodges, gout, crutches,* behind,
Reducing his *belly,* increasing his *wind:*—
The fight was proclaim'd, and some money put down,
To see who'd *best* claim to their country's renown.
CRIBB came to the *scratch,* like a hero, to meet
His *man,* but he back'd out;—now wasn't that *Neat?*

AN OLD MILLER.

The CHAMPION OF ENGLAND was hastily called upon to take the field against *Bill Neat,* of Bristol, for £200 a-side. This great match was *knocked* up in an instant, on Thursday evening, January 4, 1821. The CHAMPION having called in at the Castle Tavern, *en passant,* merely to take a glass with his friend, *Tom Belcher,* when a *swell,* from Bristol, being present, and an admirer of *Neat,* without ceremony proposed the battle in question. This challenge was immediately taken up with some warmth by *Mr. James Soares,* who felt for the *pride* of the metropolitan prize ring, and offered to stake £100 if the Champion would consent to fight for the sum mentioned. CRIBB answered, that he had said he would not fight for less than £500 a-side, in consequence of his business, but there had been so much *chaffing* about it, that he would fight *Neat* for £200 *(loud cheers).* The following articles were immediately drawn up and signed by the respective parties:—

Castle Tavern, Holborn, Jan. 4th, 1821.

Mr. James Soares, on the part of THOMAS CRIBB, puts down ten pounds; and Mr. J. E. on the part of *William Neat*, also puts down ten pounds; to fight for £200 a-side, between Bath and London, on Wednesday, the 9th of May, 1821. To be a fair stand-up-fight; half minute time; in a twenty-four feet ring. The above twenty pounds are placed in the hands of Mr. Belcher. The whole of the stakes are to be deposited in the hands of Mr. Belcher, and who is appointed to name the place of fighting. The sum of £100 a-side to be made good, at the said Mr. Belcher's, the Castle Tavern, Holborn, on the 24th of January, 1821. An umpire to be chosen by each party; and Mr. Jackson to name the referee. The whole of the money to be made good, £200 a-side, on the 9th of April, 1821, at MR. CRIBB'S, the Union Arms, corner of Panton and Oxendon Streets, Haymarket, between the hours of seven and ten o'clock in the evening. In case of either party not making the £100 good, the above deposit of £20 to be forfeited.

Witnessed, P. E. Signed J. S.
THOMAS BELCHER. J. E.

A *screw*, it seems, had been *loose* between *Neat* and the Champion of England for some time past, which was now to be decided by the fist. Several wagers were immediately offered, that the stakes were not made good; more especially as *Neat* was to be consulted upon the subject. It was, however, well known that *Neat*, a short time ago, offered to fight CRIBB for £200 a-side. The Champion was much too heavy, but the good effects of *training*, it was thought, would put that all to rights. *Neat* is a very powerful young man. The sporting world were all upon the alert, to see the *Ould One* once more take the field. The Champion's last memorable contest with *Molineaux* was on September 28, 1811; nearly ten years having elapsed without receiving a challenge, CRIBB ought not to fight—it was giving a *chance* away; so said the *knowing ones*.

THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND AND NEAT.—The stakes of the above great match were to have been made good, at Belcher's, Castle Tavern, Holborn, on Wednesday evening, the 24th of January, 1821; in consequence of which, a prime sporting dinner took place; which was most numerously attended by the *swells*. John Emery, Esq. belonging to Covent Garden Theatre, presided on the above occasion. The deputy-chair was also filled by R. Phillips, late of Drury Lane Theatre. Every part of the Castle Tavern was filled at an early hour, nay, overflowing with company, to learn the event; so great an interest did the above match create in the sporting world. HARMONY was the leading feature, till the time for *mischief* occurred. At ten o'clock the articles were called for and read; and the backer of CRIBB (the *President of the Daffy Club)* said his £100 was ready, but no person appearing on the part of *Neat*, the deposit-money, £10 a-side, was given up to the Champion. The Chairman then gave the health of CRIBB, which was *chevied* to the very echo by all present. The Champion, in returning thanks for the honour he had received, said he was much more capable—nay, he would sooner *fight* than make a speech.

The Chairman, in a very neat and appropriate speech, thought the sporting world ought not to permit the Champion to accept of any more challenges. It was upwards of nine years and a half since he had entered the ring. He was growing old; had young *kids* to provide for; the *gout* now and then paid him a visit. He had beaten all his opponents in the highest style of courage, but it could not be expected

that he could "*get the best*" of the infirmities of human nature. Yet the Champion was too *game* to say "No" to any challenge. He thought CRIBB ought to retain his CHAMPIONSHIP till he was *floored* by Old Time.

Several first-rate amateurs, in short but pithy speeches, addressed the meeting on the subject, and all of them concurred in the opinion of the Chairman: but, as to FIGHTING, in future the Champion must "TIE IT UP."

It was then proposed, by the *highest* amateur in the Fancy, that a public dinner should take place at CRIBB'S house. This was unanimously agreed to, and a list of names were handed up to the chair immediately, in order to set it a going. The President volunteered his services for the above occasion.

CRIBB AND HIS CUSTOMER. — The Champion brought a little shrivelled *tailor* before Sir Robert Baker, on Tuesday, December 12, 1820, at Bow-street, and charged the *ninth part* of a man with calling him, the said Champion, "a great big fighting cove;" with exclaiming, "Oh! that I was but big enough to *whop* you!" and with frequenting his house, the Union Arms Tavern, Panton-street, for the purpose of abusing him and annoying his company.

In reply to this, the little *remnant of shreds and patches* looked up in the Champion's face, and humbly begged his pardon, promising most solemnly, before his worship, never to offend in the like manner again.

CRIBB'S sentiments are well known; he, who has

so often stood unshaken before the stoutest hearts in the ring, could not stand this pathetic appeal from a forlorn little tailor, and, relaxing his features into a smile, he confessed himself appeased, but trusted Master *Snip* would get rid of his *bad habits* in future, and never more *measure* his way to the Union Arms: or else, if he did, CRIBB said he would *cut* his *cloth* in a way that he would not like. The hero of the needle was in consequence discharged. The magistrate observed, that he had heard the various houses kept by the Champion to have always been conducted with the utmost propriety. CRIBB moved his *castor*, and retired.

CRIBB ESCAPED A WOPPING.—Late on Friday evening, May 29, 1818, two tall countrymen went into the White Hart, in the Borough Market, and commenced a most violent attack upon the landlord and his brother, who were dreadfully beaten. Officers were sent for, and they were taken before a Magistrate, to whom they stated, that some time ago they purchased tickets of admission to the Fives Court, to witness a pugilistic contest for the benefit of CRIBB. The exhibition being well attended, they were unable to procure admission; and, in consequence of their disappointment, applied a few days afterwards, by letter, to CRIBB, for the return of the money expended upon the tickets. Not receiving any answer, they formed the project of going to the residence of CRIBB, in the Borough Market, and giving him a *milling*. Unfortunately for the landlord of the White Hart, supposing it to be CRIBB's, they mistakingly wreaked on him their vengeance. They were ordered to find bail.

Drawn by G. Sharples. Engd by Percy Roberts

GEORGE COOPER.

39

Publd by Sherwood, Neely & Jones, April 1, 1821.

GEORGE COOPER.

THE character and style of this elegant pugilist has been so amply described in the second volume of this work, (page 355,) that in the present instance we have only to add to his already-acknowledged superiority of *tactics*—GAME of the highest quality. This latter invaluable trait belonging to COOPER, has now been sanctioned by the sporting world, and if his constitution could be *trained* up to as high a pitch of excellence, so as to keep pace with his *science* and *out-and-out* BOTTOM, he would be a tremendous opponent indeed. GEORGE is, however, a careful regular-living man; but at times he is subject to very severe bilious attacks, which operate materially upon his *stamina*.

COOPER, it should seem, not meeting with any professed adversaries in England, thought he might as well endeavour to pick up a little *blunt* in foreign parts; but whether GEORGE received his mission from the Champion, TOM CRIBB, who took the chair,* to take into consideration the propriety of sending representatives of the Fancy to Congress, we have not been able to ascertain.

"Gemmen," says he,—Tom's words, you know,
Come, like his *hitting*, strong but slow—
"Seeing as how those *Swells* that made
Old Boney quit the *hammering* trade,
(All Prime Ones in their own conceit,)
Will shortly at the CONGRESS meet—

* Tom Cribb's Memorial to Congress.

(Some place that's like the FINISH, lads,
Where all your high pedestrian *pads*
That have been *up* and *out* all night,
Running their *rigs* among the *rattlers*,
At morning meet, and, *honour bright*,
Agree to share the *blunt* and *tatlers!*)—
Seeing as how, I say, these *Swells*
Are soon to meet, by special summons,
To chime together, like '*hell bells*,'
And laugh at all mankind as *rum ones*,—
I see no reason, when such things
Are going on among these Kings,
Why *we*, who're of the *Fancy* lay,
As DEAD HANDS *at a* MILL *as they*,
And quite as ready, *after* it,
To share the spoil and *grab* the *bit*,
Should not be there, to join the *chat*—
To see, at least, what fun they're at—
And help their Majesties to find
New modes of *punishing* mankind.
What say you, lads? is any spark
Among you ready for a *lark*
To this same CONGRESS?—CALEB, JOE,
Bill, Bob, what say you?—Yes, or no?"

Of course we have a right to suppose that COOPER, *Carter*, and *Gregson*, were among the "AYES" upon this motion of the *Champion's*, as appears from the following account:—

In the Great Hall, at Aix-la-Chapelle, COOPER, *Carter*, and *Gregson*, in the month of October, 1818, exhibited before Prince Metternich, Prince Charles of Prussia, the Prince de Salm, and a number of Russian and Prussian General Officers and Foreign Noblemen, who repeatedly cheered the *assaults* be-

tween *Carter* and COOPER, and *Gregson* and *Carter*. These heroes also went to Liege, in their way to Cambray and Valenciennes, and thence to Paris.

The following is a literal translation of their advertisement, which appeared in a French paper published at Aix-la-Chapelle:—

MM. Carter, (Champion of England,) Cooper, and Gregson, the first English boxers, being now at Aix-la-Chapelle, have the honour of informing the public, that, on Wednesday, the 7th of October, 1818, at eleven in the morning and three in the afternoon, and on Thursday at the same hours, they will exhibit two grand sets-to in boxing, in the Hall of Vieille-Redoute, rue Compesbad, in this city. They have had the honour of exhibiting themselves before the first personages in Europe. Price of admission 5 francs each.

N.B.—Messrs. Carter and Gregson at the same time offer their services to those amateurs who wish to to be instructed in their art. Terms: 5 francs for each lesson, 20 francs entrance.

THE ORIGINAL IN FRENCH:

MM. Carter, (Champion d'Angleterre,) Cooper, et Gregson, premiers boxeurs Anglais, se trouvant à Aix-la-Chapelle, ont l'honneur d'informer le public qu'ils donneront, le Mercredi, 7 Octobre, 1818, à 11 heures du matin et à 3 de l'après-midi, et Jeudi, aux mêmes heures,

Deux grands Assauts de Boxe,

dans la salle de la Vieille-Redoute, rue Compesbad, en cette ville.

Ills ont en l'honneur de représenter devant les premiers personnages de l'Europe.

Prix d'entrée cinq francs personne.

N.B.—Messieurs Carter et Gregson offrent en même tems leurs services aux amateurs qui voudraient se faire instruire dans leur art, à raison de cinq francs par leçon sauf à payer 20 fr. à l'entrée.

The Editors of the French papers, though men of classical knowledge, seem to know very little of the principles on which our pugilistic contests have been

instituted. In one of the Paris journals the following description of the pugilists at Aix-la-Chapelle is given:—

"AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, Oct. 8.—Yesterday there was a grand exhibition made by the English boxers. This hideous spectacle attracted but few spectators. The two Champions, built like a Hercules, and naked to their waists, entered the lists, their hands guarded whith huge wadded gloves. One might imagine that we beheld the ancient athletic games of Greece and Rome. After a severe contest, one of the boxers, more adroit than his rival, struck him so violent a blow on the breast that he fell, and victory was thus decided."

Upon COOPER'S arrival in London, a benefit was given to him at the Fives Court, but no *customer* offering to enter the lists with him, he left the Metropolis for Edinburgh. The heroes of the ring viewed COOPER with considerable jealousy, and murmured very much at his having the above Court granted to him, observing, that he went about *sparring*, and such a privilege as a benefit at the Fives-Court should only be granted to *fighting men*. In reply to this ill-natured assertion, COOPER urged that no one would fight him. This sort of *slur*, however unfounded, rather operated against COOPER in the sporting world.

In a few months after the above benefit, COOPER again returned to the Metropolis, and he quite unexpectedly had a tremendous turn-up with

A New Black,

under the following circumstances:—

In order, it seems, to make a match between *Oliver* and *Donnelly*, the Irish Champion, a sporting dinner, between a select few of the *upper customers* of life,

took place at the house of the former, in Peter-street, Westminster, on Tuesday, May 11, 1819. To give it *character*, and to render it *tasteful* and complete, the head of the table was graced by warriors, both naval and military, and whose country has felt and acknowledged their services. At the bottom, the *gay* little *Scroggins* was placed in the chair, supported on his right by *Spring*, *Donnelly*, and COOPER; and, on his left, *Turner*, *Oliver*, and *Carter*. The *mug* of the latter was in *mourning* for his recent loss with *Spring* at Crawley-Down. On the removal of the cloth, the "gaily circling glass" was passed round with *bumpers;* and the patrons of Pugilism, *Millers* and *Milling*, were toasted with the *gameness* that appertains to the subject. Harmony was the leading feature of the evening; some choice sporting anecdotes were told; a few *gay* chaunts given; and the history of the ring threw an air of gaiety over the scene, and gave an additional zest to the *juice of the grape*. Things were going on in this pleasant manner, when *Oliver* entered, and informed the Chairman that a *gemman of colour* was below, and wished to be introduced to the company; but, having "NO CARD" to send up in due form, he begged it might be announced that "*Massa Kendrick*, of St. Kitt's, by way of *dessert*, offered his services to any of the *milling* heroes present." The Chairman, with the concurrence of his friends, agreed he should be *accommodated*, and ordered him to wait and hold himself in readiness. *Donnelly* was asked if he would take the *job in hand* for 10 guineas, but he seemed to think that the first essay of the Champion of Ireland ought not to be *hid* in a room, and that

the Prize Ring *only* would satisfy the amateurs at large, and prove congenial to his own character. This objection was considered valid. *Carter* said he could "*lick all the Blacks*," and was anxious to put the *blunt* into his pocket; but it was thought somewhat too early for him to have another combat. A noble Lord requested COOPER to give them a "taste of his high quality," but the latter did not wish to *soil* his *morleys* for less than a purse of 25 guineas. *Scroggins* now begged to be heard, saying, "as how, if COOPER fought *this here* Black, he being such a good fighter, it would not last above five minutes; whereas he would do it for the *ten quid*, and with him and *Massa* it must prove a sporting fight." (Bravo! *and laughter.)* In the true sportsmen's style, a handicap purse was made, and the £26 of *soft*, &c. was produced on the table in a *twinkling*. The purse being ready, tables, glasses, decanters, and all the good things of this life, were removed with the celerity of harlequin's bat, and a clear stage and fair play the only subjects under consideration. Every thing being ready, *Massa Kendrick* was introduced. He *grinned* with delight. He is a tall, bony, athletic chap, possessing a furious nob, young and strong, about 13 stone weight, and does not want for *pluck*. He is the same person who threatened, at *Randall's* benefit, to *mill* all the "big ones," at the door of the Fives Court, and who also attacked *Richmond* in the street. He was told if he won he would have 21 guineas, and if he lost, four: "Very well; me win it." The man of colour was seconded by *Carter* and *West-Country Dick;* and *Oliver* and *Donnelly* attended upon COOPER. Betting

now commenced in this little circle of *First-rates* with as much spirit as a crowded course at Newmarket, and 10 to 5 was offered upon COOPER. A gentleman, whose conduct upon all sporting occasions has been the theme of panegyric, held the watch, that it should be "all right." The fight commenced about eleven o'clock.

First round.—On setting-to the Black looked formidable; but in the opinion of the amateurs, from the well-known excellence and *finishing* qualities of Cooper, it was thought a few rounds would completely *satisfy* the ambitious spirit of *Massa*. The Black, however, rushed in and hit Cooper, and in closing had the latter down, and undermost.

Second.—Massa made play, and hit Cooper right bang in the head; in closing, some slight milling occurred, and both down, but Massa undermost.

Third to eighth.—The Black got some hits, but he would not be denied, and rushed in, and both went down every round.

Ninth to eleventh.—In the latter Cooper put in a rare stopper on the head, and had Massa undermost.

Twelfth to fourteenth.—Massa hit Cooper down in both these rounds. "*It's not so safe,*" was the cry; and the courage of *Massa* excited some interest, and procured him friends.

Fifteenth to twenty-sixth.—In all these rounds the Black appeared a *troublesome* customer; and the narrowness of the room gave him the advantages of rushing in and getting Cooper down. The latter had put in some good hits; but the courage and fighting of the Black were not reduced. In fact, 6 to 5 was offered upon *Massa*.

Twenty-seventh to thirtieth.—It was evident the powers of Cooper were under the influence of wine. His fine science was not seen; his heretofore desperate hitting not witnessed; and the rushing in and blows of the Black, at times nobbing him, that Cooper went down very weak.

Thirty-first to thirty-fourth.—The right hand of *Massa* was always at *work*, and he *punished* Cooper considerably about the head. This last round was severely contested.

Cooper could not get his *distance* to make a hit, the Black *bored* so much upon him. The *claret* was now running down Cooper's face; he however got a turn, and sent *Massa* down.

Thirty-fifth.—Cooper made some hits; but the Black sent him down.

Thirty-sixth to fortieth.—In some of these rounds Cooper planted a few hits, but they were not effective. The Black disregarded them, and took the bottle to drink. Cooper fell down from a blow, very much exhausted. Some *long faces* were to be seen; indeed, so confident were some of the amateurs present, that Cooper was backed at odds, that he won it in a *quarter of an hour*, but these bets had long been decided; and the Black was now taken, that Cooper did not beat him in 50 minutes.

Forty-first.—The Black put in a tremendous *facer* on Cooper's nose, the *claret* appeared, and he went down much distressed.

Forty-second to fiftieth.—*Massa* was yet strong; and the encouragement of "Bravo!" and "The Black must win it," and "I'll have the Black for £100," gave him greater confidence; and he not only continued rushing, but he had the best of it. He hit Cooper down severely.

Fifty-first to fifty-third.—These were sharp rounds, but Cooper could not turn the *chance* against him, and great *alarm* was felt by his friends that the *man of colour* would ultimately triumph. Both down.

Fifty-fourth.—The Black was severely thrown.

Fifty-fifth.—*Massa* confidently went up to his opponent and paid away with his right hand. Some sharp exchanges took place; but Cooper received so severe a *nobber*, that he fell down and turned on his face. The Black was now decidedly the favourite.

Fifty-sixth.—Cooper had scarcely been seated on the knee of his bottle-holder *ten seconds*, when an amateur, who had backed *Massa*, called out, "Time, time." The umpire, with much animation and great promptitude, demanded to know his reason for so doing, as well as pointing out to him the impropriety of his conduct. It caused no further interruption. In closing, Cooper was down.

Fifty-seventh to sixtieth.—In one of these rounds Cooper was heavily hit down. The amateurs were quite astonished;

and the pugilists present could scarcely believe that the scientific Cooper was fighting. A *novice*, completely unknown to the ring, was positively getting the best of him, and to all appearance winning the fight. *What are you about, Cooper?* was the cry.

Sixty-first.—Cooper, it appeared, could not get away; but he now drew back, and with his right arm met *Massa* right in the middle of his *canister* as he was furiously coming in, and the Black was *floored*. *That's the way, Cooper, to win!*

Sixty-second.—The fumes of the wine at length were dispersed, and the film was fast removing from Cooper's eyes. In fact, he appeared to recollect himself, and mentally to exclaim, "Cooper's himself again!" the last *nobber* seemed rather to have *spoilt* the Black's *distance*, and he now hit short. Cooper again *canistered* him, and the *ogles of Massa* rolled with astonishment. It was a small touch of *electricity*, and the Black was not proof against the *shock*. In closing, both down.

Sixty-third to sixty-fifth.—Cooper's quality now began to *peep* a little; and *Massa* appeared not quite so lively, from the severe hits he had received in these rounds. The Black did not relish this change in his fortune: and he indicated to his seconds something like "enough!" Both down.

Sixty-sixth.—The Black made a miss and napped a facer; he missed again and again, and his *nob* paid for it. The campaign had now changed; and Cooper for £100 was the cry.

Sixty-seventh.---Massa was hit down.

Sixty-eighth.---Cooper began now to feel the use of his arms, and he exerted them to some purpose. The Black received at every point, and was down.

Sixty-ninth, and last.---The Black still showed fight; but got such a *bodier*, besides *punishment* upon his upper-works, that when *time* was called he did not answer the sound, and victory was declared in favour of Cooper. *Massa* tried to leave his second's knee, but dropped down exhausted. The *Black* did not exhibit much beating, except one of his eyes, which was rather damaged; but Cooper was heavily *punished* about the head. It occupied an hour and five minutes.

The *Black* must be viewed as a *troublesome customer*, and weighed above a stone heavier than his opponent. It was a *doubtful event* for a long time; but, in all

probability, had the combat taken place in the ring, and with the advantages of *training*, COOPER would have made a short reckoning of it. It should be recollected, *Massa* came prepared, and COOPER was taken by surprise from the table, late in the evening, and full of wine. However, the *Black* must not be treated with contempt. He put on his clothes, received the four guineas, and walked home. The *Black* hits well with his right hand, and it was thought it might have led to a regular match; *Massa* being rather *fancied* by some of the amateurs present, who urged that if he was sent out to *nurse*, his *victualling-office* put into *commission*, the advantages of patronage, and the improved effects resulting from *training*, that he might then be capable of making a good stand against any one of his weight. The previous *fame* acquired by COOPER suffered considerably by this *turn-up*, or hasty combat. It has been asserted by a great Military Conqueror, that "there is only one step between the SUBLIME and the *ridiculous!*" and in this instance the latter had nearly prevailed.

The *Black*, although defeated, gained a few friends; and a purse of £50 was offered to be given to COOPER and *Kendrick* to have a *ring* fight; but the former pugilist, much to the surprise of the amateurs, declined it, observing, "it would be of no use to him; it being his wish and intention to fight a boxer of some note; defeating *Kendrick* would not add to his reputation." This answer, however, was not well received; it being thought by the amateurs, that the £50 would be like a *gift* to COOPER.

At *Shelton's* benefit, at the Fives Court, on Tues-

day, June 22, 1819, the *set-to* between COOPER and the Gas-Light Man claimed universal attention. It was fine *science* against confidence and *boring*, or, in other words, *sparring* versus *fighting*. COOPER stopped almost every hit, and gave some *nobbers* into the bargain. His attitudes and mode of setting-to were pronounced beautiful. The *man of gas* gave in, in consequence of hurting his hand.

It was from the superiority displayed by COOPER, in the above combat, that the minds of the amateurs were made up so decidedly in his favour. But it has been asserted since, that the Gas-Light Man *gammoned* it.

At the Minor Theatre, on Tuesday, May 25, 1819, when *Donnelly*, *Carter*, and COOPER, took a benefit, the following circumstance tended to raise the scientific acquirements of the latter very high in the estimation of the amateurs.

Upon *Randall's* appearing on the stage as a spectator, there was a general cry of "*Randall, Randall;*" and the *Nonpareil* immediately gratified the wishes of the audience by entering the lists with the accomplished, scientific COOPER. From the well-known excellence of both the men, a great trial of skill was expected; and most certainly a great trial of skill was exhibited. COOPER was extremely ill, but nevertheless the elegance of his manner, the admirable stops he made, the peculiar trait of *bobbing* his head aside to avoid the coming blow, his fine position either to protect himself or to give the assault, and his formidable hitting at out-fighting, claimed the admiration and praise of every one present; and much astonish-

ment was expressed how a *novice* (the *Black*) could have *mauled* him so much about in a recent *turn-up*, without he had been *how came you so indeed?* This *set-to* was a fine opportunity for the *prime Irish Lad* to show his pugilistic perfections. He was now opposed to first-rate talents, and he proved himself a *Nonpareil* indeed. In addition to the superior skill of COOPER, *Randall* had also that of length against him. *Randall*, although not so *showy* and *elegant* as his opponent, yet proved equally *effective;* he stopped with much adroitness, hit with his antagonist, and put in a little one now and then with a *nicety* of eye that showed he suffered not the slightest opening to escape him. At the close of the last round, *Randall* exhibited the severity of his peculiar forte of infighting, when the combat closed. Thunders of applause compensated the combatants for their exertions. Such an exhibition of the art of self-defence is not often witnessed; and it is only in placing men of similar talent against each other, that can render it *interesting*.

In July, 1819, COOPER, in his cards of address, informed the public, that, in consequence of his not being able to get a *customer*, in order to fill up his time, he was giving practical illustrations on the art of self-defence, at his rooms, in Cateaton-street, for a short time previous to his return to Edinburgh.

A match was now proposed for £100 a-side between *Shelton* and COOPER, but owing to some trifling obstacles, it went off for that year; when COOPER, in company with *Donnelly*, set out on a sporting tour to Manchester, Liverpool, Ireland, Edinburgh, &c.

Early in the spring of 1820, GEORGE returned to London, and he lost no time in communicating his intentions to the amateurs of his once more entering the prize ring. Therefore, on Tuesday, March 7, COOPER appeared at the Fives Court, at *Shelton's* benefit, when he mounted the stage, and thus addressed the audience :—"Gentlemen, I have come from Edinburgh to London, not for the sake of *sparring*, but I mean fighting, and nothing else. *(Bravo!)* I will fight *Shelton* from 1 to £200, and give him his own time; and I will also fight any man of my own weight in the kingdom for £50 a-side in three weeks." *Shelton* immediately accepted the challenge.

This public declaration of COOPER'S put him "all right" with the amateurs; and the betting commenced briskly upon the event, and, accordingly, the match for £100 a-side was made on the Friday evening following, at *Shelton's* house, the Bull's Head, in Cow-lane, Smithfield; to take place, on Tuesday, June 27, in a twenty four feet ring. A deposit of £20 a-side being put down.

In consequence of COOPER'S also giving a challenge to any man of his weight in the kingdom to fight for £50 a-side in three weeks, a match was proposed to *Hickman* (the Gas-Light Man) to enter the list with COOPER. Both of the combatants meeting at the Royal Tennis-Court, at *Cy. Davis's* benefit, on Tuesday, March 14, *Hickman* said he had no objection to it, provided COOPER did not weigh more than he did. Upon reference to the scales, it appeared that the *Gas-Light Man* was the *heaviest* by a *quarter of a pound.* Mr. JACKSON guaranteed a purse,

and the contest was immediately decided upon; and both of the men went into *training*.

On Tuesday, the 28th of March, 1820, the above battle was decided, (at Farnham Royal, near Dawney-Common, contiguous to Stowe-House, Buckinghamshire, twenty-four miles from London,) immediately after *Martin* and *Cabbage* had left the ring. The current betting was 2 to 1 upon COOPER on setting-to; but to the *astonishment* of the *good judges*, *Hickman* proved the conqueror in the short space of fifteen minutes.

Notwithstanding the above totally unexpected defeat, COOPER satisfied the amateurs, that his *game* was as good as his superior science; and, as a proof that he had not lost the patronage of the Sporting World, his benefit at the Fives Court, only *two days* after the battle, was well attended. COOPER took the money at the door, but his head was tied up with a handkerchief, and exhibited marks of tremendous punishment.

It was now *whispered* about, that it was likely, in consequence of the above defeat, that the match would be *off* between COOPER and *Shelton*, and the £20 be forfeited: but as another proof that GEORGE had not lost the confidence of his backers, his money, £100, was made good with the greatest alacrity. *Shelton*, however, was the favourite, at 6 and 5 to 4, and an unusual degree of interest upon the event was excited throughout the Sporting World.

On Tuesday, June 27, 1820, notwithstanding the intense heat of the weather, the amateurs were not to be deterred from again witnessing their favourite pur-

suit; and it proved a sporting day indeed for the FANCY. The attraction was certainly great; independent of that delightful spot, *Moulsey Hurst*, whose picturesque scenery alone is quite enough to occupy the attention of the lovers of nature for a whole day. The weather, it is well known, has no terrors to the admirers of Pugilism and Life; and it must be considered a great self-denial indeed in an amateur, to withdraw himself upon such an occasion. Whom among the *Fancy* does not delight—

To see the *Hurst* with tents encamp'd on;
Look around Lawrence's at Hampton;
Join the *flash* crowd (the horse being led
Into the yard, and clean'd and fed);
Talk to Dav. Hudson and Cy. Davis,
(The last a fighting *rara avis,*)
And half in secret scheme and plan
For trying the hardy *Gas-Light Man.*
'Tis LIFE to cross the laden ferry,
With boon companions, wild and merry,
And see the ring upon the *Hurst*
With carts encircled---hear the burst,
At distance, of the eager crowd.
Oh, it is LIFE, to see a proud
And dauntless man step, full of hopes,
Up to the P. C. stakes and ropes,
Throw in his hat, and with a spring
Get gallantly within the ring;
Eye the wide crowd, and walk awhile,
Taking all cheerings with a smile:
To see him strip---his well train'd form
White, glowing, muscular, and warm,
All beautiful, in conscious power
Relaxed and quiet, till the hour,

His glossy and transparent frame,
In radiant plight to strive for fame,
To look upon the clean shaped limb
In silk and flannel clothed trim;—
While round the waist the 'kerchief tied
Makes the flesh glow in richer pride.
'Tis more than LIFE—to watch him hold
His hand forth, tremulous yet bold.
Over his second's, and to clasp
His rival's in a quiet grasp;
To watch the noble attitude
He takes---the crowd in breathless mood;
And then to see with adamant start,
The muscles set,---and the great heart
Hurl a courageous splendid light
Into the eye---and then---the FIGHT!*

COOPER, since his defeat by the *Gas-Light Man*, had rather lost ground in the estimation of the Amateurs; and *Shelton* was decidedly the favourite, at 6 and 5 to 4. But the odds were reduced on the night previous to the battle, and the *takers* had the majority. The *Hurst* displayed a fine show of the *Corinthians*. At five minutes after one, COOPER, dressed in a smock frock, entered the ring, and threw up his hat, followed by his seconds, *Belcher* and *Harmer*. Shortly afterwards *Shelton* also threw up his hat, and he was attended by *Randall* and *Spring*. The betting was guineas to pounds.

First round.---On stripping, Shelton appeared in the highest state of condition; and so careful and attentive had he been to the rules of training, that it was asserted a glass of

* "The FANCY: a selection from the Poetical Remains of the late Peter Corcoran, of Gray's Inn, Student at Law."

spirits had not *sluiced* his *ivory* for the last four months. Cooper looked pale, and his backers, it seems, wished that he had had the advantage of one more week's training; but still it was observed, by all present, that George was never any thing like in such good fighting trim before. On setting-to, both of the combatants appeared equally confident of success; and after *eyeing* each other for about a half-minute, and *dodging* about to obtain a good opportunity to plant the first hit, Shelton endeavoured to put in two blows, but without effect. He then followed Cooper close into the corner of the ring (after the style of the *Gas-Light Man*, but without his execution), and after some exchanges, in appearance rather to the advantage of Shelton, both went down in a close, and Cooper undermost. *Loud shouting, and "Go along, Shelton; that's the way, my boy."*

Second.—Cooper, with the utmost dexterity, put in a tremendous hit with his right hand on the ribs of his opponent, and broke ground without getting any return. This blow was so terrific in its operation, as almost to make Shelton resemble *a corkscrew*. Cooper again repeated the dose, and got away. Shelton now pursued Cooper, and made a hit; but in return he received a *flooring* blow under his left eye, that not only produced the *claret*, but he turned round and fell on one knee.—*Cooper's partizans were roaring with delight, and—"You're sure to win it, George."*

Third.—The fine science of Cooper now burst forth; and another *ribber* was the result—the agony of which was seen in Shelton's *face*. The latter, however, administered some severe punishment, when in-fighting, till both went down.

Fourth.—Caution on both sides marked the commencement of this round. The hits were tremendous; but Shelton again at in-fighting had the best of it, and he also gave Cooper so severe a *nobber*, that he went round and fell down. *"Bravo, Shelton; it's all right."*

Fifth.—Shelton could not protect his ribs; and another dreadful hit upon them was the consequence. He was again *screwed* up, as it were, and Cooper got away. Shelton, however, in the most courageous style, returned to the attack, and planted a tremendous blow on Cooper's face, when he staggered and went down.—5 to 3 on Shelton; and tumultuous applause.

Sixth.—The fighting on both sides was excellent, till they got to the ropes in a close, when the *fibbing* system was resorted

to by both of them. Shelton kept punishing his opponent's *nob;* while Cooper was giving *pepper* to the body and ribs of Shelton. Cooper, also, by a desperate effort, jumped up, and hit Shelton in the face. Both went down, and their *nobs* exhibited severe *punishment.*

Seventh.—The superior fighting of Cooper in this round claimed the admiration, and obtained cheers from all parts of the ring. He not only *ribbed* his opponent dreadfully, and broke ground, but he stopped Shelton (excellent fighter as the latter showed himself) in a style that astonished the oldest amateur. In closing, both down.

Eighth.—To say that Shelton did not show *game* of the first quality, or that the *bottom* displayed by Cooper was not equal to any thing ever exhibited in the prize ring, would not be doing these brave fellows common justice. The latter again hit, stopped, and got away, cleverly; but still Shelton stuck close to his opponent, and also made many good stops. At the ropes, more fibbing was attempted; when Cooper held Shelton's hands, till both went down. *Well done on both sides.*

Ninth.—This round was truly singular. The counter hits were so dreadful and effective, that both of the combatants were *beaten* to a *stand-still.* They hit each other away for about two yards, and both were so *distressed,* that they kept their situations, looking at each other, without being able to move forward, or to make a blow. They at length recovered a little, both being too manly to go down, and *scrambled* towards each other to the ropes, when both went down. *Great applause, and "They are out-and-outers," was the general cry.*

Tenth.—This was also a fine manly round. Hit for hit occurred till both the combatants were quite exhausted, when Cooper went down; and Shelton fell upon the latter, with his knees on his chest.

Eleventh.—Shelton, as if determined to spoil the fine *science* of his opponent, set-to so sharply, that he completely out-fought himself, and fell down quite exhausted. *"He's going, George; you've got him!"* Fifteen minutes had now elapsed.

Twelfth.—In the most clean manner, Cooper put in a tremendous *facer,* and got away. But Shelton, anxious to lose no opportunity, followed up Cooper, and exchanged some hard blows, when the latter slipped down; but in losing his

balance, he nevertheless gave Shelton a severe *nobber. The odds had now completely shifted, and Cooper was so decidedly the favourite, that* 2 *and* 3 *to* 1 *were offered with the utmost confidence.*

Thirteenth.—It must be confessed that Shelton is also a fine fighter. He is a good hitter with both his hands, and parries in a masterly style; and in this round he showed great knowledge of the pugilistic art. Cooper received a dreadful *stomacher,* that almost vociferated *"Bellows to mend."* The latter, however, sparred till he recovered himself. Shelton stopped cleverly a tremendous *nobber;* but a terrific rally ensued at the ropes, and Shelton was so much exhausted that he almost laid himself down. *Great applause; and "Cooper must win it."*

Fourteenth.—This round was short but decisive. Shelton went down like a shot, from a blow on the head. *The best judge in the Fancy, and whose opinion is nearly law, concurred in the general sentiment, that "it was all over."* 3 *to* 1 *a begging; and no customers to be met with.*

Fifteenth.—Shelton, in the most tottering, pitiable state, reached the scratch. "His face bespoke a heart full sore." The heat of the sun was at this instant 90 degrees in the shade: and Sol's burning rays seemed positively to pour forth liquid heat. Many of the spectators were compelled to quit the ring, in order to avoid fainting; and nothing but an anxiety on the part of the writer of this article to give a faithful and accurate report of this most interesting contest, could have induced him to have kept his situation. Let the reader, then, for one moment, picture to his imagination, what must have been the *distressed state* of the combatants. Cooper was too languid to follow up his success, and the energies of Shelton were at an end. A sort of *pushing* took place, when Cooper slipped down.

Sixteenth.—The latter came up to the scratch improved in strength. Cooper had also the best of the hitting, and, in going down, he likewise fell with the whole of his weight upon his opponent. *The partizans of Cooper opened their mouths, and loudly offered* 4, *and some* 6 *to* 1, *with nearly as much safety as if the battle had been won.*

Seventeenth.—Shelton, all but gone, went down quite exhausted.

Eighteenth.—Cooper's *nob* now evinced severe *punishment,*

and Shelton, upon commencing this round, appeared a little better. Two dreadful counter hits occurred upon their faces, and it was altogether a sharp round. Cooper was completely turned by a hit. In struggling, both down.

Nineteenth.—After some very sharp exchanges at the ropes, upon which Shelton was hanging, when Cooper might have *tied-up* the battle, but he held up his hands and walked away, and Shelton went down. "*Bravo! that's noble. Who would not respect true courage, and admire the English character?*" *were the general observations of the ring.*

Twentieth.—Shelton recovering; and both down in the corner of the ring, and Cooper undermost.

Twenty-first.—This was a truly desperate round. The men again hit each other away—stood still for a few seconds, but could not proceed, and both too *game* to go down. A severe fibbing at the ropes finished the round, till both went down. Cooper had the worst of it.

Twenty-second.—The *nob* of the latter was terrific; and the *claret* was in profusion. He came up to the scratch feeble indeed; and, after two or three blows, Cooper nearly laid himself down. "*Here's a change!*" was the *chaffing*, and Shelton was again the favourite.

Twenty-third.—Cooper was soon down. Shelton, from the lead he had taken in the last three rounds, seemed quite an altered man. He took the bottle out of his second's hand, and drank some water, and in the most anxious, scrutinizing manner, he turned round to look at the distressed situation of Cooper, and seemed to think, from the smiling state of his countenance, that "*it was all right.*"

Twenty-fourth.—Sharp work; but Cooper down.

Twenty-fifth.—The latter made some good hits; but was sent down.

Twenty-sixth.—Cooper was getting extremely weak, but his *science* never deserted him; and he made some hits tell before he got down upon the turf.—Four to one on Shelton.

Twenty-seventh.—This round was completely Shelton's own. Cooper received all the hits; and one of which, in the *mug*, was enough to finish any man in such a languid state. Cooper went down exhausted in the extreme; and, in consequence of Shelton's commencing this round rather quickly, in the *gas* style, Belcher called out to the umpires to observe that both of the men set-to from the scratch. The umpires

immediately attended to the request, and ordered it should be complied with. *Shelton for almost any odds, but five and six to one might be had in any part of the ring.*

Twenty-eighth.—This round showed the advantages of *science* in the highest point of view. Cooper was so far gone that he could not make a hit; and Shelton, like a good fighter, now perceiving that the *coup de grace* was necessary, and no danger to be apprehended from giving it, went boldly in to *pepper* his opponent, and put an end to his troubles: yet, strange to state, the guard of Cooper was so fine, that he parried off all the force of his opponent's blows, till he went down exhausted beyond measure. "*Bravo, Cooper,---You're an excellent man.*"

Twenty-ninth.—Shelton made some good hits, but Cooper stopped "beautifully," till he again felt the turf. 7 to 1.

Thirtieth.—It was expected another round would finish it, from the exhausted state of Cooper. The latter fought like a hero; but he received a dreadful facer, staggered, and fell down. "*It's all up,—he can't come again.* 10 to 1.

Thirty-first.—The intense heat of the sun still continuing, added to the languor of Cooper, that it almost seemed impossible he could appear again at the scratch. George, however, made some hits, and stopped with great skill. Yet he got the worst of it, and was sent out of the ropes. Any odds for Shelton—and "*Take him away,—he can't win it.*"

Thirty-second.—Yet, how fallible is the judgment of the multitude in many instances; and Cooper, to the astonishment of every one present, lifted up the ropes with his hand, and came into the ring with but little assistance; and while on the knee of his second, the "*water of life*" was administered to him, and which produced the desired effect. This was a good round, and Cooper still showed fight and science. Shelton, however, made a right-handed hit on Cooper's face, and immediately repeated it with the back of the same hand. Cooper went down very weak. *Ten Pounds to Half-a-crown was offered.* While Cooper was lying on the ground, and he was ordered to remain in that state by Belcher, Oliver came to the latter, and begged of him to take Cooper away, as he had no chance whatever to win. "*Blow my Dickey,*" replies Tom, "*Very pretty advice indeed! What—take a winning man away?—O, no! we'll leave it all to the Cook.*

Thirty-third.—Cooper showed fight, till both went down—

100*l.* to 5*l.* and also 100*l.* to 3*l.* were offered upon Shelton; so strongly did it appear to some old sound Fanciers, that Shelton must win it.

Thirty-fourth, and last.—The conclusion of this round operated upon the feelings of the spectators like one of the wonders of the world; but upon the pockets of the betters it was more like the *shock* of an *earthquake*. ELECTRICITY was a fool to it. FUSELI never distorted *mugs* more; nor did the *Barbatics* ever complain of *longer faces*, than some of the *group* exhibited upon this occasion. On setting-to, some little sort of *pushing* operated between the combatants, when Cooper appeared as if in the act of going down. He caught hold of the rope with his right, and gathered himself well up; making a firm stand, he let fly with his left hand, which operated so dreadfully upon Shelton's mouth, that he instantly fell (slightly touching the stake with his head) upon his side, like a *lump of lead*. The fight was all out of him. His seconds, Spring and Randall, with the greatest alacrity, *dragged* Shelton up, as it were, for he had no *movement* in him. This was a most interesting moment---Cooper was on Harmer's knee, and Belcher was wiping him with the handkerchief, also half turned round, watching the appearance of Shelton, and with a part of his eye directed towards the umpires and referee, who had all their stop-watches in their hands, waiting for the decisive moment to arrive. The anxiety of Belcher's face was a perfect *study* (and we sincerely regret that our friend CRUIKSHANK was not present to book it), and his fingers had almost involuntarily reached his *topper*, when "TIME" was called; but the brave, the game, the gallant, yet unfortunate (BUT OUGHT NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN) Shelton, heard not the sound; and victory was, of course, proclaimed for Cooper. It was, indeed, a proud moment for him. He lifted up his hands and left the ring, amidst the repeated cheers of the spectators. It was over in 34 minutes.

COOPER is not only one of the *finest* fighters on the list, but a *gamer* man is not to be found throughout the whole circle of Boxers. The intense heat of the sun was enough to annihilate the strength of a giant. Shelton, also, proved himself a first-rate pugilist, and a *bottom-man* of the highest quality. It is rather

singular to remark, that Shelton's two last fights have been in the extremes—upon the coldest and hottest days in the season. Further comment is unnecessary, as it was admitted by all persons present, to have been one of the greatest pugilistic treats witnessed for the last twenty years. The amateurs were delighted beyond measure, and before COOPER left the ring, an amateur offered to back him against the *Gas-Light Man* for 100 Guineas.

COOPER was very severely *punished;* in fact, he was so ill as to keep his bed for a day or two after the battle. He, however, did not remain longer in London than was actually necessary to reinstate him in his health, when he returned to Edinburgh (a place where COOPER is highly patronized), to take possession of the Britannia Tavern, in Leith Street. In all of his battles, COOPER was not more admired for his fine *science* than for his staunch *game*.

TOM OWEN.

Gay OLD TOM was as *flash* a GILL as e'er St. Kitt's could boast,
He would take his *drain*, and give a *chaunt*, and also make a toast—
TOM was fond of *life*, and full of *gig*, and the lads they knew it well,
And he valued neither COVE nor *Ken*, nor dropt down before a *swell*.
But sung---Fol de lol---de rol de rol de rol de lido.

INDEPENDENCE is OWEN'S motto; and it should seem that year after year has rolled on in succession, without being materially felt by our hero, and that he

is determined to "live all the days of his life." He is as *gay* as a Lark—always respectable in appearance—and his *white topper** gives a degree of importance to his person. In company, he is a perfect Comedy in himself, from the numerous characters he "hits off" belonging to the various classes of society. His expressions are so rare, and so *flash*, yet so well adapted to the point which he endeavours to gain, that he generally proves successful, and the severity of his *ridicule* is universally acknowledged, from the roars of laughter that follow his remarks. And that person must be a sober-minded cove indeed, that can keep his *mug* as a fixture in Tom's company. His *irony*, however, does not partake of the softness of a CHESTERFIELD, nor does his *caricature* exhibit the inimitable traits of a CRUIKSHANK; yet he displays great comic humour, perfectly original, and, in his portraiture of the manners of "low life," evinces that NATURE has not been unkind to him in her distribution of talents.

Since the publication of the second volume of this work, in which a most admirable likeness of OWEN is given, he has established himself very highly in the opinion of the amateurs, as a first-rate Pugilist. His judgment respecting fighting-men was generally considered sound; and in the capacity of a "second," Tom was considered equal to any one upon the list of boxers. But his "STOP," an invention of his own,

* *White Toppers* have become quite the "*go*" among a great part of the *Milling Coves*, in imitation of this great master of the fist, since TOM has taken to decorate his *upper works* with this *nobbish* feature.

does not appear to have been sufficiently *studied* by any of the *milling heroes;* in fact, it either appeared to them in a *theatrical* point of view, or they were not aware of its utility towards *winning* a battle. However, it was left for OWEN himself to illustrate its importance, which he did in the most demonstrative manner, in the seventh round of the fight, when he obtained a conquest over the celebrated *Mendoza.* OWEN also showed great superiority in his knowledge of *throwing;* indeed, in POINT of *capabilities,* and NEW FEATURES as to the principles of boxing, he appeared as one risen from the dead.

Respecting the fight with *Mendoza,* OWEN publicly expressed himself, "that if his own wishes were consulted upon the subject, he would rather decline it; the ages of both of them tending to give such a contest rather a touch of the ridiculous." However, on the contrary, it turned out a very manly, spirited battle.

As a connexion with the Prize Ring, the following hand-bill is preserved:—

THE ART OF

SELF-DEFENCE

ILLUMINATED

BY

TOM OWEN,

AT THE

Minor Theatre,

CATHERINE STREET, STRAND,

On Monday, November 8, 1819.

"'TIS ENGLISH, SIRS, FROM TOP TO TOE!"

"THE ARGUMENT:

"During the travels of the Prince of Saxe Weimar through Italy, he was suddenly attacked by an assassin, but upon the latter's discovering his mistake, he apologized for his error with as much *non chalance*, as if he had merely trod down the heel of the Prince's shoe, and then ran off. How fine is the contrast illustrated in a national point of view, from the following facts! a British sailor at the taking of Fort Omoa, met with a Spaniard unarmed; and having two swords in his possession, most generously observed to his foe, 'Here, Spaniard! take one and defend yourself, for I scorn to take your life, without giving you a chance for it.' SHAW, (the Pugilist Corporal,) belonging to the Life-Guards, also astonished both the contending armies at Waterloo, having slain nine Frenchmen with his single arm, and is another noble specimen of intrepidity and courage. These facts speak more than a volume. —*Multum in Parvo.*—T. OWEN.

"*The Art of Self-Defence not only invigorates the Constitution, but also fortifies the Mind.*

"OWEN the FANCY does invite,
T' his BENEFIT, on Monday night:
At the MINOR THEATRE, near the STRAND,
To view the *Movements*, prime and grand.
See *Randall's* hits, and *Turner's* game,
And *Belcher's* scientific fame,
With *Shelton's* action, all so pliant,
Determined hero, beat 'the giant!'
And like an actor o'er his jugs,
View funny *Scroggins* 'cutting mugs.'

With *Oliver*, *Painter*, and *Sutton*,
Possessing traits, called 'a glutton,'
And brave *Harmer*, *Reynolds*, and *Dick*,
Lads that can 'lay it on' quite thick!
The THEATRE's warm, and free from damps,
And 'gaily' lighted up with lamps;
Then come along and join the *Swells*,
E'en 'refined' to admit the *Belles*.
Such *exercise*, sure, cures the rickets!
And OWEN will supply with TICKETS
All those who tip him with THREE BOB,
From Timber Merchant, to the Nob!
The Art is manly: and, no doubt,
The SPARRING will be out-and-out!
'Tis English, sirs, and in the Field
It's always taught them ne'er to yield!
The Actors making *hits* so *keen*,
Giving interest to the scene;
With imitations of Great Men;
Of JOHNSON, RYAN, and BIG BEN!
Also, 'of heart' just like a Trooper,
Renowned, tremendous BILLY HOOPER!
SEVEN's the TIME, the Lads engage
In a Rop'd Ring upon the Stage;
Roars of laughter, fun, and raillery,
From the Boxes, Pit, and Gallery.
Then come along, be not too late,
Or OWEN can't accommodate.

"*Tickets*, 3*s*. *each*,

To be had at T. BELCHER's, the Castle Tavern, Holborn; H. HARMER, the Plough, Smithfield; J. RANDALL, the Hole in the Wall, Chancery-lane; J. MARTIN, Griffin, Church-street, Borough; B. BURN, the Sun, Great Windmill-street; T. SPRING, Catherine Wheel, Little St. James's-street; and at the Theatre."

BOXING BETWEEN OWEN AND MENDOZA;

OR,

Days of Old Revived.

FOR FIFTY GUINEAS ASIDE, ON TUESDAY,
JULY 4, 1820.

Banstead Downs, fourteen miles and a half from London, was the spot selected to decide this *rivalry of fame*—this *point of honour*—this *darling of reputation* so allied to the hearts of all brave men!

> By how much unexpected, by so much
> We must awake endeavour for defence;
> For courage mounteth with occasion.

The above contest, it seems, originated in what is termed "an old grudge;" and for the last three years it had harassed not only the feelings of the combatants, but the friends of both the parties were frequently drawn into the *scrape*. It is true, this quarrel was not of that family extent like the Montagues and the Capulets, in Verona; neither did the Christians and Jews "bite their thumbs" on passing each other in the street; but yet loud *chaffing* at the *lushing cribs* often occurred in Duke's-place and St. Kitt's, whenever the parties accidentally met together; and so jealous were these heroes of their "tow'ring fame," that *Mendoza* and OWEN offered to fight each other for a glass of *max*, merely to ascertain which deserved the appellation of being the "best man!" so far was any thing like mercenary ideas out of the question. But this was considered derogatory to their characters—both of the combatants having fought

for large stakes—and more especially as *Mendoza* was now viewed in the light of being the "Father of the present Ring;" and TOM OWEN fast approaching to that important *milling* station. However, it went on so *lingeringly*, and had also been so often *chaunted* without any specific time being appointed, that it was in general looked upon, by the sporting world, altogether as a *hoax;* and, in fact, the Pugilistic Society had nothing at all to do with the match in question.

At length the Jews aroused from their lethargy, and rallied round their fixed *Star of the East.* Glory be to them for it! There was not a *Kid* amongst their tribes, who felt for the honour of his *peoplesh*, but *lugged out his crook* in order to make this match; and also under the impression that it would add fresh brilliancy to the already acquired fame of their long-tried champion and skilful tactician, *Dan Mendoza;* and of whom it ought to be remembered, that by his victories he had *blunted* many of their *clies*, who had had "pockets to let." The other party was equally as prime.

Hear it, ye trumps!—the Daffy Club* caught this daring *spirit* like *fun*, and the President permitted *no thirds* to be tossed off upon this occasion; but full *bumpers* was the "time of day," in drinking success to the Conqueror of *Hooper*. "OWEN," said the President, in addressing the club, "my choice friends, is as *rum a kid* as ever sported a *white topper*, or made use of a *bunch of fives*. He's a *floorer* to a certainty. His *stop*, my dear boys,—aye, I must here *stop* to speak of the utility of this *milling trait* invented by OWEN,

* See THE PICTURE OF THE FANCY.

and when properly *timed* in the fight it is as correct as a *stop-ticker*—almost breaking the heart of an opponent, and operating many degrees towards victory.—(Hear, hear!)—His *index* is a fighting one—his *nob* is as well furnished as a dictionary—there is not a *move* on the board but he is up to—he turns every thing to account—and then for the use he makes of his *underpinning* in the ring, why, he is as gay as a jack tar at the sound of a fiddle. His *goodness!* O! that I could invoke the shade of *Bartholomew* to settle this point. But I saw that fight."—(From the Club, "That is quite enough.") One word more, my *Daffiers*, and I have done; as a *thrower* no one can beat him; Billy *Hooper's* last words were to that effect. Then, my *spirited* lads, your *morleys*.—May he throw away from him defeat, and make *Catollas* of all his opponents. (Bravo, bravo!—more Daffy, John; come fill up; recollect, no thirds!) I beg pardon, it had liked to have escaped my memory—TOM is one of us. Is the *soft* all ready, gents.? (The *readers* were out like lightning, and "How much is wanted?") Only fifty. ("Here it is, and he's good for a thousand!" Cheers from all parts of the room.) Then, by way of a *tye-up*, my noble souls, for the Club scorns to be selfish, join me in drinking—'May these *ould ones* be both in good condition on the day of trial, and may the best man win it!'" Great approbation followed the conclusion of the President's speech.

The decisive day at length arrived; previous to which *Mendoza* was decidedly the favourite. Fourteen years and upwards had passed away since the *Star of the East* had appeared in the prize-ring with

Harry Lee, (March 16, 1806,) and more than thirty-three fleeting summers had likewise occurred since *Mendoza* first distinguished himself as a boxer, (April 17, 1787,) with *Martin*, the Bath butcher. On January 9, 1788, *Mendoza* was defeated, after a most gallant fight, at Odiham, by *Humphries;* but on May 6, 1789, *Mendoza*, in turn, gained a victory over his noble opponent, at Stilton. The third decisive fight between *Mendoza* and *Humphries* took place on September 9, 1790, at Doncaster, when conquest again crowned his exertions. In consequence of *Mendoza* having twice defeated the above celebrated pugilist, his fame ran before him all over the kingdom, and scarcely a provincial theatre of note, but an overflowing audience rewarded the milling talents he exhibited. His fame was pronounced genuine; there was a mastery about his style of action, combined with an elegance of movement, that electrified, confounded, and ultimately rendered *Mendoza* the conqueror of most of his opponents. It is not necessary, in this place, to follow *Mendoza* throughout his successful career. Suffice it to state, that *Bill Ward* was twice defeated by the former boxer, at Smitham Bolton, on May 14, 1792; also on Bexley Common, November 12, 1794. In this year *Mendoza* forfeited a deposit of £20 out of a match of fifty guineas to *Hooper*. At Hornchurch, April 15, 1795, *Mendoza* was compelled to resign his laurels to Mr. *Jackson*, in ten minutes and a half. After this circumstance, it might be said that *Dan* left the ring, coming again forward, as above stated, to settle a quarrel with *Harry Lee*. At one period of *Mendoza's* life, a finer subject for an anatomical

lecture, it was supposed, did not exist in England; and, although a short man, he weighed 12 stone 5 pounds.

OWEN derived considerable notoriety in the pugilistic world from his conquest over *Hooper*, the tinman, (at that time viewed as the dread and terror of the ring,) at Harrow, on November 14, 1796. It was a hard fight of fifty rounds, and continued upwards of an hour. The guard of OWEN was so straight, and so prodigiously strong, that *Hooper* with all his talents could not beat it down, and was scarcely able to put in a hit. *Hooper* was terribly *punished;* but OWEN put on his clothes with the utmost indifference, and walked out of the ring. OWEN also fought with *Jack Bartholomew*, on Sunbury Common, on August 22, 1797. This was acknowledged to be one of the hardest battles ever contested, for 30 minutes. OWEN lost it, but in a subsequent *turn-up*, it seems, TOM regained his laurels.

To the *majority* of the present *Ring-goers* it was mere *hearsay* evidence respecting the fighting qualities of the above boxers; but the once great fame of *Mendoza*, although 55 years of age, rendered him the favourite at 6 and 5 to 4. OWEN was known to be a good man, but it was thought he had not *science* enough to oppose the *accomplished Israelite*. The East end of the town was completely drained; and the name of *Mendoza* likewise attracted a good muster of young *Swells* from the West, who had not seen either of the above *Ould Ones* fight. A great number of the *oldest* amateurs in the *Fancy* were likewise induced to be present; and it is rather singular to

state that *Sir Thomas Apprece*, Bart. who was *Mendoza's* umpire at Odiham, acted in that capacity upon this occasion. OWEN is 51 years old. OWEN, attended by *Cribb* and *Josh. Hudson*, threw up his hat first; and *Mendoza*, followed by *Randall* and *Harry Lee*, repeated the token of defiance. *Mendoza* was loudly cheered, and backed 5 to 4. The latter very politely bowed to all parts of the ring. *Mendoza* was soon ready for the attack, and walked about the ring with a coat thrown over him. OWEN was a considerable time in preparing himself, and in making his shoes all right; and instead of drawers, he fought in a pair of nankeen breeches. The *white topper* was as carefully deposited into the hands of a confidential friend, as the King's Crown is taken care of at the Tower. The *patience* of *Randall* was exhausted, and he came up to OWEN and remarked, "that he was as long in getting himself ready, as if he was going to be married." "Aye," says TOM, "we shall soon be married, and close together, I'll warrant ye, and hit each other a bit." "Don't be in a hurry," cries *Josh.*; "we shall soon be about your house—too soon for *Danny*." During this preparation, *Hinckley* (one of the *Daffies*, and also a backer of OWEN) appeared in the ring in a most splendid rich waistcoat, after *Julius Cæsar's cut*, (or, more correctly speaking, in the days of that warlike hero, it might have been termed a *vest*,) which added considerable importance to the ceremony. He had the colours of the latter in his hand, a prime *yellow man*; having tied it to the stakes, he thus addressed a small group of the DAFFY CLUB near to him :—

"That handkerchief
Did TOM OWEN to the President* give,
To keep it as a *relic* of departed greatness;
He swore it was a *prime one*, and the SWELLS
Fasten'd on it with delight. It had been the *stare*
At WARGRAVE† and the *pride* of St. Kitt's; and the
MILLING COVES always *ogled* it with a reverential awe:
The possession of it was the turnpike-road to honour and fame.
Once it had decorated the *squeeze* of the lion-hearted *Hooper;*
A better *bit of stuff* never trod the PRIZE RING.
In a glorious moment, TOM won it, wore it, and preserv'd it
As the memorial of a noble enterprise. On viewing
This emblem, it operated like a mirror
To his elevated *fancy*, and reminded OWEN
Of past days, and of the true courage of the OLD SCHOOL.
To *lose* it then, or have't *disgraced*, were such perdition,
That *oblivion* must be the result.
Forbid it, ye shades of *Ben, Johnson*, and *Jem Belcher!*
Aid him, ye Master Spirits, with thy matchless powers!
Increase the vigour of his potent arm; and to his *nobbery*
Lend all thy long-tried skill and finishing qualities.
But O, BOXIANA!‡ (with fine pathos) in thy Chronicle of *milling* events,
Record this animated scene with impartiality and *naïveté;*
That, in future times, the *young kids* may involuntarily
Clench their fists, on perusing his deeds, and cry out—
OWEN was a strange GOOD ONE!"

Here the feelings of the Orator were rather overcome, but a *drain* of DAFFY relieved his exertions,

* Of the Daffy Club, Mr. JAMES SOARES, a distinguished feature belonging to the Prize Ring. A great lover of HARMONY; yet no person fonder of making *mischief!* In PRINCIPLE, independent to the echo. The SWELL or the *Costermonger* asking his opinion, receives it without any *gammon*. He is no *flatterer*—and his only *aim* appears to be to *decide* without *bias*, and to do justice to all parties. May he long hold his *seat* at the *Castle!*

† The seat of the late Lord Barrymore. ‡ Here the writer gave a nod.

and soon gave fresh *spirits* to his argument. After smacking his lips at the excellence of the *nectar*, he then, with a sort of *Siddonian* look upon the *fogle*, burst forth after the manner of one of *Kean's* irresistible touches:—

——"There's courage in the sight of it!
TOM, thy boys, *Josh.* and *Dav.*, have embraced it
With an ardour that gave new energies to their *pluck!*
Then look upon it, *my gay Ould one*, before I *stake* it;
Behold its proud colours are now floating in the air!
But stay, I see thy sparkling eye bespeaks thy courageous heart.
Enough!
To win it now, OWEN, is the climax of thy fame,
And again to *sport* it, nobly enrich'd, the achievement is great indeed!"

Mendoza's colours were a blue silk bird's eye, and tied over OWEN'S. The President of the Daffies gave the time.

First round.—Mendoza, on throwing off his clothes, exhibited a very fine manly bust; his eyes sparkled with confidence, and there was altogether an appearance about him that seldom characterizes an individual of fifty-five years of age. Owen, on the contrary, looked thin; and the *tout ensemble* was rather meagre than otherwise. On setting-to, both of these *Ould ones* were extremely cautious, and a minute elapsed before a hit was made. Owen at length let fly, but without any effect. Some exchanges then took place, when they closed at the ropes, and after an attempt to *fib* on the part of Mendoza, which was frustrated by Owen, a struggle for the throw took place; but in going down Dan was the undermost. *(Loud applause.)* "Well done, Tom!" from the Christians; and from the *Israelites*, "Dan, you must win;" and 2 to 1 on Dan.

Second.—Mendoza ran in with great alacrity, and made a sort of *pushing* forwards, and got Owen on the ropes, when the latter went down, and his neck got *scored* from them. Great applause for Mendoza. While Tom was on the knee of *Josh.* the latter said, "Master!" Owen smiling—"What

says my boy?" "Have you brought the *pepper castor* with you?" "Yes, my lad, and the mustard and vinegar cruet too!"

Third.—The Jew behaved extremely handsome, and showed some good fighting; but Owen planted a tremendous hit on Mendoza's left cheek, just under the eye, whence the *claret* flowed copiously, and Mendoza went down—yet he jumped up gaily. Randall told Mendoza he should not have done so. "Let these *Ould ones* alone,' said *Josh.*; "they know more about fighting than you and I do." Even betting, but Owen for choice. "I say, Master," says *Josh.* "you furnished *Danny* with some *sour crout* then!"

Fourth.—The latter pugilist now gave the amateurs some fine traits of pugilism. Mendoza again was *nobbed*, and the *claret* profusely running down his cheek. In going down Owen was undermost. "When am I to have the tobacco-stopper, Master?" cries *Josh.* "Leave it all to the cook yet!" Owen smilingly observed.

Fifth.—Mendoza now *showed* he was completely *gone by* as to any superiority of fighting, and Tom Owen displayed talents that astonished the ring. Mendoza received a dreadful fall.

Sixth.—Owen, in retreating from his antagonist, ran against the stakes, but the latter again planted a heavy *facer*. In struggling, both went down.

Seventh.—Here Tom Owen was the hero of the tale. He *nobbed* Mendoza, and got away with all the dexterity of a youth: it was now only Mendoza by name; his excellence as a fighter had evaporated, and his hits were generally short. Owen, in a close at the ropes, exhibited the advantages of *his stop;* he held Mendoza as firm as if the latter had been *screwed* up in a vice, and pummelled him at the back of the neck so dreadfully severe, that Dan at length fell down exhausted.—"Bravo!" from the Christians; and the Jews were rather *funking*.

Eighth.—Mendoza came to the scratch bleeding, and almost in a state of stupor, from the severity of the last round. Owen planted so tremendous a hit on Dan's face, that he went back from the force of it, and slipped down, as if on a slide, at the corner of the ring. The Jews were still backing Mendoza with confidence.

Ninth.—Long sparring, and Owen convinced the specta-

tors that he was a perfect master of the art. He hit Mendoza in the front of the eye, jobbed him also in the face, and at the end of the ropes Owen held Mendoza by the arm, and punished him till he went down. Two to one on Owen.

Tenth.—The appearance of Mendoza's face was much changed, and his left eye was encircled in *claret*. Owen got away from his antagonist in fine style. In fact, Owen was every thing, and he quite satisfied the amateurs of the present period, that in his day he must have been a boxer of first-rate qualities. Mendoza was *punished* all over the ring, when Owen threw his opponent, and fell heavily upon him. —3 to 1. Indeed, it was any odds.—It was *Rosemary-Lane* to a *Rag Shop*, that the Jews were all *cleaned out*, and that *Duke's Place* would be in mourning for three months.

Eleventh.—Owen was determined not to give a *chance* away; and he also appeared determined not to have any more belly punches, the one he got was rather a doser. Tom got away, and put in some sharp *facers*. He likewise gathered himself well up to hit. A short but sharp rally occurred, when Owen fell down; and Mendoza, likewise, at about two yards' distance, came heavily down upon his face on the turf. "It's all your own, Tom!" The *Daffy Club* in ecstacy—and holding up the *Elixir of life* to Owen, and telling him there were lots of it in store for him. *Josh.* here told his Master, that it was as safe as the Bank, and that he did not want his services any more.

Twelfth and last.—Mendoza was quite abroad, and hit short, and at the ropes he was again held by Owen and *fibbed* down. The Jews now sung out in grief, "It's all *shiser matrice*;" and Mendoza said he would not fight any more, as he could not win it. He was terribly *punished*, and defeated in fourteen minutes and twenty-seven seconds and a quarter; while, on the contrary, Owen had not a scratch on his face. The latter was carried out of the ring by Cribb and Hudson, amidst the cheers of the spectators; and Owen said he was not above eleven stone.

Mendoza, while being dressed, seemed sensibly affected at his defeat. He had not the least idea of losing the battle.

Mr. JACKSON collected £20 on the ground for *Mendoza*, when he was put into a coach. OWEN soon

returned to the ring, decorated in all the paraphernalia attendant upon conquest. The *white topper* appeared in all its gaiety, and poor *Dan's* blue trophy was hung carelessly round OWEN'S neck, surmounted by the yellow man of *Hooper*, now *doubly won* by TOM. He, however, soon retired to make all right, and procure the prudent aid of *Benjamin Bolus*.

OWEN exhibited all the fine points of fighting, and he now *practically* illustrated all those theoretical lessons which he had previously laid down for the guide of his pupils. As a *getter-away*, few young men could have excelled him. TOM planted his hits, which were heavy, with great dexterity; that is to say, they were put in at the right place, where they told with effect. "*His stop :*" to prevent being *fibbed* by an opponent, and also to *have the best* of administering *punishment* to an adversary, he most clearly and satisfactorily pointed out its advantages as a boxer, *in propriâ personâ*. We believe it had been previously ridiculed, nay, laughed at; but the laugh was on the wrong side of the mouth in this instance. OWEN also *throwed* his opponent in a masterly style. TOM is a hard hitter; and a very difficult man to be got at. It is twenty-three years since he fought with *Bartholomew ;* and we have been assured that nothing else but this quarrel could have induced him to exhibit in the ring. He has, however, closed his fighting career, by displaying a superior knowledge of the art of self-defence quite unexpected; and he also won the battle in a style that astonished every one present. *Mendoza*, in appearance, is quite an altered man, as a pugilist; he could scarcely make a

Drawn by C. Sharples. *Engd by Percy Roberts*

DAN DONNELLY.

the late Irish Champion.

Pubd by Sherwood, Neely & Jones, April 1 1821.

decisive hit—and his once fine *science* was looked for in vain. Yet, in point of fair argument, all this *vacuum* of *milling* talent might have been owing to the superiority of tactics pourtrayed by OWEN; and it is now a question of little doubt, in the minds of some of the best judges of pugilism, but that OWEN, on the day that he fought *Bartholomew*, could have *disposed* of *Mendoza* with as much ease as he did in this contest. The fact is simply this: OWEN was not sufficiently known as a boxer, to have had his merits duly appreciated by the Sporting World: but he now stands upon very high ground; also, in the capacity of a *trainer* of young pugilists, he is equal to any person; and as a *second*, OWEN is inferior to none.

(SIR) DAN DONNELLY, KNT.

OF THE MOST ANCIENT ORDER OF

"THE FIVES!"

AND THE LATE

CHAMPION OF IRELAND!

Our worthy Regent was so delighted
With the great valour he did evince,
That DAN was cited, aye, and invited
To come be-knighted by his own PRINCE!

It was for a long time the generally expressed opinion, in the Sporting World, that DONNELLY would

not *show* himself in this country: however, in February, 1819, it was thus *whispered* on the *sly*, that "The 'big' hero, the pride of Hibernia, denominated the Irish Champion, had at length (according to the *gay* and *game* boys of the Metropolis) ventured across the water, and showed himself in England."

It appeared that the *lushing* crib of DAN had got rather *leaky*, and no *chance* remained to put it into proper repair. A *screw* was also loose; change of air was prescribed—*non est inventus* essentially requisite; and, in a "devil may care moment," DAN, with a hurried step, made his way through the streets of Dublin, pushed forward to Ring's End, when he was not long in getting one foot on board of the packet, for England, ho! A glass of *whiskey* put into his hand, soon *bothered* all hesitation out of his *nob*, and it then required but little *coaxing* to get the other *pin* upon the deck. At length the cable was slipped, mirth and good humour quite afloat, and DAN full of *spirits*. The pigeon-house soon lost sight of—Dublin Bay, and its surrounding beauties, no longer visible—and the Hill o' Howth (Paddy's land-mark) nearly extinct—

> Over a drop of good liquor,
> That will end the contest quicker
> Than either Church or Vicar;

when our hero found himself "*half seas over*" towards Liverpool, before he had time to reflect upon the hasty voyage he had undertaken, going, as it were, "no one knows whither." However, there was now no retreating. A few "more glasses" made every thing pleasant—*reflection* no longer intruded upon his

upper story; and, after the reviving qualities of some *forty winks*, the light-house broke in upon DAN's *ogles*, near the *Mersey*, and the shores of Liverpool gave him a safe deliverance from the *briny deep*. It was at this sea-port that *Carter* crossed his path, and picked him up as a brother performer, which gave birth to his adventures in England; as it seems, DAN's original intention was not to visit the Metropolis, but when his affairs were settled to return to Dublin.

DONNELLY, it may be recollected by the Sporting World, defeated *George Cooper*, one of the most scientific and elegant pugilists of the London ring, upon the Curragh of Kildare; and also, at the same place, he claimed the victory over Isle of Wight *Hall*. There was not a *trump*, nor an *out-and-outer* upon the coal quay in Dublin (and the mere appearance of some of these rough heroes is enough to appal Old Nick) who had not repented of his temerity in attacking DONNELLY.

It was also asserted, that he had *floored*, with ease, all his opponents in Ireland; and, but for the above reasons, DAN would not have left, even for a short time, his tavern near Leinster Market, which was well attended. To the frequenters of his house (the English in particular) he was remarkably civil and attentive. But his tour to this country had not only the advantages of pleasure, but a *tiny* bit of profit attached to the end of it; and although he declared he had left his darling birthplace behind him, he trusted he should still find a county of *tip* in England without making a *bull* of it. Fighting in the prize ring, it seems, was not his intention; but, he said, if any of the *spalpeens* were after

behaving *rude* to Mr. DONNELLY, he *meant*, for the honour of Old Ireland, to protect his person, and give them a *whack* or two into the bargain.

Carter, who is sufficiently well acquainted with the *stage* to know the advantages of a good bill (a *gag*), issued the following placard, on the 19th of Feb. 1819, at Manchester: — "DONNELLY, the Champion of Ireland, and *Carter*, the Champion of England, will exhibit together in various combats, the art of self-defence, at the Emporium Rooms." This had the desired effect: an overflowing audience was the result; and at Liverpool they met with greater and repeated encouragement. The above heroes soon afterwards took the road to the Metropolis; and bets were offered that *Carter* fought twice during the summer, and won both the events. Several wagers were also made in London, respecting the *identity* of DONNELLY; when some of the best judges asserted, that the above *personage* was not that *Donnelly* who fought with *George Cooper*, but what the French term a *nom de guerre*.

DONNELLY arrived in London a short time afterwards, and *showed* himself at the Castle Tavern, and considerable sums of money were lost upon that event. He was not long in feeling the pulse of the English amateurs, and a hand-bill was issued, announcing sparring between DONNELLY, the Champion of Ireland, and *Carter*. On Friday evening, March 18, 1819, about one hundred of the most respectable class of the amateurs, among whom was a nobleman of high rank, assembled at the Peacock, in Gray's Inn Lane, a large room selected for the purpose. The following de-

scription of him occurred at that time. "DONNELLY, at length, *stripped*, amidst thunders of applause. The *Venus de Medicis* never underwent a more microscopic scrutiny from the *critical* eye of the connoisseur, than did the Champion of Ireland from the *ogles* of the anxious *fancy*. In point of *frame*, he is far from that sort of 'big one' which had been previously anticipated; there is nothing loose or *puffy* about him; he is strong and *bony* to all intents and purposes; and it might be said of DONNELLY, that he is—all *muscle*. His arms are long and *slingy;* his shoulders uncommonly fine, particularly when in action, and prominently indicative of their *punishing* quality. His *nob* is also a fighting one; his neck, athletic and bold; in height, nearly six feet; in weight about thirteen stone eight pounds; and the *tout essemble*, a *miller*, with first-rate qualifications. Thus much for his person. Now, a word or two for his quality. His wind appears to be undebauched. Resolute, firm, and not to be denied; and he maintains his ground upon the same system that *Mendoza* practised with so much success. *Getting away* he either disdains, or does not acknowledge this peculiar trait in *his* system of *tactics*. His attitude was not admired; and it was thought, that he leant rather too back, inclining on his right shoulder. He makes tremendous use of his right hand. Eight rounds were finely and skilfully contested; and *Carter*, equal to any thing on the list for *scientific* efforts, must be viewed as a most formidable opponent. The difference of *style* between the two performers attracted considerable attention; produced a great variety of remarks; and drew down

peals of applause. *Carter*, on his legs, possessing all the agility and confidence of an experienced dancing-master; *getting away* with the utmost *sang-froid;* walking round and round his opponent to plant a blow, with all the perfections of a professor. DONNELLY is not so *showy*, but dangerous; he is no *tapper;* nor does he throw any blows away; neither is he to be got at, without encountering *mischief*. He is, however, awkward; but final judgment cannot be pronounced from his *sparring*, more especially as he does not profess the *use of the gloves*. It was a most excellent trial of skill; and the amateurs seemed to devour it with great *goût*. *Carter* made some good hits; and DONNELLY some strong points; and at the end of one round in particular, had it been in the ring, must have been pronounced *pepper*. The good temper of DONNELLY was also noticed; and, impartially speaking, it was a nice point to decide who had the *best of it* in *effect*. *Carter*, without doubt, had all the show of the thing."

In consequence of but few persons having had an opportunity of witnessing DONNELLY'S talents at the above place, the Minor Theatre was selected on the Thursday following, to give *eclat* to the performances of the above pugilist. The audience were of the most respectable description; and although the boxes and pit were filled with company rather of a different cast than usually *grace* those seats, yet they were not wanting in either style or rank. *Ben Burns*, a boxer of great talent with the *gloves* (but who does not often exhibit), appeared in opposition to the Irish Champion. I was a *set-to* of considerable merit; and the

science of *Burns* was much applauded. DONNELLY, dangerous at all times, soon convinced the amateurs of his peculiar *forte;* but it was thought, from the *warm-hearted* attentions of his countrymen, that he had rather more *spirits* on board, than *cool* judgment to regulate his *steerage*. He, however, showed off in good style, and *finished* one round in a way that must have been tremendous in the ring. It is still thought he stands rather too backward, leaning from his opponent; but that can only be decided from a practical result. At all events, DONNELLY was a great source of attraction. *Carter* and DONNELLY finished the performances: it was a sharp and long *set-to* upon the whole, and loudly applauded. But a wish was expressed, that *Cribb* and DONNELLY should have been opposed to each other, in order to give the public an opportunity of deciding upon the different sort of *tactics* pursued by these rival champions. *Cribb* was not present, or else there cannot be a doubt but the amateurs would have been gratified in that point of view.

At *Gregson's* benefit, at the above theatre, on April 1, 1819, the principal attraction of the day was the announced combat between the two rival champions, *Cribb* for England, and DONNELLY for Old Ireland. The Irish amateurs were exceedingly numerous; but much disappointment occurred, in consequence of the above event not being realized. Previous to the appearance of the Irish Champion, it was announced by *Norton* to the audience, that DONNELLY had met with an accident, by falling off the Oxford stage coach. DONNELLY, however, put on

the gloves, and *set-to* with *Carter;* but "hoped the spectators would excuse him." It was evident he could not stop with his right arm, which appeared much bruised and swelled; and upon his announcing this circumstance to *Carter*, the latter in the most *friendly* style observed, "he must then *stop with his head!*" This *set-to*, of course, excited no interest; and on the departure of DONNELLY, some slight *hissing* occurred.

Sutton, the man of colour, challenged DONNELLY to fight for £50 a-side. *(Great applause.)* *Richmond* presented himself to the audience on the part of DONNELLY, stating—"that the Irish Champion did not come over to England with any intention of entering the prize ring." *(Disapprobation.)* *Carter* soon followed, and observed that "as Mr. *Richmond* had only made half a speech, he would finish it. Mr. DONNELLY meant to *insult* (consult) his friends by fighting *Sutton*." *(Roars of laughter.)* *Sutton* again came forward, and said, he would fight DONNELLY at five minutes' notice for £50, or from £100 to £200 at any given time, in a ring. *(Great applause.)*

In consequence of some aspersions, or doubts, having been thrown upon the courage of DONNELLY, he immediately published the following document, which was designated as the

IRISH CHAMPION'S MANIFESTO TO THE MILLING WORLD.

"At a sparring match, for the benefit of Gregson, on Thursday, the first day of April, Donnelly having met with an accident, he hopes the public will pardon him, if he has not amused the gentlemen present to their satisfaction, but it was his wish to do so. After the set-to between Harmer and Sutton,

the latter thought proper to come forward and to challenge any man, and also Donnelly in particular, for £50 or £100. Donnelly, being somewhat a stranger, did not come forward to answer the challenge, untill he should first consult his friends in this country and Ireland; but he has that confidence in his friends, both here and there, that they will back him. He therefore begs leave to say, that he did not come over to England for the purpose of fighting; but as it appears to be the wish of the gentlemen here to try his mettle, he begs leave further to say, that he will fight any man in England of his weight, from £100 to £500.

"Witness, C. BRENANT. D. DONNELLY."

On the 6th of April, 1819, *Randall's* benefit took place at the Fives Court. DONNELLY had scarcely mounted the stage, when "*Cribb, Cribb, Cribb!*" was vociferated from all parts of the Court, till *Carter* made his appearance on the platform ready to commence the combat. The cries of "*Cribb!*" were now louder, added to *hisses*, &c. when the *Lancashire Hero* bowed and retired. DONNELLY appeared rather confused, and it escaped from his lips, that "*he would not spar at all!*" The Champion of England, however, did not appear; and then "*Carter, Carter!*" was called, but he had also left the Court. In the midst of this confusion *Harmer* offered himself amidst thunders of applause; and the latter appeared to have the *best of it*, but the set-to was altogether uninteresting, and DONNELLY left off under marks of pain. It ought to have been announced to the Court that DONNELLY had got a large tumour upon his right arm near his elbow. The *usage* to DONNELLY was not only rough, but it might be termed, to use a sporting phrase, rather *foul!* It was very unlike the usual *generosity* of John Bull towards a stranger—it was not *national*, but savoured something like *prejudice*. It had better not have taken place, and such sort of *partialities*

ought not to be exhibited. A clear stage, and fair play, is all that is wanted, either at the Fives Court or in the ring.

At *Martin's* benefit, at the above Court, on Tuesday, April, 20, 1819, *Oliver* challenged DONNELLY for 100 guineas a-side; when *Randall* (DONNELLY not being present) mounted the stage, and said he was authorized to accept it on the part of the Irish Champion, who would enter the lists with *Oliver*, upon that day six weeks, for any sum that might be offered.

DONNELLY and CARTER took a benefit at the Minor Theatre, on Tuesday, April 27th. *Carter* and DONNELLY were much noticed; and it was by far the best display of *science* that had taken place between them. The IRISH CHAMPION stopped well with his left arm; and, notwithstanding the *leariness* of *Carter*, he put in a sharp blow upon the throat of the latter. *Carter*, it was thought, did not exhibit such *good condition* as he might have been trained up to, his fight with *Spring* coming on in a few days; but his activity in hitting, goodness on his legs, getting away with dexterity, and his mode of working round his opponent, were much admired and loudly applauded.

On Tuesday, May 25th, 1819, DONNELLY, *Cooper*, and *Carter*, opened the above theatre, for the reception of the amateurs to witness the *capabilities* of the IRISH CHAMPION previous to his going into *training*.

Spring and DONNELLY were received with great applause; and the former boxer displays scientific improvement at every exhibition. DONNELLY *stopped* several hits with great skill; in fact, from his quick

mode of getting away, and the sharpness with which he returned upon his opponent, it was pronounced by the amateurs present, that he had either acquired considerable science since his arrival in England, or that he now let *peep* some good *fighting* requisites. The latter *trait* seems to be his real character; as a *sparrer* he does not show himself off to advantage. It was a manly bout; some *facers* were given and returned; no *niceties* were observed, and it afforded GENERAL SATISFACTION.

DONNELLY was at length matched with *Oliver*, at Dignam's, Red Lion, Haughton Street, Clare Market; and, for a month before it took place, the character of the subject was thus publicly announced:—"The 'tight boys of the sod' are all for DONNELLY to the '*back-bone!*' and in Ireland, it should seem, it is 3 and 4 to 1. In England it is 5 and 6 to 4. *Oliver* is in the highest state of *condition* possible, and has *trained* excellently well; report does not speak quite so satisfactorily respecting the *Irish Champion*. But the *chaffing* on both sides is, perhaps, all *gammon*, and only to answer private purposes. Fifty guineas have been offered that *Oliver* either proves the *favourite* during the fight, or wins the battle. Five hundred guineas have also been offered, that *Oliver* does not beat DONNELLY in an hour. Several considerable sums have been laid, that DONNELLY does not prove the conqueror in half an hour. *Oliver* is generally denominated *slow;* but a *gamer* man is not in existence. Numerous sporting parties are coming from Ireland to witness the event; and upwards of one hundred thousand pounds, it is said, will be decided upon the

issue of this contest, in both countries. DONNELLY'S character is that of a tremendous hitter, no sparrer, but a good boxer."

GREAT "NATIONAL" PUGILISTIC CONTEST

Between Donnelly, the Irish Champion, and Oliver, for 100 *Guineas a-side, on Wednesday, July* 21, 1819, *on Crawley Hurst, near Copthorne Common, upwards of* 30 *miles from London.*

The sporting world, in Ireland, were highly interested upon this event; and so *warmly*, it should seem, did the *natives* feel upon this subject, that numerous parties arrived in England in order to support and witness the efforts of their avowed CHAMPION, who had not only defeated all his countrymen that had been opposed to him; also in obtaining victories over *Hall* and *Cooper*, on the Curragh of Kildare; but they were still anxious for him to obtain "fresh honours" on the plains of Great Britain. The English amateurs viewed him as a powerful opponent; and the boxers, jealous for the reputation of the "Prize Ring," *clenched* their fists in opposition, whenever his growing fame was *chaunted*. It thus might be termed a *national* contest; and great sums of money were sported upon the event in both countries. In Ireland, as might be expected, 5 to 2 was laid without hesitation, from a real *knowledge* of his *capabilities;* but in England, where only *hearsay* evidence was the inducement to make him the favourite, 2 to 1 was confidently betted on his winning. Upon the day previous to the fight, the *toddlers* were all in a bustle, and *brushed* off in early time into the *Monkery* to do the thing *comfortable* on the road,

whose *bustle* might be in such a bad state of requisition, as to compel them either to *dorse* in a barn, or to take a few *whifs* over a mug of *heavy*, to get the best of the *darkey*, where all the *dabs* were overcharged; or to pass the time away, in listening to the *chaffing* of some *Bonniface* in praise of his malt liquid, that might have puzzled the analyzing qualities of a chemist to have found out the real character of the articles in question, from the *dashing* talents of the landlord. But the pleasures of a *mill*, to the heroes of the sporting world, rise superior to all difficulties that may present themselves. Notwithstanding the torrents of rain which fell the previous evening, *sneezing stampers* operated as no drawback to the warm-hearted friends of DONNELLY, who had some little liking for "a whack for the honour of Ireland," and who *padded* through it without a sigh or a murmur, so that they could but arrive in time to view their countryman fight and win. Early in the morning of Wednesday, the weather proved equally unpropitious; but the *game* of the FANCY was not to be disposed of by rain. The string of carriages of every description, reaching near a mile in length, to be seen from the top of the hill above Godstone, looked interesting and pleasing; but some terrible "murmurings" occurred on the scene of action being removed from "Blindlow Common" to Crawley Hurst, without the *Beaks* interfering, and merely owing, it is said, to the caprice of one or two persons for some trifling cause. The lads were not prepared for this long journey of 62 miles out and in, and many of the *Rosinantes* were not able to perform it: and day-light *peeped* the next morning, before

several of the *kids* got to their *roosting* places. In consequence of the removal of the place, it was two o'clock before the contest commenced. *Oliver* first threw up his hat in the ring, followed by *Cribb* and *Shelton;* and DONNELLY, waited upon by *Tom Belcher* and *Randall*, entered soon afterwards, and repeated the token of defiance. DONNELLY appeared the heaviest man, by about a stone. The contest lasted one hour and ten minutes. Betting 7 to 4; and the *green colour* for Ireland was tied over the *blue* for England to the stakes, when the battle commenced, as under:—

First round.—The appearance of Donnelly, on stripping, exhibited as fine a picture of the human frame as can well be imagined; indeed, it was expressed, that if *Flaxman*, the celebrated sculptor, had wished to have selected a living model as a lecture for his students on the beauty of the action of the muscles, a finer subject than Donnelly could not have been found. His legs were firm and well rounded, and his arms slingy and powerful; and the *tout ensemble* indicated prodigious strength. The "idle stories" of his *bad training* were all silenced, on his putting himself into attitude; and his *condition* was acknowledged by his friends from Ireland to have been far superior than when he fought with either Hall or Cooper on the Curragh of Kildare. Smiling confidence appeared to sit on his brow; his eye was sharp and penetrating; his face clear and animated; and he commenced the combat quite satisfactorily to himself. Oliver was equally fine; and under the *training* of Clark (who had waited upon him with the greatest care and attention), it was urged by all present that his flesh was as firm as a rock; and, in fact, that Oliver had never been in such excellent condition before. Such was the state of the combatants; and, upon their shaking hands the current betting was 7 to 4 on Donnelly. The Irish Champion was cool, collected, and nothing hurried in his manner, till upwards of a minute had elapsed in sparring, or rather the pugilists were looking at each other to get a favourable opportunity to let *fly*. Donnelly made two hits with his left hand, which fell short, in consequence of Oliver's getting

away. Long sparring. Oliver made an offer to hit, but Donnelly, on the alert, retreated. More sparring, and dodging each other over the ground, till they got to the ropes in a corner of the ring, when Donnelly hit severely with his left hand; several sharp exchanges occurred, and a sort of reciprocal fibbing took place, till they both went down in a desperate struggle for the throw, Oliver undermost. Five minutes had elapsed. Loud shouting from the "boys of the sod," and "Bravo, Donnelly."

Second.—Oliver aimed a heavy blow at the body, which Donnelly stopped in good style. Some sharp work occurred again at the ropes; more fibbing was practised, and Oliver again undermost in the throw.

Third.—Oliver appeared bleeding at the scratch, and exhibited some symptoms of slight distress from the recent struggle he had undergone. Donnelly made a feeble hit with his right hand, when Shelton exclaimed, laughing, "That's one of Carter's hits!" "Silence," from the *Nibs;* "no remarks, but attend to your situation." "I wish you felt it," said Donnelly; "you'll see, my boy, by and by, how I'll use it." Oliver took the lead, some heavy blows were exchanged, and when at the ropes, Donnelly was for a short time seen in the struggle balancing on them, till he extricated himself, and both went down. Loud *shouting*, and "Well done, Oliver."

Fourth.—Donnelly certainly exhibited in this round a new feature in the London prize-ring. Oliver again pinked at the body, after the manner he fought with Neat, which Donnelly stopped with much skill; but his right hand, which had been hitherto spoken of as "*tremendous*," he did not make use of; or else Oliver had already given him several opportunities to have exerted it to advantage towards winning. Oliver, however, made a good hit on the *bread-basket*, when Donnelly's left hand told on his opponent's *mug*, which staggered him, and he followed Oliver to the ropes. Here some sharp work ensued, and Donnelly made use of his head instead of his fists (which were occupied in holding of Oliver) in *bumping* his opponent's *nob*.—Loud shouting, and some disapprobation was expressed at this *nouvelle* mode of nobbing.

Fifth.—Oliver put in a sharp body hit; and some good counter blows were exchanged. The mouth of Donnelly was now *claretted*, which might be termed the first show of blood. The combatants again got in the corner of the ring, when, by way of a *finish* to the round, Donnelly cross-buttocked his

opponent. "*Erin go bragh,*" from his warm-hearted countrymen; and "Go along, my *Danny,*" from his *John Bull* backers.

Sixth.—Cautious on both sides, till Oliver made a chopping right-handed hit on his opponent's *nob.* In close quarters at the ropes, and after some sharp exchanges, it was urged, by several persons close to the ring, that Donnelly had hit Oliver down from a blow on the body. On reference to the umpires it was not admitted as a "knock-down blow," but that Oliver had slipped and fell.

Seventh.—Oliver planted a good facer, and laughed at his opponent. He also put in a *bodier,* and got away. In short, it might fairly be said, he had the best of the round, and Donnelly went down, bleeding. "Go it, Oliver," and great applause.

Eighth.—Nothing of *passion* appeared on the part of Donnelly, which had been urged by his opponents he would exhibit on getting a "nobber or two;" but, on the contrary, he was as cool as a cucumber, and as steady as Randall, but he did not show the *finishing* traits of the Nonpareil. In struggling, both down, Oliver bleeding profusely about the face. It is impossible to pass over a circumstance which occurred in this round, in consequence of some altercation between the seconds. On Donnelly's being down, it is urged, perceiving that Oliver meant to fall upon him, he lifted up his legs with intent to kick Oliver, or to divert him from his purpose. This also excited the various opinions and expressions of "foul, fair!"

Ninth.—In this round Donnelly received great applause. The men fought into a close, from which Donnelly extricated himself in style, and returned sharply to *work,* till he had the best of the hitting, and Oliver went down exhausted. The spectators were perfectly convinced that Donnelly was a tremendous hitter with his right hand, when he thought proper to use it. He gave Oliver so hard a blow upon the ribs, that the impression of his knuckles was so strongly imprinted, that it remained visible during the whole of the fight.

Tenth.—Oliver stopped a heavy hit of Donnelly's, and laughed. But Donnelly was not irritated from this conduct; and got so much the best of this round, that Oliver was prevented from going heavily down by Shelton's putting out his knee to ease his fall. Belcher very warmly said, "if he acted so foul again, that he would knock a hole in his head;" and Randall also observed, he would give him a "topper." Shel-

ton declared it was an accidental sort of entangling of his legs with Oliver's, and was not done from design.

Eleventh.—Had Donnelly used his right hand, he must have reduced the battle almost to a certainty in his favour. This was however, a sharp hitting round, till both went down, and Oliver again undermost.

Twelfth.—Although the fighting on either side had not been termed of the highest order of the art of pugilism, yet the combatants were not insensible to the weight of each other's arms; and, after fighting up to the ropes, they both stood still from weakness, till Donnelly broke away, and made some hits. In again closing, both down, Oliver undermost and much exhausted. Twenty-four minutes had now elapsed.

Thirteenth.—Donnelly, *sans ceremonie*, hit, with his left hand, Oliver on the mouth, which sent him staggering away from the scratch. In the corner of the ring, the struggle was severe indeed to obtain the throw, and Oliver received a heavy blow on the throat, and, as he was hanging on the ropes, balancing as it were, Donnelly lifted up his hands not to hit him. "*Very handsome*," and "*Bravo, Donnelly*."

Fourteenth.—For "big ones," more *smashing* rounds might have been expected. Oliver put in a *mugger* that made Donnelly stagger a little; but he returned to the attack, till he got Oliver down.

Fifteenth.—Donnelly gave some hits that made Oliver rather *reel* from his position; and also followed him up with success. At the ropes, some exchanges occurred, till Oliver went down.

Sixteenth.—Oliver made a tremendous blow at the body, which Donnelly stopped well. This was altogether a sharp round, and close in the corner of the ring the struggle was so great, till at length they became so much exhausted, they were nearly falling over the ropes, upon some of the members of the P.C. when the cry was "*separate them*," which was immediately done by the seconds, and the round ended. "*Bravo*," and "*Well done both*."

Seventeenth.—Some heavy hitting occurred on both sides; and Donnelly, on the alert, followed Oliver all over the ring. The latter bled profusely, and, in closing, Donnelly fell with his knees upon Oliver. This circumstance occasioned some loud cries of "*foul, fair*," &c. by the various partizans; but the umpires did not deem it worthy of notice to interfere.

Eighteenth.—Both down at the ropes; some remarks were made that *Donnelly* had taken some advantage of the situation over Oliver. The umpire observed, in such close quarters, it was almost impossible to discriminate to a nicety; but, from what he saw, he thought Donnelly had behaved perfectly correct.

Nineteenth.—This was rather a sharp round; in fact, Oliver *received* so much beating, that in going down he fell upon his face, and Donnelly also fell on his back. "*Foul,—fair,—Bravo, Donnelly,*" and numerous other remarks likely to occur among so large and *interested* a multitude.

Twentieth.—This round Donnelly *faced* his opponent with much dexterity. Oliver's right eye got a severe hit, but he laughed and nodded at his opponent. The left hand of the Irish Champion told severely twice on Oliver's *mug*, and some exchanges took place till he went down.

Twenty-first.—It was not termed decisive fighting on either side; now and then a sharp hit occurred, till Oliver fell down, and Donnelly upon him.

Twenty-second.—A similar round, and both down.

Twenty-third,—The hitting in this round was rather of a singular description. Both of the combatants made counter hits at the mouth of each other, and the *claret* sprung out instantly. It was an electrifying shock to both of the men; but it seemed to operate upon Oliver the most. They still kept up the attack, till both went down, and Oliver undermost.

Twenty-fourth.—This was a fighting round altogether, and the spectators began to be much interested upon the event. Oliver kept hitting and getting away, till he fought into a close. Donnelly broke from it, and the *milling* was severe till the Irish Champion went down on his knees. Loud shouting, and "*Now, Oliver, go to work, my boy, and you can't lose it!*"

Twenty-fifth.—This round was also manfully contested. Donnelly appeared bleeding at the scratch. Oliver put in a bodier and got away: some sharp exchanges took place, till both of the combatants were glad to resort to sparring for wind. In fact, for an instant, they both stood still and looked at each other. Donnelly at length made a hit, and Oliver got away. Both of the combatants soon returned hard to work, when Donnelly again went down from the severity of the *milling*. Thunders of applause; and Cribb vociferated, "*I'll bet a*

guinea to half-a-crown." Three to two was offered on Oliver; but 2 to 1 was current betting.

Twenty-sixth.—Donnelly made a hit, but Oliver stopped it. The latter also put in two *nobbers*, and got away laughing. This circumstance rather irritated Donnelly, and it was the first instance that he *showed* passion, by his running furiously after Oliver. Tom warded off the fury of the attack; and he ultimately again sent Donnelly down by his hitting. Another loud shout for Oliver, and 5 to 1 offered. "*Oliver will win it,*" was the general cry; long faces were to be seen—*hedging-off* was now the order of the day—the hitherto *takers* of the odds against Oliver, now loudly offered the odds upon the Westminster hero, with the fullest confidence of his proving the victor.

Twenty-seventh.—Donnelly came up very weak and quite out of wind, but his confidence had not left him, and he hit Oliver a feeble facer with his left hand. In struggling, both down, but Oliver undermost—50 minutes had elapsed. Donnelly had received some heavy blows about the nob and neck; yet, nevertheless, it is said by his seconds, that he was not distressed from the punishment he had received, but that he had drank too much water, from his feverish state, and was quite blowed. It is most true, that many of his backers changed their situations, and went to different parts of the ring to get their money off: and were quaking for fear that the event would be against them.

Twenty-eighth.—Great anxiety now prevailed among the partizans of Donnelly. Some hits passed between them, but to the advantage of Oliver, when Donnelly went down from the hitting.—The odds were now upon Oliver all round the ring; and Donnelly's staunch friends, having no reason to doubt his *pluck*, took them in numerous instances.

Twenty-ninth.—The men were both upon their mettle; and this round was pronounced a good one all over the ring. The combatants closed, but broke away. Oliver made a hit upon Donnelly's face, laughed at him, and got away. The Irish Champion, however, got a turn, and with his left hand planted a rum one on Oliver's mouth, that not only sent him staggering away, but almost to be in want of a dentist. Donnelly also received a *teazer* that made him *reel* again; sharp exchanges, till Donnelly fell down, and Oliver upon him.

Thirtieth.—One hour had expired, and all bets upon that score were lost. Oliver again *bodied* his opponent, but he

received a staggering hit in return on his *mug*. Both down, after a good deal of bustling action, and Donnelly undermost. Loud shouting, and "*Well done, Oliver.*"

Thirty-first.—The eye of Donnelly began to resume its former fire—his wind appeared improved, and he rather took the lead in this round. Donnelly hit Oliver down, but also fell from a slip; in fact, from the force of his own blow. "*Bravo, Donnelly,*" and loud applause.

Thirty-second.—The Irish Champion had evidently got round, and, upon Oliver's receiving a hit upon his mouth, that sent him some yards from his position, Randall offered to back Donnelly for 200*l*. After an exchange of hits, Shelton smiled, and said, "It was no more 'use for Donnelly to hit Oliver, than to exert his strength against a tree, for that Oliver was as hard as iron." "*Nabocleish,*" cried a Patlander; "it's all right now, Dan, show your opponent some play." Some sharp hitting, till both resorted to sparring. The men fought into a close, and broke away: the hitting was now so sharp, that Oliver turned round to avoid the heavy punishment with which he was assailed, and fell, and Donnelly also slipped down. "*Bravo!*" from all parts of the ring. "*Well done, Oliver!*"—"*Go along, Donnelly.*"

Thirty-third.—"Have you not got a right arm?" said Tom Belcher to Donnelly; "we must win it, Dan." The Irish Champion hit Oliver a terrible *facer*, that sent him away from his ground. "It's all your own," said Randall; "repeat it." Donnelly did so with great force. "That's the way, my boy," echoed Belcher; "another!" Donnelly followed the advice of these excellent tacticians (and better seconds he could not have, or who exerted themselves more in his cause); and he gave a third *facer*, in succession, without receiving any return. After some exchanges passed, Oliver was getting rather feeble, from his struggle in bringing Donnelly down, and he fell upon him with his knee upon his throat. "Do you call that fair?" said Belcher; "if that circumstance had happened on our side, you would have roared out foul for an hour."

Thirty-fourth and last.—Oliver hit Donnelly in the body; the latter set-to very spiritedly, and nobbed Oliver; some sharp exchanges occurred, when, in closing, Donnelly put in a dreadful hit under Oliver's ear, and also in cross-buttocking him. Oliver, when picked up and put on his second's knee, was insensible, and his head hung upon his shoulders as if it had been dislocated. "Time, time," was called, but the

brave, the *game*, the unfortunate Oliver heard not the sound, and victory was of course declared in favour of Donnelly. The latter walked out of the ring, amidst shouts of applause, the result and attendant upon victory, arm-in-arm with Belcher and Randall, to an adjoining farm-house, where he was put to bed for a short period, and bled. Oliver did not recover his sensibility for some minutes; when he was also brought to the same house, bled, and put to bed in the next room to Donnelly. The latter expressed great feeling and uneasiness for fear any thing serious should arise to Oliver; but when he was informed it was all right, he was as cheerful as if he had not been fighting at all. The Irish Champion dressed himself immediately; and, strange to say, that Oliver, in the course of half an hour, also recovered, and put his clothes on, lamenting "that he had lost the battle under such an unfortunate circumstance, as he was then able to fight an hour." Oliver and Donnelly then shook hands, and drank each other's health; when the latter then went into a waggon to see the fight between *Lashbrooke* and *Dowd*, and left the ground, in a barouche and four, to sleep at Riddlesdown, the place where he trained at, and arrived the next morning at Mr. Dignam's, the Red Lion, Houghton Street, Clare Market. Oliver also arrived in town the same day.

The *traits* of *Oliver* have been so long known to the amateurs of the prize-ring, that nothing new can be offered respecting him. Concerning DONNELLY it is widely different. He has now shown his *capabilities* to the admirers of scientific pugilism in England; and the judgment pronounced upon his merits is briefly this. The IRISH CHAMPION has not turned out so "good a fighter" as was anticipated: perhaps, to be more intelligible on this subject, he is not that decisive, tremendous hitter with his right hand which was calculated upon. In fact, he did not use his right hand at all; if he had, he must, in all probability, have decided the battle full half an hour sooner than it terminated. For *game* and coolness he is not wanting; but for obtaining "a throw or a fall," he

will prove a very dangerous customer for any man on the list. DONNELLY might have felt that sort of *embarrassment* which hangs about a provincial actor that first treads the London boards; and, to use his own words upon the merits of the above battle, he said, it was a bad fight; and that he had acted like "*a wooden man*," and he could not account for it. His next essay, he thought, might prove altogether as different, from his success in defeating *Oliver*, who once put up for the *Championship of England*. DONNELLY's right hand was frequently open when he hit. His face appeared, on leaving the ring, totally exempt from *punishment*, excepting some *scratches* upon his lips. His right ear, however, was strongly marked; but the principal *hitting* he sustained was upon the body. Neither did *Oliver* exhibit great severity of *milling;* yet he was terribly hit about the throat and ears; and also heavily on the body. The latter by no means *punished* DONNELLY as he did *Neat;* but the heavy falls that *Oliver* received proves him to be thoroughly good in nature, a game man, and that he will contend for victory while a spark of animation is left in his composition. He never did nor never will say, No! The latter part of his career has been peculiarly unfortunate; he has been compelled to surrender in succession to *Carter*, *Neat*, and DONNELLY; while on his onset in the prize-ring the smiles of fortune cheered his efforts, and he won six battles straight forward, *viz. Kimber*, *Hopping Ned*, *H. Lancaster*, *Cooper*, *Ford*, and *Painter*. To speak impartially, it would be a violation of truth, if the above battle, under all the circumstances attending on it, was not pronounced "a bad fight, respecting scientific movements."

Circumstances connected with the above battle.—On the day previous to the *mill*, a noble Lord called upon DONNELLY, at Riddlesdown, about one o'clock in the day, and rather tauntingly observed, "*that about that time to-morrow he might expect a pretty head and face, from the fist of Oliver.*" DONNELLY (at all times facetious) looking the above personage full in the face, replied with much jocularity and ironical expression, "*that he was not born in a wood, to be scared by an owl!*" The laugh went round against the amateur of rank; and by way of *softening* the thing, he betted DONNELLY £15 to £10 upon *Oliver*, which the Irish CHAMPION immediately accepted.

One trait of DONNELLY is highly worthy of notice; on quitting his room to enter the apartment of *Oliver*, the "*coloured handkerchief*," which he had won, belonging to his fallen opponent, he would not publicly wear by way of exultation, or to wound the feelings of *Oliver*, but concealed it, by way of pad, in the green handkerchief which he wore round his neck.

Soon after DONNELLY had arrived at Riddlesdown, Shelton, by the desire of an amateur, who offered to back him for £200, challenged the IRISH CHAMPION, to fight his own time.

The seconds on both sides were upon the alert to bring their men through the piece; and every person was astonished to see the activity displayed by *Tom Belcher* in picking up so heavy a man as DONNELLY, and the industry used by *Randall* towards obtaining victory. The conduct of the *Champion of England* was cool and manly in the extreme; and *Shelton* never lost sight of a point that could assist Oliver.

The sporting houses were crowded with persons at

an early hour in the evening, anxious to know the result; and the *Castle Tavern*, *Randall's*, *Welch's*, and *Dignam's*, were overflowing with the well-pleased, warm-hearted countrymen of DONNELLY. The Irish part of the fancy won immense sums by this victory,

DONNELLY *received the following Letter on the night previous to the fight, at Riddlesdown.*

Mr. DONNELLY.—We have the pleasure of informing you, that there is a subscription of £104 deposited in the hands of Mr. Barnett, ship-builder, at Blackwall, to be presented to you on the event of your battle with Oliver. Our committee consists of Mr. Barnett, as above; Mr. Russell, master of the King's Rope Manufactory: Mr. Simms, principal manager of the West India Docks; Mr. Hume, superintendent of the East India Docks; Mr. Conway, store-keeper of foreign wines and spirits; Mr. Norton, master of the East India Tavern; and seven other respectable shopkeepers and tradesmen of this place. We have laid a tolerable round sum on your winning the battle, and have been joined last night by nine Irishmen (by their particular request), who have wagered £126 on your side, and the money of both parties (252) deposited in the hands of Mr. Barnett; and when we proposed the subscription to them, they consulted together, and in five minutes agreed to give £2 10*s.* a man, being £22 10*s.* which they immediately delivered to Mr. Barnett; the whole subscriptions being £124 10*s.* We need not say, that we wish you success, and shall be exceedingly happy in seeing you at the East India Tavern, Blackwall, whenever it suits your convenience. Mr. Norton, the master of this tavern, will be very glad of announcing your arrival at Blackwall to us.

We remain most respectfully yours, &c.

WILLIAM BARNETT, HENRY HUME,
JOSEPH RUSSELL, GEORGE CONWAY,
ARCHIBALD SIMMS, JAMES NORTON.

East India Tavern, Blackwall,
July 20th, 1819.

P. S. We hope Mr. Donnelly has no concern with Carter, or any other man of his character.

In case it should be a drawn battle, we engage to give Mr. Donnelly at least 30*l.*

In the course of a few days after the battle, DON-

NELLY made the best of his way to the East India Tavern, Blackwall, in high spirits, to draw the *blunt;* but, on his producing the above letter to the landlord of the East India Tavern, it turned out a complete *hoax*, to Dan's mortification and disappointment.

Notwithstanding DONNELLY'S obtaining the victory over *Oliver*, it appeared to be the general opinion, that his talents had been much over-rated as a pugilist. Challenges, in consequence, flowed fast in upon him, and a Nobleman offered DONNELLY his choice out of *Cooper*, *Shelton*, *Gregson*, *Sutton*, *Spring*, *Carter*, *Neat*, *Richmond*, and *Painter*, for £100 a-side. But DONNELLY declined accepting any of them at that time.

The following document also appeared in the *Weekly Dispatch*, August 15, 1819.

A CHALLENGE TO DAN. DONNELLY, THE CONQUEROR OF OLIVER.

"I, the undersigned, do hereby offer to fight you for 1000 Guineas, at any place, and at any time, which may be agreeable to you, provided it be in England.

"ENOS COPE, Innkeeper.

"(Witnesses) Wm. Baxter, C. Palmer, J. Alcock.

"Macclesfield, July 23, 1819."

DONNELLY was now caressed in the most flattering matter by all ranks of the *Fancy*, but more particularly by his own countrymen; indeed, it might be said, that his days, if not a great part of his nights, were completely occupied in taking his *drops* from one end of the *Long Town* to the other, with his numerous acquaintances; in fact, Dignam's house was like a fair. Time thus rolled on very pleasantly, and

although he was not absolutely a DON GIOVANNI in character;* yet DAN, it appears, by the way of "seeing a bit of Life," was taken by some of his *friends* to view the tricks and fancies that are continually played off in "*Hell*"† upon its inmates; but instead of the Irish Champion's displaying any knowledge of his *art* in making a HIT, on the contrary, it seems, he was severely *punished*‡ for his folly before the *Devils* would let him out of the *infernal regions*.

DAN'S *blunt* was now fast decreasing; but not reduced to so low an ebb as described by the poet:—

> As pensive one night in my garret I sat,
> My last shilling produced on the table:

yet sufficiently low to remind DAN that a supply was necessary, and something must be done; therefore, after Mr. DONNELLY had shown his "*better half*" all the fine places in and about London, he very naturally felt anxious to return once more to dear Dublin, where his *presence* ALONE might be turned to a good account. It was accordingly agreed without any hesitation that his friend *George Cooper* and *Gregson* should accompany him on a sparring tour to Donnybrook Fair. But many things happen between the cup and the lip, it is said by those persons who are fond of proverbs; and just as DONNELLY had

* More of this subject anon.

† Several gambling-houses at the West end of the town are so denominated.

‡ DAN'S purse, it is asserted, was made *lighter* in one night by £80 out of the £100 that he won in defeating *Oliver*. But *hush!* it was a great secret at the time; and only *whispered* all over London.

taken his seat upon the Stage Coach, and in the act of bidding,

"Fare thee well for ever;
And if for ever, Fare thee well!"

to his numerous friends; an acquaintance of DAN'S, (a *swell bum-trap*), who the former thought had also come to bid him "*good by*," appeared close to the vehicle, and, in the most gentlemanly manner, told DONNELLY that he wanted to speak to him. "And is it me you *mane*, Jemmy?" replied DAN; "don't be after *joking* with me now!" "Indeed I am not; here is the writ for £18," answered the officer. "And is it possible that you want me at the suit of *Carter?* I do not owe the *Blackguard* one single farthing. By de powers, it is the other way; Jack is indebted to me." However, at this moment, *expostulation* was useless. The Coachman had got his whip in his hand, and the TWO EVILS before DAN only allowed him to make a momentary decision. The *choice* left to him was, either to lose his fare to Liverpool, which had been previously paid, and also the advantages likely to result from an exhibition of his talents at Donnybrook Fair, (which now admitted of no delay,) or to remain in London, and perhaps be *screwed* up for a short period in a spunging-house. DONNELLY, in a great rage, as the only alternative left him, instantly discharged the writ, and *galloped* off from the Metropolis. It is true, DAN went off *loaded* with FAME; but it is equally an undeniable fact, that he had only a

TWO-POUND NOTE

left in his pocket-book, after all his great success in

London, to provide for him and Mrs. DONNELLY on their route to the land of Erin.

TRIUMPHAL RETURN
AND
ENTRY
OF
SIR DAN DONNELLY,
Knight of the Fives,*
INTO IRELAND.

Thousands of persons assembled on the beach to hail the arrival of the Irish Champion upon his native

* This order, in spite of the musty records of the COLLEGE of HERALDS, takes the *precedence* of all others. It is an act of nature. It was acknowledged and in estimation before the existence and authority of Emperors and Kings. The use of the "FIVES" originated with *Ould* ADAM: Eve had also a *finger* in it: and it was *handed* down from generation to generation. NOAH could not do without "*this Order*" in the ark; and therefore carefully *preserved* it as one of his greatest treasures. It also proved of most essential service to *St. Patrick* in carrying his cross to Ireland; and it was propagated in that most prolific soil, with so much zeal and enterprise, that even the admired antique relic of the "SHILELAH" is compelled to acknowledge its priority of existence. In the revival of "the Order of the Fives," then, in the person of the late Champion of Ireland, by his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, the warm-hearted and generous people of Ireland applauded this heroic act to the skies. The writer of this article, who is always fond of *data*, whenever within his reach, knowing the great value attached to AUTHORITY, has not yet had an opportunity of *searching* the BOOKS of the Herald's College in Dublin; nor can he boast of the advantages resulting from being a

shore. DAN had scarcely shown his *merry mug*, when his warm-hearted countrymen gave him one of the primest *fil-le-lu's* ever heard, and "DONNELLY *for ever!*" resounded from one end of the crowd to the other. A *horse* was also in readiness to carry him; as so great a person as "SIR DAN DONNELLY" (who, it was said, was knighted by the Prince Regent for his bravery) could not be suffered to *walk* upon such an occasion. The *Knight of the Fives* was attended by the populace through all the principal districts of Dublin, amidst loud shouting, till he arrived at his house in Townshend Street. DAN took his leave very gratefully of the multitude, and after flourishing a "symbol of the above order," for the honour of Ireland, and drinking their healths in a "noggin of whiskey," they all retired, highly gratified at the dignified reception which the "*Irish milling Chief*" had experienced, on setting his *stamper* once more on the turf of Ould Ireland.

The sports of *Donnybrook Fair*, this year, August 27, (1819,) it seems, were considerably heightened by the presence of DONNELLY, *Cooper*, and *Gregson*. It

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Courtier, in having witnessed the *sword* waved over the late Sir Dan's *nob*, that dubbed him a *Knight* of this most *striking* order. But at all the *transactions* which take place at the COURT OF FIVES, it is scarcely possible that a mouse could run across it without being *booked* in his register of milling events. He is also too well *schooled* in the PRIZE RING, to doubt either the *honour* or *courage* of a fighting hero; and therefore, he takes it for granted, that the late SIR DAN DONNELLY received the *honours of Knighthood*, and also, that it was an *honorary* thing altogether, without any *tip* being demanded!!!

is thus described in a Dublin Newspaper, *Carrick's Evening Post.*—"Upon no former occasion have we witnessed more enticement to the eye or palate; booths of a very superior and extensive nature were erected, in which equestrian voltigeur tumbling, sleight of hand, *serious* and comic singing, and other performances, were exhibited to the gazing multitude. DONNELLY, for some reason that we cannot or are unwilling to account for, has no tent; but he has a booth, wherein *Cooper*, *Gregson*, and the Irish Champion, exhibited sparring, to the great amusement of an admiring, although limited audience: this booth was but hastily prepared, but the persons who obtained admittance appeared much pleased with the *scientific* display of these celebrated pugilists. An *amateur*, we understand, of great eminence, from Liverpool, at a late hour in the evening ascended the platform (a ten-feet enclosed ring), and encountered *Gregson* with the gloves: he was evidently no novice in the *milling* school, and was much applauded. *Cooper* exhibited very superior science, and *Gregson* displayed the remnant powers of a very superior man. DAN was thought, by the *amateurs* present, to be much improved, but gave himself little trouble else than to show how things "might be done:" he was cheerful and laughing during each "set-to." The entire passed over in the most regular and quiet manner—the persons present seemed anxious to accord with the expressed wish of the pugilists, that the public peace should be rigidly attended to. The tents were not in the evening much crowded; but under "canopies" the mirth-inspiring song was heard, and the bag-pipe

squeak, or dulcet sound of the fiddle, well accompanied in various places by a *tripping* on "the light fantastic toe." Tuesday the crowds were greater than upon any preceding occasion; the itinerant *vocalists* were not wanting to contribute their portion of *harmony*. A variety of songs were circulated, from which we select the following, which appeared to be in general demand:—

"DONNYBROOK FAIR.

"TUNE—'*Robin Adair.*'

"What made the town so dull?
Donnybrook Fair.
What made the tents so full?
Donnybrook Fair.
Where was the joyous ground,
Booth, tent, and merry-go-round?
Where was the festive sound?
Donnybrook Fair.

Beef, mutton, lamb, and veal,
Donnybrook Fair.
Wine, cider, porter, ale,
Donnybrook Fair.
Whiskey, both choice and pure,
Men and maids *most demure*,
Dancing on the *ground* floor,
Donnybrook Fair.

Where was the *modest* bow?
Donnybrook Fair.
Where was the *friendly* row?
Donnybrook Fair.
Where was their fun and sport?
Where was the gay resort?
Where Donnelly held his Court—
Donnybrook Fair.

"In the Irish Fives Court (DONNELLY'S booth)* at a late hour on Tuesday evening, a dramatic character, with the gloves, ascended the stage, but was evidently unable to ward off the blows of *Cooper*, his scientific antagonist. The entire evening passed off with uninterrupted tranquillity."

CARTER'S SUDDEN APPEARANCE IN IRELAND.

The dispute between *Carter* and DONNELLY, respecting the *arrest* of the latter (whether right or wrong), was not calculated to do *Carter* any good, even in the eyes of the sporting world in England; but in *Ireland*, it was very likely to *prejudice* the character of the Lancashire Hero in the opinion of the *Fancy*, where DONNELLY was their avowed hero, and so great a favourite. However,—whether with more courage than *prudence*, or conscious that he had done nothing wrong, is not worthy of any loss of time to

* The Irish Champion's booth was built in a large yard at Donnybrook Fair; and continued for a week in a most successful manner; but it seems, it might have turned out much more lucrative to all the parties concerned, if DONNELLY had attended to the performances better. His countrymen made so much of him, and were so continually plying him with a *drap of the crature*, that the exertions of DONNELLY were in a great degree prevented; and, therefore, COOPER and GREGSON were compelled to be the principal actors in the scene. The former scientific boxer was particularly well received by the *Irish Fancy*.

inquire into,*—*Carter* almost immediately followed DONNELLY to Dublin, and lost no time in parading up and down Donnybrook Fair, going from booth to booth in an inebriated state, talking of *serving out* the IRISH CHAMPION. It must be admitted, on the part of *Carter*, that his conduct, although not regular and pleasant, did not look like any *fear* as to his person; yet, perhaps, it might be urged there was something like *bravado* in it. Be this as it might, it most certainly established a complete proof that *Carter* seemed sure of experiencing FAIR PLAY in Ireland.

In consequence of the Irish amateurs wishing not only to witness their CHAMPION again exhibit his *finishing* talents on the Curragh, but spurning any thing like an imputation of the *white feather* being connected with the *plume* of their hero; and not, as it were, suffering him to be *brow-beaten* upon his own soil, tending to reduce his highly acquired renown, by a pugilist who they thought must soon fall when opposed to his all-conquering arm; a meeting took place on the subject by the friends of both parties; but owing to some trifling delay in making the match, the following CHALLENGE, ANSWER, and ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT, appeared in the *Dublin Journal*.

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*The writer of this article never enters into the private quarrels of the pugilists. His only anxiety is to represent every circumstance connected with the Prize Ring with accuracy and fidelity. He entertains no prejudices; neither has he any *partialities* to gratify. The boxers, in this respect, are all alike to him.

CHALLENGE TO DONNELLY.

To the Editor of the Dublin Journal.

"SIR,—I beg leave, through the medium of your paper, to intimate, that I am ready and willing to fight Daniel Donnelly for £200, to be lodged in proper hands, and I am induced to give him this *public* Challenge, in consequence of his having hitherto declined to give a decided answer, on a late occasion, when I staked 10 guineas in the hands of a friend of his, who has neither covered nor returned the money, nor given me any satisfaction whether he is willing to fight me or not.

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

"Sept. 18, 1819." "JOHN CARTER."

THE CHALLENGE RE-CHALLENGED AND REFUTED.

"DONNELLY AND CARTER.—The Committee of friends and supporters of Donnelly, the Irish Champion, have observed, with much surprise and regret, an advertisement in the *Dublin Evening Post*, and *Correspondent* of Saturday last, signed "John Carter." Their surprise was excited by the statement of a *public* challenge to Donnelly, when in fact a challenge had been previously exchanged and ratified; they regret, that any person placing himself before the public should so pervert facts: as to the deposit and binding of the combat—the friends of Donnelly have produced, and are still anxious to lodge, £200 in his support; they have repeatedly signified this intention, and appointed places for interview, at which neither Carter nor his friends (if he has any) have attended. If the object of Carter's *Advertisement* is to *retract*, and regain his deposit, (a pretty good proof that no *public* challenge was necessary), although the *sporting* world would decide against the refunding of the 10 guineas in question—he shall cheerfully have it. The public will judge of his motives; but if Carter, previous to his projected *immediate* trip to Scotland, is not determined to *shy* the combat, Donnelly's friends are ready to lodge the £200 required, and only desire that Carter may be serious and determined; the determination of Donnelly's friends is to support him to the extent his opponents require, or to the amount of the original agreement, which was to fight for £500 in six weeks, at the Curragh.

'Let the galled jade wince—
'Our withers are unwrung.'

"Committee Room, 20, Fownes's-street, Sept. 20, 1819."

The battle between the above pugilists has at length been made, and the following are the articles :

"Dublin, September 20, 1819.

"Mr. W. Dowling on the one part, and Mr. L. Byrne on the other part. Mr. Dowling deposits £20 sterling on behalf of John Carter, and Mr. L. Byrne deposits on the part of Daniel Donnelly, £20 sterling, into the hands of Mr. John Dooly; the parties to meet at No. 20, Fownes's Street, Dublin, on the 5th of October next, at two o'clock on the said day precisely, to make the above sum fifty pounds each; the combatants to meet within thirty miles of Dublin, on the 25th of November next, and then fight at twelve o'clock in the day—the place to be hereafter *tossed* for and named—for the sum of £200 sterling a-side; the whole of the stakes to be made good on the 23d of November, two days previous to fighting, when place will be appointed, or the £50 deposit money to be forfeited;—to be a fair stand-up fight, half minute time, in a twenty-four feet ring; also, if the parties, or money for said parties, according to this article, do not meet on the 5th of October next, the present £20 stake must also be forfeited.

W. DOWLING,
"JOHN CARTER, L. BYRNE.
D. D.
Present—Thomas Boylan, Robert Gregson."

To the mortification of the Irish Fancy, the above match *went off*, it is said, in consequence of the refusal of DONNELLY to fight with *Carter*, unless the whole of the stakes were placed in the hands of some gentleman that he should appoint.* This was not agreed to.

DONNELLY'S *lushing crib*, in Pill† Lane, was now

* DONNELLY said to *Cooper*, "When I defeated you, *George*, upon the Curragh, you got more money than I did; but when I fought *Oliver* in England, upon proving the conqueror, the whole of the money, 100 guineas, was presented to me. If this plan is adopted in Ireland, I have no objection to fight Carter."

† The following bit of wit was quite current in Dublin, it

in most flourishing state, and quite the resort of the amateurs. *Carter* also took a house in Barrack Street, in opposition to the Irish Champion; and *Bob Gregson* opened a *Punch* house in Moor Street, Dublin. *Milling* topics were, therefore, the order of the day.

DAN was now "*all happiness;*" his house was overflowing nightly with company; the *blunt* pouring rapidly into his treasury; and his *milling fame* established, and placed on the highest eminence. He had nothing else to do but to enjoy the society of his friends and the pleasures of his glass, emptying the latter, and having it filled to the end of the chapter, without any expense, protracting the *stay* of his customers with the amusement they experienced from his facetious tales and anecdotes: but, alas! in the midst of this gay laughing scene, one of the UGLIEST CUSTOMERS DAN had ever met with introduced himself, without making any previous match, or agreeing as to TIME,* and,

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seems, on the amateurs meeting with each other:—"How are you, *Pat*, this morning?" "O, by de powers, what with DAN'S *Pills*, and BOB'S *Punches*, my *nob* was so *bodered* last night, that I could not get home without calling for the assistance of a CARTER."

* In Mrs. THRALE'S "Three Warnings," Old Dobson grumbled to quit this life, even at four-score years of age, and worn out with infirmities:—

"I know," cries Death, "that at the best,
"I seldom am a welcome guest!"
"Hold," says the farmer, "not so fast,
"I have been lame these four years past!"
"And no great wonder," Death replies;
"However, you still keep your eyes;

cruel to relate, gave the IRISH CHAMPION such a *flooring* hit, that all the *wind in his body* was knocked out in a *twinkling*—he never saw the *scratch* afterwards, and poor DAN closed his *ogles* for ever upon the prize ring.

LAMENTED DEATH

AND

Funeral Honours

Paid to the late

SIR DAN DONNELLY.

"And sure to see one's loves and friends,
"For legs and arms would make amends."
"Perhaps," says Dobson, "so it might,
"But latterly I've lost my sight."
"This is a shocking story, faith;
"Yet there's some comfort still," says Death.
"Each strives your sadness to amuse;
"I warrant you hear all the news."
"There's none," cries he, "and if there were,
"I'm grown so deaf I could not hear."
"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoin'd,
"These are *unjustifiable* YEARNINGS;
"If you are LAME, and DEAF, and BLIND,
"You've had your THREE *sufficient* WARNINGS!
"So come along, no more we'll part,"—
He said, and touch'd him with his dart.

But to poor DAN, who had never experienced a day's illness, and who flattered himself that his *constitution* was not to be reduced by any *excess*, this *shock* must have been great indeed. However, he was too *game* to complain of it, and suffered himself to be buried *decently*; and notwithstanding all the *waking* they gave to the KNIGHT OF THE FIVES, it seems, they could never make him *alive* to the subject.

Mourn for our Champion, snatched away
From the fair Curragh's verdant ring;
Mourn for his fist now wrapped in clay,
No more the ponderous thump to fling.

It appears the KNIGHT OF THE FIVES took his leave suddenly of the IRISH PRIZE RING, on the 18th of February, 1820, in consequence of having drunk a draught of cold water when in a state of perspiration, after an active game of FIVES. He was in the 34th year of his age. It is said, that his blood was overheated, from the great quantity of *Whiskey*-punch that DAN had taken on the preceding evening, to show some of his companions the *insensible* effects spirituous liquors had upon his constitution. But, alas! DAN's judgment proved erroneous upon this *suit*. He was soon brought to a *stand still*—lost the GAME—and DEAD beat!

When green ERIN laments for her hero removed
From the Isle where he flourished—the Isle that he loved,
Where he entered so often the twenty-foot lists,
And twinkling like meteors, he flourished his *fists*,
And gave to his foes more *set-downs* and *toss-overs*
Than ever was done by the great philosophers,
In folio, in twelves, or in quarto.

Majestic O'DONNELLY! proud as thou art,
Like a cedar on top of Mount Hermon,
We lament that DEATH shamelessly made thee depart,
In the GRIPES, like a blacksmith or chairman.
Oh! hadst thou been *felled* by TOM CRIBB in the ring,
Or by CARTER been *milled* to a *jelly*,
Oh! sure that had been a more dignified thing,
Than to KICK for a *pain* in your belly!

A curse on the BELLY that robbed us of thee,
And the BOWELS unfit for their office;

A curse on the *potheen* you swallowed so free,
For a STOMACH *complaint*, all the doctors agree,
Far worse than a head-ache or cough is.
DEATH, who like a cruel and insolent bully, drubs
All those he thinks fit to attack,
Cried DAN, my tight lad, try a touch of my *mulligrubbs*,
Which soon laid him *flat* on his back!

Great spirits of BROUGHTON, JEM BELCHER, and FIGG,
Of CORCORAN, PIERCE, and DUTCH SAM;
Whether up stairs or down you kick up a rig,
And at intervals pause your *blue ruin* to swig,
Or with grub your bread-baskets to cram,
Or, whether for quiet you're placed all alone
In some charming retired little heaven of your own,
Where the turf is elastic, in short, just the thing
That BILL GIBBONS *would choose, when he's forming a ring*,
That whenever you wander you still may turn to,
And *thrash* and be *thrashed* till you're *black* and *blue*:
Where your favourite enjoyments for ever are near,
And you eat, and you drink, and you *fight* all the year;
Ah! receive then to join in your *milling* delight,
The *shade* of SIR DANIEL DONNELLY, *Knight*,
With whom a TURN-UP is no *frolic*;
His is no white or cold liver,
For he *beat* OLIVER,
Challenged CARTER, and DIED OF THE CHOLIC!!!

THE FUNERAL.

On Sunday, February 27th, the remains of this celebrated character were borne, with all due pomp and solemnity, from his family residence in Greek Street, to the last asylum, where his ancestors lie quietly immured, reckless of the fame which a scion of their house was destined to reap in the pugilistic ring. An immense number of people,

some in carriages and some on horseback, moving in slow and measured pace, formed part of the procession. There was a strong muster of the *Fancy*. The Gloves were carried on a cushion in front of the hearse, from which the horses had been unyoked by the crowd, and multitudes contended for the honour of assisting in drawing it.

The procession took its route through the leading streets of the city, and the numbers, as it passed, seemed to increase, until the body of the Champion was lodged in its last resting-place in *Bully's Acre*. It is for posterity to do justice to the prowess of *Sir* DANIEL DONNELLY. Not the least remarkable feature in his eventful history is, that he was the last person who received the honour of knighthood during the late Regency—there might have been, and probably were, worse men among those who received that honour before him—although last, he did not deserve to be held as *least*, among the Knights of our day. Among a great variety of poetic effusions, published in Ireland on the demise of the IRISH CHAMPION, we have selected the following:—

"What dire misfortune has our land o'erspread!
Our Irish Champion's number'd with the dead;
And he who never did to mortal bend,
By Death's cut short, and Ireland's lost her Friend.
Ah! cruel Death, why were you so unkind,
To take Sir Dan, and leave such trash behind
As Gregson, Cooper, Carter,—such a clan
To leave behind, and take so great a *Man?*
Oh! Erin's daughters, come and shed your tears
On your Champion's grave, who loved you many years.
To Erin's sons this day's a day of sorrow;
Who have we now that will defend our Curragh?"

We have copied the following letter from the *Dublin Evening Post*, respecting the

RESURRECTION

of the above great hero.

"SIR,—Having attended the remains of the victorious DONNELLY to his last home, on Sunday, a curiosity of again beholding his grave induced me, on passing that way this evening, to turn into the ground, accompanied by two friends. On coming to the Hero's grave, what was our surprise, to behold the clay thrown up, the coffin lid broken, and the body gone;—it immediately occurred to us that the Resurrectionists of York-street had paid him a visit —we passed through Kilmainham, and were informed there, that during the last two nights a few admirers of his art had been there to protect him; but their naturally jovial disposition, and the severity of the weather, prompted them to make too frequent libations on the tomb of the departed Champion, and disabled them from perceiving or opposing those rifiers of the House of Death. I communicate this intelligence through an idea that the public may be gratified in knowing the last stage on which this powerful frame is fated to figure, at the same time that I am conscious it will raise the tender feelings of the boys of the *fancy*, to know that that arm, the object of their highest admiration, and the terror of England, is subject to scoffs, and flung ingloriously into a filthy sink.

"Your's, &c. &c.

"J. BURROWES."

"73, Baggot Street, 22d Feb. 1820."

"On Wednesday night, pursuant to notice, a meeting took place at Mr. Bergin's, in Fleet Street, which was composed of a number of respectable characters, the object of which was to take into consideration the propriety of erecting a Testimonial to the memory of the Champion of Ireland; when, after some deliberation, an adjournment to Monday evening next was agreed to, for the purpose of appointing a Treasurer, Committee, and Secretary. A gentleman present wished to know if there was any truth in the rumour of the disinterment of the body, but was assured, in the most positive terms, that the sacred depository had not been violated."—*(Dublin Evening Post.)*

A DIRGE OVER SIR DANIEL DONNELLY.

TUNE—"*Molly Astore.*"

I.

As down Exchequer Street* I strayed, a little time ago,
I chanced to meet an honest blade, his face brimful of woe;
I asked him why he seem'd so sad, or why he sigh'd so sore?
"O Gramachree, och, Tom," says he, "Sir Daniel is no more!"

II.

With that he took me straight away, and pensively we went
To where poor Daniel's body lay, in wooden waistcoat pent;
And many a yard before we reached the threshold of his door,
We heard the keeners as they screeched, "Sir Daniel is no more!"

III.

We entered soft, for feelings sad were stirring in our breast,
To take our farewell of the lad who now was gone to rest;
We took a drop of Dan's potheen,† and joined the piteous roar;
O, where shall be his fellow seen, since Daniel is no more!

* In Dublin.

† Poor Dan kept a public-house, Lord rest his soul!

IV.

His was the fist whose weighty dint did Oliver defeat,
His was the fist that gave the hint it need not oft repeat,
His was the fist that overthrew his rivals o'er and o'er;
But now we cry in pillalu, "Sir Daniel is no more!"

V.

Cribb, Cooper, Carter, need not fear great Donnelly's renown,
For at his *wake* we're seated here, while he is lying down;
For Death, that primest swell of all, has laid him on the floor,
And left us here, alas! to bawl, "Sir Daniel is no more!"

VI.

EPITAPH.

Here lies Sir DANIEL DONNELLY, a pugilist of fame;
In Ireland bred and born was he, and he was genuine game;
Then if an Irishman you be, when you have read this o'er,
Go home and drink the memory of him who is no more.

DONNELLY'S SPRIG OF SHILELAH.*

I.

Crawley Common's the place, and who chanced to be there,
Saw an Irishman all in his glory appear,
With his sprig of shilelah, and shamrock so green.
When in sweet Dublin city he first saw the light,
The midwife he kick'd, put the nurse in a fright;
But said they, upon viewing him belly and back,
"He's the boy that will serve them all out with a whack,
"From his spring of shilelah and shamrock so green."

II.

He thought about fighting before he could talk,
And, instead of a go-cart, he first learn'd to walk,
With his sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.

* This song was written by a countryman of Donnelly's, and sung at Dignam's, Red Lion, Houghton-street, Clare-Market, with great applause.

George's Quay was his school, the right place for good breeding,
Where the boys mind their STOPS, if they dont mind their reading;
There Dan often studied from morning till dark,
And could write, but, for shortness, liked making his MARK
With his sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.

III.

At his trade, as a chip, he was choice in his stuff;
None pleased him but what was hard, knotty, and tough,
Like his sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.
Nor to *strip* to his *work* would he ever refuse,
And right hand and left he the *mallet* could use,
Length and *distance* could measure without line or rule,
And at *flooring* was famous without any tool
But his sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.

IV.

Whenever he arrogance happen'd to meet,
No matter in whom, he took out the conceit
With his sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.
To the best of all nations that cross'd Dublin bar,
Dan was ready at tipping a *mill* or a spar;
The hot-headed Welchman served out by the lot,
And cut up their leeks small enough for the pot,
With his sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.

V.

Hall and Cooper went over with wonderful haste,
On the soil where it grew, they were longing to taste
Of the sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green:
On the plains of Kildare 'twas proposed they should meet,
And Donnelly wished to give both a good treat;
Yet to such *things* as Hall, gallant Dan never stoop'd,
But he took the stout Cooper, and Cooper well hoop'd
With his sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.

VI.

And as Irishmen always politeness are taught,
He the visit return'd, and to England he brought
His neat sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.

With the good-natur'd stranger the English seem'd shy,
And Cooper no more fickle fortune would try;
But at last the GAME Oliver entered the field,
And, tho' on his own soil, was soon forced to yield
To the sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.

VII.

With his kind English friends he'll again, just to please 'em,
Soon meet, and if troubled with money soon ease 'em
With his sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.
But if John Bull is wise he'll from market hang back,
And keep all the *corn* he has got in his sack;
As to him the next season no harvest will bring,
For, like hail, Dan will beat down the blossoms of SPRING,
With his sprig of shilelah and shamrock so green.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE LATE

IRISH CHAMPION.

CHILD DANIEL.

In *Fancy*-land there is a burst of woe,
The spirit's tribute to the fallen; see
On each scarr'd front the cloud of sorrow glow,
Bloating its sprightly shine. But what is he
For whom GRIEF's mighty butt is broach'd so free?
Were his brows shadow'd by the awful crown,
The Bishop's mitre, or high plumery
Of the mail'd warrior? Won he his renown
On *Pulpit*, THRONE, or FIELD, whom death hath now struck down?

He won it in the field where arms are none,
Save those the MOTHER gives to us. He was
A *climbing* STAR, which had not fully shone,
Yet promised in his glory to surpass

Our Champion star ascendant; but, alas!
The sceptred shade that values early might,
And pow'r, and pith, and bottom, as the grass,
Gave with his fleshless fist a buffet slight.——

—'Tis done. Green-mantled ERIN
May weep; her hopes of *milling sway* past by,
And CRIBB, sublime, no lowlier rival fearing,
Before, sole Ammon of the fistic sky,
Conceited, quaffing his *blue ruin* high,
Till comes the SWELL, that come to all men must,
By whose *foul blow* SIR DANIEL low doth lie,
Summons the Champion to resign his trust,
And mingles his with KINGS', *Slaves'*, *Chieftains'*, *Beggars'* dust!

I THANK you, ye relics of sounding titles and magnificent names! Ye have taught me more of the *littleness* of the world, than all the volumes of my library. Your nobility arrayed in a winding-sheet—your grandeur mouldering in an urn—are the most indisputable proofs of the NOTHINGNESS of created things. Never, surely, did Providence write this important point in such legible characters as in the ashes of *my* LORD, or on the corpse of *his* GRACE. HERVEY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the above serious truth, so finely delineated by that beautiful writer, upon his viewing the TOMBS OF NOBLES; yet, nevertheless, we cannot pass the MONUMENT of our hero without making a pause—nay, something more than a *pause;* and if it does not exactly, or *critically*, come *bang-up* to the *mark* of what is termed *reverence*, we feel quite confident, that it cannot be disputed, as fulfilling an act of FRIENDSHIP:—

Underneath this pillar high
Lies Sir Daniel Donnelly;

He was a stout and handy man,
And people called him "Bufting Dan;"
Knighthood he took from George's sword,
And well he wore it, by my word!
He died at last, from forty-seven
Tumblers of punch* he drank one even;
O'erthrown by punch, unharmed by fist,
He died unbeaten pugilist!
Such a buffer as Donnelly,†
Ireland never again will see.

Obiit XIII° Kal. Martii, MDCCCXX.

* It was well known, that Sir DAN was not a *dry* subject; and that his wit and repartee were as smart, in general, as the shoe-black's on Essex-Bridge, Dublin, who being asked by the late Lord Charlemont, one morning, after he had given a *polish* to his Lordship's shoes, to give that Nobleman change for a guinea, "Why, my Lord," says he, "you might as well ask a highlander for a knee-buckle."

† BLACKWOOD'S *Magazine* for May, 1820. This elegant and highly interesting production, to prove the *immense* loss sustained from the departure of so great a hero, has devoted no less than *twenty* of its closely printed pages, to illustrate, or rather to rescue from oblivion, his astounding fame and *striking* talents, consisting of solemn dirges—letters of condolence—lamentations—plaintive ballads—odes—songs—an eloquent philosophical oration—and *wound-up* by an advertisement to collect expenses for a suitable memorial to be erected to the memory of Ireland's late Champion. They are truly interesting to the FANCY in general; and we almost *weep*, that owing to the necessary introduction of other *milling Coves*, our limits prevent us from *copying* the whole of them: feeling very properly, we trust, upon so *important* a subject, that although WE do not *understand* the *gist* of them, it is no reason that many other persons connected with the prize ring should not. We feel great loss in not having BOB GREGSON at our elbow just now, for a *tiny bit* of his assistance. However, of several of

DAN, when quite a *spalpeen*, was distinguished for his facetiousness and quickness of repartee, and denominated a funny fellow. He was the hero of the class in which he moved, and always looked up to as a good "*bit of stuff.*" The names of *Peter Corcoran*, *Ryan*, and *Gamble*, it should seem, had inspired him with a thirst for *milling* fame, and he appeared anxious to give *Ould* Ireland an additional claim of having to boast of producing another fighting hero. DONNELLY, therefore, left the obscurity of *cutting of chips*, for the more profitable amusement of *cutting of* heads*. The *coal-quays* soon trumpeted forth his praise in his *quilting* all the insolent overgrown fellows that were attached to it —the city of Dublin was not long in learning his excellence,

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the pieces of poetry we shall avail ourselves. Respecting the *Latin*, we unfortunately stand in a relative situation with the village school-mistress, to "skip and go on." Concerning the *Greek*, we can get over the ground much better than with the preceding article, in requesting BILL GIBBONS to *explain* it to us; but as to the HECUBA of the thing, the *Hebrew* with points, MENDOZA says, as to the "*points* of it," it is all *chice a ma trice!* But then again, we are at *fault;* as Dr. Bellamy asserts, there are not *ten* Jews in the kingdom that have any *knowledge* of the Hebrew tongue; yet SHELTON vows, he *floored* a GIANT, without having a *scrap* of learning at all; but insists upon it, that he is nevertheless a man of *science*.

* The compositer had like to have led us into a great error, if we had not detected it in the proof, by adding another *f*, which would have made an *executioner* of DAN. This was not the case. It is true, that many persons who have felt the severity of his fists, have put up their hands to feel if their heads were left upon their shoulders, from his great execution. If DAN was not an *ornamenter*, he certainly gave an emphasis to some of them, from the *colour* which he added to the heads under his operation.

from the numerous *whiskey-bucks* he had laid flat on their backs; but it was on the Curragh of Kildare that he obtained his passport as a genuine boxer. To England he came in triumph: but it was not long before his *passport* was most rigorously examined; yet fortune hovered over his head, and conquest crowned his efforts in defeating *Oliver*.

It is rather singular to remark, that soon after his arrival in London, he met *Cooper* and *Hall* one evening at the Castle Tavern, when, after inquiring after their health, he very facetiously asked them if they should like a taste of Mr. DONNELLY in England, as they had stated fair play was not allowed to them in Ireland. But silence got rid of the inquiry.

On Thursday evening, May 27, 1819, the second day of Epsom races, it seems *Carter* felt himself much affronted in DONNELLY'S forfeiting his word to accompany him to the above place to have a booth; and meeting with the Irish Champion at *Belcher's* in the evening, he said, angrily, that "*he could beat ony Irishman in England and Ireland!*" This speech was resented with much *pluck* by DONNELLY, who instantly threw down a £2 note as a deposit to back himself against *Carter*, for £50 a-side, to fight him in the course of a month, or in the short space of *five minutes!* No match was, however, made; and *Cooper* was also present. DONNELLY likewise observed, that he had been challenged, but he wished it to be understood he did not put up for a FIGHTING MAN; but, nevertheless, he would not be *gammoned*, and that *Carter* should not take any liberties with him, because they had been *sparring* in concert together.

A General, well known in the sporting circles, in order to try the *milling capabilities* of DONNELLY (his countryman), soon after his arrival in England, invited the Irish Champion to his house, and in a *set-to* with a gentleman amateur, distinguished for his superior knowledge and tactics of the art of self-defence, DONNELLY put in such a tremendous *facer*, that for several minutes the gentleman was in a state of stupor. Having "*the best*" of the above amateur, tended greatly to increase the milling reputation of the Irish Champion.

The severity of *training* did not accord with the *liveliness* of DONNELLY'S disposition. It was an unpleasing *restraint* to him. In fact, he did not like going into *training* at all, and some difficulty occurred; nay, it was almost *coaxing* him to leave the Metropolis. It was during his stay at *Riddlesdown*,* after he had dined with several amateurs, that the inimitable likeness of the Irish Champion, which is prefixed to page 71, was taken by Mr. GEORGE SHARPLES,† and pronounced by the company present to be a *facsimile* of the original. DONNELLY himself was well

* In the *ogles* of the FANCY, and even among the fighting men, Riddlesdown is considered a most lucky place to *train* at. Out of about 30 men who have *trained* at WHEELER'S—and the old gentleman has *booked* it—24 have won.

† The Portraits taken by this artist are not only considered "LIFE *itself!*" but admired for their softness of touch, and brilliancy of colouring. In crayons, Mr. SHARPLES may be said to have no rival. His likeness of *Cribb*, with the Silver Cup in his hand, and also Mr. Jackson's, have been decided in the sporting world as master-pieces.

pleased with the exertions of the artist on viewing his "own *Mug*," as he called it. Green Peas were among the vegetables at the above dinner, when one of the company, highly distinguished for his knowledge of *training*, observed DONNELLY helping himself very plentifully with the peas, and immediately stated to him, that peas were indigestible, and quite improper for a person under *training*. DONNELLY laughed heartily at this idea, exclaiming, "*And sure is it* PAE *that will hurt me; no! nor a drop of the crature neither*," tossing off a glass of brandy. He also enjoyed himself during the afternoon in the same manner as the rest of the company, till the time arrived of his *going to work*, i. e. walking the distance of six miles. DONNELLY on starting said, "*Now you shall soon see how I'll take all the* PAES *and* LIQUOUR *out of me!*" and ascended with great rapidity the tremendous high, steep hill, in front of Wheeler's door, without any apparent fatigue, (which in some places almost approaches to a perpendicular height,) and returned to the company in a short time, in a violent state of perspiration, after having performed the above distance, to take his tea. *Riddlesdown* is not only a most delightful situation, but remarkably well calculated for the purposes of exercise. It has also the advantage of being at a distance of three or four miles from Croydon, and Wheeler's house is a solitary one. *Solitude*, however, was far from the cast of DAN's character; company was his *forte;* and while they remained with him at Riddlesdown, it was all right; but when they departed, it is said, he took a small drop of *stuff* with him to bed, to prevent his lying *awake*. At other

times, he stole out in the dark, after the manner of poachers, to procure *game*;* and the *preserves* of Croydon, it seems, supplied even more than his wants. This circumstance will, in a great degree, account for his *distressed* and *blowed* state during the battle with *Oliver*.

The preparatory state of *training* appeared quite tiresome to him; and he often stated to those persons who visited him, that he wished the time was expired, and that "it was *to-morrow* he was to enter the lists." In drinking with any of his companions, his usual toast was, "Well, here's to my lucky minute!"

DONNELLY was extremely fond of a *joke*; and upon a porter coming to him, soon after his arrival in England, late one evening, at the Castle

* It is a well-known fact, that immediately after his battle with Oliver, it was not only discovered, but he acknowledged, that he had unfortunately contracted a *disease* in the promiscuousness of his *amours*. It is usual for the pugilists during their *training* to have a companion to look after them. It was not so with DONNELLY; but if he had had such a person, it would have been of little if any use, as DAN was above *controul*. In fact, his opinion was so strongly grounded, that excess of any kind would not hurt him, that he acted as he pleased. It was, however, truly astonishing to view DONNELLY's fine appearance after entering the ring to meet *Oliver*. When the IRISH CHAMPION fought with *Cooper*, on the Curragh of Kildare, it appears, he had been *trained* up to the highest pitch of excellence, and was as strong as a giant, and as active as a rope dancer, under the immediate attention of Capt. Kelly. To the Captain, DONNELLY yielded implicit obedience; but he would not be dictated to by his equals,—indeed, he was totally *unmanageable*,—so as to comply with the severities of *training*.

Tavern, Holborn, informing DAN, that "his wife would be glad to see him at the White Horse, in Fetter Lane," as soon as possible, as she had just come from Ireland; DONNELLY asked, with great eagerness and anxiety, of the man, "*what sort of a woman she was?*" The porter, rather surprised at the singularity of such a question, in reply observed, "What, sir, don't you know your own wife?" The Champion, smiling, "Is she a big woman? Well, never mind, by J—— I'll come and look at her, to see if I should know her!"* DAN accompanied the porter to the inn, but found his wife was gone to bed. He instantly went to the room, and upon his drawing the curtains, she exclaimed, "*Is that you*, Mr. DONNELLY? *you look very pale*, DAN!" "What, did you think I was dead then? Have you brought my coffin?" "*No, indeed, I have not; but I have brought a* GRATE *big box for you, Mr.* DONNELLY!"

It should seem, that DONNELLY had a great aversion to be looked upon as a *Prize Fighter*. In the course of two or three evenings after his battle with *Oliver*, Dignam's long room was crowded with his warm-hearted countrymen, anxious to see and to congratulate him on his recent victory. DONNELLY, who was dining with some *Swells* above stairs, was informed of the circumstance, and solicited merely to go down stairs, and to walk through the room. To

* On Tom Shuffleton's being asked about a female, he said, she was the *sixteenth* Mrs. Shuffleton. We never ascertained whether Mr. DONNELLY ever placed any of his ladies to the same account. It is, however, certain, he was a very *gallant* hero.

which DONNELLY replied, "*And sure, do they take me for a* BASTE, *that is to be made a* SHOW *of? I am no* FIGHTING MAN, *and I will not exhibit myself to* PLASE *any body.*" This was spoken very angrily; and it required the utmost persuasions of an amateur very high in the *Fancy*, and also his friend *Dignam*, to persuade him of the impropriety of his conduct, and also to comply with so reasonable a request. DAN, at length, relaxed; and upon his entering the room he was received with the loudest cheers.

When DONNELLY was introduced to a noble Irish Duke, he was asked what liquor he would take a glass of? "Any thing your Grace likes—Whiskey!"—as if it was the only liquid the Duke drank. The Duke laughed heartily.

In short, poor *Sir* DAN was a creature of the moment. He was most excellent company, creating mirth and laughter all around him. His sayings were droll in the extreme; and his behaviour was always decorous. *Study* was not a very prominent figure in his composition; and "TO-MORROW," with him, might or might not be provided for, as it never created any uneasiness in his mind, and was left entirely to *chance*, or, as DAN would say, "*Devil may care!*" Such was the *character* of DONNELLY. He was an *Irishman* every inch of him. He was generous, good natured, and grateful. As a pugilist, it is true, he did not raise himself in the estimation of the English amateurs, from his battle with *Oliver;* nor did the *Irish* FANCY in London, it is said, think half so much of his capabilities as they had previously anticipated; and those gentlemen who also came from Ireland to

witness the fight, expressed themselves *astonished* at the *deficiency* of boxing talent that DONNELLY displayed in opposition to *Oliver*, and that he appeared not like the same man who defeated *Cooper*. It is true, that he was *decidedly* the FAVOURITE throughout all classes of the amateurs, before the battle. DAN most certainly had FAIR PLAY shown him within the ring; but he complained severely of the *hootings* and *hissings* he experienced from the spectators. These sort of expressions had much better be avoided; and, it might be urged, do *savour* of something like *prejudice;* but DONNELLY ought to have possessed more *nerve* than to let such *ebullitions* have operated upon his feelings. It is totally impossible to prevent the expressions of the multitude assembled to witness a *Prize Fight*, particularly where so much *interest* frequently prevails; nay, more, the Judge, armed with full powers to punish any person so offending in a court of justice, cannot prevent popular feelings from having vent. It is true, that DONNELLY might have thought a *national* prejudice had been entertained against him;—IT WAS NOT SO: and the same sort of conduct always takes place when two Englishmen enter the ring in England: for instance, when *Cy. Davis*, from Bristol, entered the lists with *Turner*, the expressions against the former boxer were a hundred times stronger than against DONNELLY. But to return; DONNELLY was a most dangerous opponent, from his great knowledge of *throwing*. Two or three of his falls were at any time heavy enough to win a fight. But "use every man *according to his deserts*, and who shall *'scape* WHIPPING?"

SORROW IS DRY.

A Plaintive Ballad.

When to Peggy Bauldie's daughter first I told Sir DANIEL's death,
Like a glass of soda-water, it took away her breath;
It took away your breath, my dear, and it sorely dimm'd your sight,
And aye ye let the salt salt tear down fall for Erin's knight;
For he was a knight of glory bright, the spur ne'er deck'd a bolder,
Great GEORGE's *blade itself was laid upon* SIR DANIEL's *shoulder.*
Sing hey ho, the Sneddon, &c.

I took a turn along the street, to breathe the Trongate air,
Carnegie's lass I chanced to meet, with a bag of lemons fair;
Says I, "Gude Meg, ohon! ohon! you've heard of DAN's disaster—
If I'm alive, I'll come at five, and feed upon your master;—
A glass or two no harm will do to either saint or sinner,
And a bowl with friends will make amends for a so-so sort of dinner."

I found Carnegie in his nook, upon the old settee,
And dark and dismal was his look, as black as black might be,
Then suddenly the blood did fly, and leave his face so pale,
That scarce I knew, in altered hue, the bard of Largo's vale;
But Meg was winding up the jack, so off flew all my pains,
For large as cocks, two fat earocks I knew were hung in chains.

Nevertheless, he did express his joy to see me there—
Meg laid the cloth, and, nothing loth, I soon pull'd in my chair;
The mutton broth and bouilli both came up in season due,—
The grace is said—when Provan's head at the door appears in view:
The bard at work like any Turk, first nods an invitation;
For who so free as all the three from priggish botheration?

Ere long the Towddies deck the board with a cod's head and shoulders,
And the oyster sauce it surely was great joy to all beholders.
To GEORGE our king a jolly can of royal port is poured—
Our gracious king who *knighted* DAN with his own *shining* sword;
The next we sip with trembling lip—'tis of the claret clear—
To the hero dead that cup we shed, and mix it with a tear.

'Tis now your servant's turn to mix the nectar of the bowl;
Still on the Ring our thoughts we fix, while round the goblets roll,
Great JACKSON, *Belcher, Scroggins, Gas,* we celebrate in turns,
Each Christian, Jew, and Pagan, with the FANCY's flame that burns;
Carnegie's finger on the board a mimic circle draws,
And, EGAN-like, h' expounds the rounds, and pugilistic laws.

Tis thus that worth heroic is suitably lamented—
Great DANIEL's *shade,* I know it, *dry* GRIEF had much resented.
What signify your tear and sigh?—A bumper is the thing
Will gladden most the *generous ghost* of a CHAMPION of the King.
The tear and sigh, from voice and eye, must quickly pass away,
But the BUMPER *good may be* RENEWED *until our dying day!*•

• Something after the manner of drinking the memories of PITT, *Lord Nelson, Fox,* &c.—in *silence.*

FINALE.

Here rests his NOB under the turf so green,
A *milling-cove*—of ERIN's pride and glory,
Sure such a *gay* hero ne'er was seen:
His FAME transferr'd in future story!

Large was his *morley*, and his PLUCK so fine;
In IRELAND and in ENGLAND he did show it!
The lads he *serv'd out* with many a *shine*—
When he had the *office* giv'n to "GO IT!"

But DAN is *floor'd!* He couldn't come "to TIME!"
No more to *crack* his JOKE, and *take* his LUNCH:
His GAME's play'd out! although a TRUMP so *prime*,
DEATH got the *pull* on him o'er *whiskey* PUNCH!

BILL EALES.

THIS elegant *sparrer*, who is in high repute among the *Swells* at the West end of the town, as a teacher of the ART OF SELF-DEFENCE, has, since the publication of our last volume, given the amateurs a proof of his decisive qualities in the Prize Ring, when called properly into action. His contest with *Hall* must "live long in the memories" of the amateurs, from its excellence and manliness on both sides. But it is not likely that EALES will again appear in the ring, as he has commenced publican at the *Prince of Mecklenburgh*, in James Street, Oxford Road, where his civility, attention, and good manners, cannot fail of rendering his house a source of attraction, and great resort for sporting people.

Moulsey Hurst was the scene of action, on Thursday,

October 29, 1818, for EALES and *Hall* to exhibit. It was *respectably*, but not numerously, attended by the amateurs. Some noblemen were present. This slackness was owing to the opinion that the fight would not be worth seeing; as it was *booked* that *Hall* would win it in a *canter*. Two to one and seven to four were the odds on the ground. At one o'clock the men entered the ring ; *Hall* threw up his hat first, when EALES followed. *Hall* was attended by *Tom Belcher* and *Harmer ;* and EALES by *Oliver* and *T. Jones*. It was for 50 guineas a-side.

First round.—The combatants had scarcely shook hands when both let *fly*, and went to *work* in right earnest. Though both *scienced* men, there was no *niggling* and *bobbing* about, with fine attitudes to tire the eyes of the spectators. Hall, full of confidence, endeavoured to take the lead of his opponent, and planted some hits ; but Eales, cool, collected, and confident, made some good exchanges, and put in a tremendous blow on Hall's forehead that drew the *claret* instantly. It was a sort of slaughter-house touch, like when the cattle are levelled, and the round was finished by Hall's going down.—*Great shouts* of applause, "*Bravo*, Eales!"

Second.—Hall appeared bleeding at the scratch, and Eales's *mug* had a *pinky* appearance. This was a truly desperate round; and Eales, elated with his success, put in a facer and got away. Some very sharp exchanges took place, when Hall received a dreadful hit under his left *listener*, which produced the *claret* in torrents; he, however, fought on undismayed, till Eales went down. *Applause*, and "*Well done*, Hall."

Third.—This round was all good fighting ; and both of the men showed a superior knowledge of the art. But Eales, although he went down, had done such *execution* upon his opponent's *nob*, that the 2 to 1 *betters* were visibly *alarmed*, and the 7 to 4 were *quaking*.

Fourth.—Hall run Eales bang against the ropes; but in struggling, Hall fell undermost. The latter appeared determined to give Eales *no quarter*, and to beat him *off hand*, if

possible. The face of Hall was much flushed from exertion —the blood also running down his cheeks from his forehead —his left eye damaged—his ear lacerated as if sliced with a knife, and the cut under it quite a *gaping* wound. Hall was too *hurried* in his manner—*milling* and taking *the fight out* of his antagonist seemed his principle aim—he made no pauses or study to obtain his *length*; and in consequence of this defect, he threw several blows away, by missing his adversary's *nob*, if it did not tend to lose him the battle.

Fifth.—This was a curious round. Eales, after giving and receiving some hits, turned accidentally aside from Hall; but returned to the attack, and had the best of the round, although he went down.

Sixth.—Eales seemed rather weak, and Hall was somewhat exhausted; both having fought at the rate of ten miles an hour. The former *nobbed* Hall severely, and got him on the ropes; but like a true British boxer, he disdained to behave unlike a man, and walked away. The air rang with plaudits. Eales was now the favourite; and hedging was out of the question.

Seventh.—Hall commenced in good style, and planted a *chopper* that made Eales's *pimple* rattle again. Both the men nearly out-fought themselves, and Hall was much *distressed*. He was, at length, hit down by a blow in the bread-basket. Great applause. "Go it, Eales; *you must win it*"—and 2 to 1 was offered by the partizans of the latter; but Hall's backers were electrified—astonished—nay, more, confounded. Their *chaffers* were dry—they could not speak—but viewed in *mournful silence* this unexpected change in war. The line of demarcation was now broken, and the enemy was conquering the country in a formidable and general-like manner.

Eighth.—Eales kept the lead in good style; but from the severity of fighting, fell down between the arms of Hall much exhausted. *Some slight murmurs!* and "*He's going*," was the cry among some of the opponents of Eales, and this deluding ray of hope was caught at; but, it should be recollected, the latter had no trifler to beat—Hall was full of *resolution*, and would not be *denied*; and no pugilist, for many battles past, has been so tightly kept to *his work* to give a *receipt* in full of all demands, as Eales was in this contest with the courageous Hall. It may be thus accounted for that Eales exhibited *weakness* at various times during the battle.

Ninth.—Eales broke away in such good style, and his atti-

tude was so close and firm, that Hall could not break in upon him to plant his favourite right-handed blow. He was again sent down.

Tenth.—This round, to appearance, had nearly finished the fight. The fine fighting of Eales prevailed to a great extent—he hit and broke away with the utmost *sang froid*, and sent Hall down quite exhausted.

Eleventh.—Hall, after some smart exchanges, sent Eales down.

Twelfth.—This round was full of *milling*. Hall stood up and exchanged blows as long as he was able; but Eales put in repeated *facers* and broke away; *bodied* him also so sharply, that Hall turned in a state of confusion, and went down.—Four to one upon Eales, but no takers.

Thirteenth.—Milling again desperately; and both their *nobs* caught it. Eales *peppered* away so sharply, that he exhibited weakness; but Hall went down, almost *told out!*

Fourteenth.—This was also an excellent set-to; but Hall went down in a piteous state. It was evident how the thing was going, although he kept fighting like a man.

Fifteenth and last.—This was a round of rounds; and the superiority of Eales over his brave opponent was Royalty's Pavilion to a *mud cabin*. Hall commenced with spirit, planted three severe *facers*, and made some good exchanges, but was ultimately beat over the ring to a complete stand-still, till he fell quite senseless. Upon being placed on his second's knee, Hall heard not the time—lost the battle—and some time elapsed before he could quit the ring; while, on the contrary, Eales jumped over the ropes, ran to a considerable distance, put on his clothes, and then returned to shake hands with his brave but fallen opponent. The colours were taken from the stakes, and the old adage was verified of "win gold and wear it." Eales tied them round his neck.

Upon no fight whatever does the writer of this article remember more, if so much, *confidence* expressed by the supporters of scientific pugilism, upon the *matching*, and during the time the men were in *training*, as to the way in which the above battle *must* terminate. *Hall's capabilities* towards victory were so *bottomed* up

—he was always in *training*—unimpeachable *game*—first-rate *science*—of sound *pedigree*, traced from his grandsire—for *goodness* the *crack* of the Isle of Wight—and, finally, a kind of *terrorem* to his own weight in the London ring. In fact, it was such "*a certainty*," that it was like the opening of flood-gates. *Hall* was the torrent which carried every thing before it; and, in short, in the "mind's eye" of the amateurs, the battle was won before the men stripped. While, on the contrary, EALES was only mentioned to be *sneered* at. It is true, he was admitted an excellent *setter-to*—a hero with the *gloves*, and possessing every thing for the *theoretical* part of the art, but the qualification of *a fighting man*, namely, a want of PLUCK. This was the exact situation and character of the combatants; and the general estimation they were held in the sporting world, previous to the battle. It is necessary to premise, that *Hall* most satisfactorily showed himself a brave man, a good fighter, and exerted himself in every point of view to obtain the victory:—he is fallen, but not disgraced; and, like greater heroes of another school, there is a consolation in having done his duty.

But it was a proud day for EALES—this conquest has done wonders for him; he has risen in a certain ratio from the bottom to the top of the list; and, strange to say, almost won his battle in little more time than the first rounds of some of the late "*scientific*" battles have taken. The qualifications of EALES as a fighter, were hitherto well known; but it was urged, he had no "*heart!*" In the short space of sixteen and a half minutes, he not only removed this libel on his

fame, but defeated *Hall*, whom no boxer on the list would fight for the last two years, and with whom *Donnelly*, the Irish Champion, could make but a draw of it in his contest with him. *Hall* is a brave man; but EALES is a better fighter, and armed at all points. From this victory, he stands very high in the estimation of the amateurs. The long odds were again *floored!* and the *long faces* were numerous indeed. *Hall* could not be *fresher* in point of *condition;* but he did not look so well and strong out of his clothes; his loins were very thin, and downwards he did not appear athletic. He was terribly *punished* about the head; and his body also received several severe hits. EALES, although excellent upon his legs, and fine fighting, did not escape some heavy *milling* on his shoulders, neck, and *nob*. A more manly fight has not been witnessed for many a day—and the amateurs generally, have to regret they were not present at Moulsey Hurst. No closing, nor no hugging; but stopping and hitting to the end of the chapter. Had *Hall* hit more at *length*, he might have given a better account of the battle. Upon no occasion were men better *seconded*. It is worthy of remark, how soon the conversation changed in favour of EALES after the fight; almost every amateur expressing himself, "I don't know who's to beat him!"

It, however, has always been a matter of great *astonishment* to the sporting world, that so fine a fighter as EALES should have experienced defeat in his contest with *Scroggins;* and it appeared equally as strange to the amateurs, that EALES should have *fancied* and chosen *Hall* for a *customer*.

NED PAINTER.

THE second volume of this work closed with an account of the defeat of PAINTER by *Spring*, on April 1, 1818. That *event* was totally unexpected in the sporting world; and great sums of money were lost upon it. In fact, PAINTER, from his hard hitting and *bottom* qualities, stood so high in the estimation of the amateurs, that it was *booked Spring* would prove an easy conquest to him.

However, it seems, the friends of PAINTER were not satisfied respecting the termination of the battle in question, and therefore, without hesitation, they made another match for 100 guineas a-side so early as April 10, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, by each party depositing 10 guineas, for the contest to take place on *Friday*, the *7th of August*, 1818. *Tom Belcher* took a very active part in making the above match, feeling confident that PAINTER would prove successful; nearly four months being allowed for PAINTER to recover from his accident; and also, it was inserted in the articles, that the ring should be made with *eight* instead of twelve stakes. The betting immediately commenced at 6 and 7 to 4 on *Spring*. It also continued in favour of the latter during the long time of *training*. The former backers of *Spring* betting upon him highly; and even many of PAINTER'S friends now changed sides. *Spring* was decidedly the favourite.

This fight took place on a piece of ground denominated *Russia Farm*, about four or five miles from

Kingston. It was well attended by the amateurs; and PAINTER had for his seconds *Belcher* and *Harmer; Spring* was attended by *Cribb* and *Clark*.

First round.—Both of the combatants stripped with great confidence. Painter, attributing his loss of the last battle to an accident, now appeared to feel that he only wanted an opportunity to recover his blighted laurels. Spring, equally satisfied that his late victory over Painter was owing to his superior science, seemed conscious that conquest would again crown his efforts, but in a much less time. Great caution was observed on both sides, and between four and five minutes elapsed in endeavouring to gain the first advantage, when Spring made play, but Painter stopped his left hand in good style. The latter hero now appeared bent on *mischief*, and most skilfully measured his distance well, making a feint with his left hand, and, with a tremendous right-handed blow over Spring's eye, not only produced the *claret* copiously, but he was *floored* like a shot. This circumstance decided two *events*, upon which several wagers were depending, namely, the first blood and knock-down-blow. *Loud shouting from the Castle side of the question;* the betting was reduced to *even*, and Painter was now much fancied.

Second. This last blow might be said almost to have made the fight Painter's own. Spring was evidently confused from its great severity, and the *claret* running down in streams. Painter lost no time, but endeavoured to improve his success, and immediately went to *work*. Some slight hits were exchanged; and, in struggling for the throw, Painter went down undermost.

Third.—Spring now showed that he did not mean to let Painter have it all his own way, and he gave the latter a heavy *nobber*. Some exchanges, and both down.

Fourth.—This was a short but sharp round. In throwing, Spring showed that he was the strongest man.

Fifth.—Two *nobbing* counter hits, that made both of the combatants go back a little. In closing, Painter got his opponent's *nob* under his left arm, and endeavoured to *fib* him severely; but Spring, with much dexterity, stopped Painter's hand, and ultimately threw the latter very severely indeed. *Bravo! Spring.*

Sixth.—This was a most manly round. Reciprocal hitting

occurred. The *punishment* was heavy; but Spring had rather the best of it, and also got Painter down.

Seventh and Eighth.—Both of the combatants were rather *winded*, and rather cautious of getting into *work*. Some slight exchanges till both down.

Ninth.—This was nothing else but a fighting round. Hit for hit occurred, till, at the close of the rally, Spring received a terrible blow upon his ear, that brought the *claret* out as rapidly as if a bottle full of wine had been broken. Spring reeled again from its severity, and Painter was now the favourite, 7 to 4. *Loud chaffing, and "Go along, Neddy, you can't lose it now."*

Tenth.—Spring came *staggering* to the scratch, evidently much hurt from the last hit. He, however, went to work in the most gallant style, and in a rally gave Painter some *pepper;* but the latter got away scientifically. In a close, Painter was thrown.

Eleventh to Thirteenth.—Spring had the worst of these rounds, but he nevertheless displayed great *game*.

Fourteenth.—In this round the turn was on the side of Spring; he had not only the best of the hitting, but *knocked* Painter off his legs. *"Do that again, Spring, and you'll win it."*

Fifteenth to Twenty-second.—Painter decidedly took the lead in all these rounds. A tremendous rally occurred, when Painter finished the round by *fibbing* Spring down.

Twenty-third to Thirtieth.—It was almost a certainty that Spring must lose the battle, as he was getting the worse every round; but his *game* was of the first quality.

Thirty-first.—This round, it was thought, would have finished the contest. Spring received a tremendous hit on his jaw, and went down quite exhausted. *"It's all up," was the cry;* and any odds upon Painter, that Spring did not again come to the scratch.

Thirty-second to Forty-second and last.—Spring was satisfied that he could not win, yet, like a brave man, he was determined to continue the battle while a *chance* remained. He was *punished* severely, and did not *give in*, that is, he did not say, NO. Spring could not come to time. It was over in one hour and four minutes.

Painter displayed great coolness and judgment in this fight; and his having so able a general as *Tom*

Belcher for his second, was also a point in his favour towards victory. *Spring* never recovered the severity of the blow on his eye in the first round. PAINTER now publicly declared, that he would not fight any more *prize battles*. Indeed, he took his *farewell of the ring*, with a benefit at the Fives Court, in a combat with *Richmond*, on Monday, the 7th of September, 1818. *Spring* was extremely anxious for another trial; but PAINTER positively refused. The latter boxer, after spending a few months at Lancaster, and not finding a house in London to suit him, left the Metropolis, and commenced Publican, in Lobster-Lane, Norwich, under the most flattering auspices of the sporting people of the above ancient city. Here PAINTER enjoyed a quiet life till the following circumstance, in Nov. 1819, put him on the *fret*.

In consequence of some unmerited aspersions having been made upon the character of this *game* pugilist, at Norwich, by an amateur, respecting the first battle between PAINTER and *Spring*, at Mickleham Downs, being a ⋈, and that the former was privy to it, PAINTER indignantly repelled the accusation, and demanded to know the author of so foul a calumny upon his integrity. He immediately set off for London, determined to undergo the most rigid examination by the supporters of the Pugilistic Ring. It may be recollected, that in the above fight, in the second round, PAINTER received a knock-down hit, and, in falling, his head not only came in contact with one of the stakes of the ring, but his shoulder also received so violent a contusion, as to deprive him of any active use of it. He, however, continued the battle

for one hour and 25 minutes; but retiring from the contest without much *punishment*, it should seem gave rise to the report in question. PAINTER, at the time, was compelled to have the assistance of one of the most eminent surgeons in the kingdom, Mr. CLINE (a gentleman totally unconnected with the sporting world), to reduce the fracture. On Thursday, November 5th, 1819, an application was made to the above surgeon as to the fact; when he immediately wrote a certificate, which stated the injury PAINTER had received on the curve of the shoulder-bone, so as to render him incapable of using his arm at the time specified. This document was put into the hands of several of the members of the P. C. and the result, it is said, was quite satisfactory. The above *charge* appears to have had no other foundation but *ill-natured* rumour. These things ought always to be *cleared up*, and the investigation referred to the P. C., and their decision considered final.

The following paragraph appeared in a Newspaper, on November 21:—"The amateurs of Norwich, it seems, will back PAINTER for 100 guineas or *more*, and also give a purse of £50, if *Spring* will contend with NED, at the above place; and it is said the patrons of the science will give *Spring* £20 towards his expenses."

In consequence of the above challenge, a match was made between *Spring* and PAINTER, on the Tuesday following, at Cribb's, the Union Arms, Oxenden Street, to fight on the second Tuesday in February, in a 24 feet ring, and 30 miles from London; an umpire to be chosen by each party, and Mr. *Jackson*

as the referee; fifty guineas a-side to be completed in the course of three weeks, at Cribb's, and the remaining fifty at Harmer's, the last Tuesday in January, or the deposit money to be forfeited.

(Signed) T. SPRING.
J. F. for N. PAINTER.

Witness, T. CRIBB.

The friends of PAINTER, however, forfeited to *Spring* in the above instance; or rather, the gentleman, a young amateur, who put down the £5 somewhat hastily: but in consequence of a public challenge having been made, that *Tom Belcher* would back *Oliver* against PAINTER for £100 a-side, within 30 miles of London, and deposit £20 p.p. it was taken up with great spirit by the sporting men at Norwich, without delay, and which led to the following articles of agreement:—

"Castle Tavern, May 20, 1820.—Edward Painter agrees to fight Thomas Oliver for a Purse of 100 guineas, on Monday, the 17th of July, within 20 miles of the City of Norwich. To be a fair stand-up fight, in a 24 feet ring, half minute time. An umpire to be chosen by each party, and a referee selected on the ground by the umpires. Ten pounds a-side are deposited in the hands of Mr. Soares, and the remaining ten pounds a-side to be made good at the Castle Tavern, on Monday, May 29, between the hours of seven and eleven o'clock. The forty pounds to be placed in the hands of Mr. Jackson. Either party declining the contest to forfeit the deposit money; but if a fight takes place, Oliver to draw the £40. The Purse to be given by the Pugilistic Club at Norwich. The place of fighting to be left in writing for Oliver and his friends, at the house of Mr. Painter, on the Saturday previous to the battle. The gate-money to be divided between Oliver and Painter, and their respective Seconds and Bottle-holders. The Purse to be placed in the hands of a Banker previous to the day of fighting.

"Signed, in behalf of PAINTER, C. T.
"For OLIVER, T. BELCHER."

The betting was 6 to 4 on PAINTER. He was decidedly the favourite in the Metropolis; but in *Norwich* any odds almost were laid upon him. It excited an unusual degree of interest in the sporting circles; and numerous parties, for a week previous to the fight, left the Metropolis daily, to be in time to witness this combat. The Stage Coaches, besides a variety of vehicles from London, were filled inside and out for some days previous to the appointed time; and small groups of persons generally mustered of an evening, in the streets of Norwich, to hail the arrivals of the amateurs: in short, the above ancient city appeared to feel as much alive upon the subject, and pourtrayed as much anxiety and interest upon the event, as if it had been the election for a Member of Parliament. This sort of sensation was also felt for miles contiguous to Norwich. The spot selected for this combat was at a place called NORTH WALSHAM, about 16½ miles from the above city; and so little apprehension was entertained of the fight being removed, that a regular stage was built upon the ground, for the accommodation of spectators. In short, this combat engrossed the whole of the conversation, even amongst the most polite and *tender* circles, in Norwich.

Upon PAINTER being challenged by *Oliver*, for £100 a-side, his friends in Norwich immediately took it up, and proposed not only giving a purse, but also £20 towards the *training* of *Oliver*, if the latter agreed to fight near that city. PAINTER, it is true, had declined fighting, when he gained a conquest over *Spring*. The *gameness* of PAINTER had always been a subject

of praise; but it was thought that his arms were rather too short to become a boxer at the *top of the tree*; however, in the course of a few years, his great improvement in the science astonished every one, and he was pronounced to be one of the best men in the kingdom. It is rather singular to remark, that he has been defeated by *Oliver*, *Sutton*, and *Spring*; and that, in his *second* contests with those heroes, he has conquered them all in turn. When the match was first made, 6 to 4 was laid on PAINTER, so sanguine were the Norwich folks that he must win. The odds, however, rather declined when *Oliver showed* himself in Norwich.

So great was the curiosity excited by this affair, that hundreds of individuals left London to witness it. And on Monday, July 17, 1820, every vehicle in Norwich was engaged to go to the scene of action. People were in motion by four o'clock in the morning; and in the streets which served as the principal thoroughfare towards the place of contest, the doors and windows of the houses displayed numerous groups of inhabitants eager to witness the departure of the *Fancy*. The road to North Walsham, which is, in some parts of it, truly delightful and picturesque, particularly where an arch is erected over the road, near the seat of—— Peters, Esq. was thronged with carriages, equestrians, and pedestrians. To give some idea of the appearance which the route presented, it may be mentioned that at least 1200 vehicles of various descriptions are ascertained to have passed over Coltishall Bridge. By ten o'clock, North Walsham was literally crammed

with strangers; and the arrival of persons continued, up to two o'clock, so numerous, from all the roads leading to the fight, as to baffle description.

In the field, a stage of 100 yards in length was erected for spectators. And a circle of about 60 waggons was formed round the outer roped ring, at about ten yards' distance from it, which was also filled with spectators. In the space between the outer and inner ropes some few persons were likewise admitted. The ring was similar to that of the Pugilistic Club, and the stakes were also of the same colour: upon the whole, it was better made; and the accommodation it afforded to the spectators as well as to the combatants was far superior to the London ring. £50 were collected at the gate (the Pedestrians being made to *tip*); and also the stage produced £80. The greatest order prevailed: the decorum of the thing was kept up by *Shelton*, *Randall*, *Turner*, *Scroggins*, *Eales*, *Josh. Hudson*, *Harmer*, *Purcell*, *Teasdale*, *Warkley*, *&c.* And the immense concourse of persons assembled (faces above faces rising "in amphitheatric pride") exhibited an extraordinary and an interesting sight.

About a quarter before one o'clock, *Oliver*, dressed in white trowsers, a black waistcoat, and a green great coat, made his appearance, and threw up his hat in the ring, followed by the Champion of England *(Cribb)* and *Belcher*, as his seconds; a partial clapping of hands took place. Some little time elapsed, and PAINTER not making his appearance, *Cribb* asked one of the Norwich Committee *where* PAINTER *was.* The question had scarcely escaped the lips of *Cribb*, when enthusiastic shouts of approbation announced the

approach of PAINTER. Upon throwing up his hat in the ring, the shouting round it was universal; and the clapping of hands, and the noise of upwards of 30,000 persons, operated upon the ear like a roar of artillery. PAINTER was without his coat, and on entering the ring, he, in the true British style, immediately and cordially shook hands with *Oliver*. *Spring* and *Paul* attended upon PAINTER.

Some demur took place respecting the division of what is termed the *Gate-Money*,* *Oliver* claiming half the cash taken for admissions upon the stage, and also the money collected in the 60 waggons upon the ground. This claim was resisted by the Norwich Committee, who insisted that the stage and waggons were an entire gift to PAINTER. Here *Cribb* offered to bet a guinea that no fight would take place. The articles were now resorted to, and a gentleman from London, one of the Umpires, decided that, according to the articles, *Oliver* was not entitled to the stage or the waggons, although the latter did offer to pay half of the expenses. This knotty point being settled, the *scratch* was made, and a toss-up took place between *Cribb* and *Spring* for the shady side of the ring, which was won by the latter. The combatants then stripped—the colours, *yellow* for PAINTER, and *blue* for *Oliver*,

* Respecting the *division* of the "GATE-MONEY," it seems that Mr. Jackson's opinion is, "that all moneys taken upon the ground are, in point of right and justice, belonging to both of the combatants, who are the primary cause of the multitude assembling, and, in consequence thereof, it ought to be fairly divided between them, without any *reservation* whatever."

were tied to the stakes; the ceremony of all the parties' shaking hands was not forgotten; the anxious moment so long wished for by the amateurs had now arrived, and the boxers prepared to set to: 5½ to 4 were the real odds upon the ground.

First round.—Oliver appeared in good condition (under the training of Clark). He fought in striped silk stockings; and the symmetry of his fine form was not only attractive to the amateur, but the lovers of anatomy had before them a capital subject to descant upon in the beauty and action of the muscles. Painter was also in *tip-top* trim; and although he had been reduced in *training* nearly two stone, yet he was effective for every purpose required of him. Indeed, the manly appearance of both the combatants must have proved a treat for an Abernethy or a Carlisle. On the men placing themselves in fighting attitudes, caution was the order of the day. After eyeing each other for about a minute, Oliver made an offer to hit, when Painter got away; Oliver in turn, now got away from a hit made by Painter. Oliver hit short.—Painter endeavoured to put in a tremendous hit, which was stopped in first-rate style by his opponent. Painter got away from another hit. Oliver stopped a heavy hit, and gave a loud *hem*, as if for breath. Both of the combatants seemed a little tired of holding up their arms, and stood still and looked at each other. —Painter put in a tremendous hit on Oliver's neck.—*(Great applause.)*—Painter ran in to follow up his success, but Oliver stopped him with the accuracy of a Randall.—*("Bravo" from the Cockneys—that's the way, Tom.)*—Some heavy hits were exchanged, and in closing Painter endeavoured to fib Oliver, when the latter, in the first style of the pugilistic art, broke away from him.—*(Applause from all parts of the ring).*—Both of the men were *piping* a little, and Oliver gave Painter a slight tap on the body. Both in turn stopped most scientifically. Painter put in two hits, severe exchanges. and the men again broke away from each other. Oliver hit Painter on the nose, when the combatants fought themselves into another close, and Painter was again attempting the *weaving* system, when Oliver used Tom Owen's stop for a short period, till Painter got away in gallant style.—*(A very loud burst of applause, and "Norwich for ever," from the* YOKELS.) Oliver and Painter now made themselves up for tremendous hitting, and neither ROLAND, O'SHAUNESSY, nor an ANGELO, could have parried off an

assault with finer effect. (*"Beautiful, beautiful!" were the exclamations of the admirers of scientific pugilism.*)—Painter put in another severe hit on Oliver's cheek. The men closed, and in a struggle for the throw, Oliver got Painter down. (Rather better than ten minutes had elapsed. The Norwich people were loud in their applause, and 7 to 4 was offered on Painter.)

Second.—The first blood was now decided, as it was seen trickling down from Painter's nose. Oliver endeavoured to plant a *nobber*, which Painter stopped, and laughed at him. This second round was longer than the first, but the caution and mode of fighting were exactly the same. Oliver got a hit on the nose, that produced the *claret;* he also broke away from a close in great style, and gave Painter so severe a blow on his right cheek, like the cut of a knife, that *red ink* was the result. Oliver put down his hands, and both the combatants seemed exhausted from the length of the round. In closing Painter *weaved* down Oliver at the ropes.—The applause on this event was loud indeed; and the delight depicted on the *mugs* of the *Norwichers* is above description: two to one was the "*time of day*," and it was all happiness for the countrymen. Twenty-four minutes had now elapsed.

Third.—This round Oliver appeared rather to more advantage; he nearly closed Painter's right eye, and, to prevent being fibbed, he held his hand at the ropes, and ultimately got him down.

Fourth.—This was a sharp set-to. Some hard exchanges, and both down very much distressed.

Fifth.—Oliver hit Painter's left cheek, and produced the *claret* in a *twinkling;* but, in a short rally, Oliver's face was *claretted* all over; and from a tremendous hit on the side of the head, he went down—29 minutes. Another *roar of artillery.* The *red rags* of the countrymen were now going at *seventeen miles an hour;* and although they did not like to bet much, they thought it was so safe to Painter, that it was *Norwich Cathedral to 'No Where,' and no chance to win.*

Sixth and Seventh.—Both *piping* a little; and Oliver broke away from the *weaving*, but, after some sharp exchanges, both went down in struggling for the throw.—37 minutes.

Eighth.—One minute, and no hit made. Oliver at length put in a sharp *facer*, which was returned in a counter one by Painter—*(long pause.)* Oliver met Painter in the front of the head, as he was coming in to *mill.* Severe exchanges, till both

down.—The Norwich people were silent, and exhibited symptoms of fear for the result.

Ninth.—Painter's right eye was rather troublesome to him, and he put up his finger; but he hit Oliver hard upon the side of his head. Some sharp blows passed to the advantage of Oliver, who now with great force *floored* Painter. The scene was now changed—the Cockneys all alive: The *swag* is now for London—it's all *U-P*, and any *Yokel* may have 5 to 1, if he *fancies* it.

Tenth.—Oliver had rather the best of this round—but in struggling for the throw, Painter fell upon him so heavily, that it operated like "*Bellows to mend!*"

Eleventh.—Oliver made a good hit; but at the ropes he was again got down. It was still thought he would *win it*, by the Londoners; and no *blunt* was wanting to support him.

Twelfth and Last.—Oliver made play and put in a sharp *facer*, and got away; in fact, he generally showed fight first. Two terrible counter hits occurred, and both of the combatants went back. Some sharp blows passed between them, when Painter followed up Oliver to the ropes, where the latter received a tremendous blow upon his temple, that *floored* him; and when TIME was called, he could not appear at the *scratch*. The hat was now thrown up, and victory proclaimed for Painter.

Oliver, when he recovered from the state of insensibility into which the last blow had thrown him, rose (as if from a trance) from his second's knee, and going up to PAINTER, said, "*I am ready to fight.*" "No," said PAINTER; "*I have won the battle:*" upon which *Oliver*, in the utmost astonishment, asked his second why he had not picked him up sooner? The reply was, "*Why, Tom, I could not wake you.*" PAINTER walked two or three times round the ring after the fight, and then returned to North Walsham. *Oliver*, after resting himself upon his second's knee for about a minute, dressed himself, put the yellow handkerchief round his neck, and set himself down upon some straw

to see the next fight: however, he did not wait for it. It was over in 51 minutes. *Oliver* has declared to several of his friends since, that the blow operated upon him like the severity of a shock of lightning. It rendered him totally insensible to the passing scene. It is worthy of remark, that *Tom Belcher*, on wiping *Oliver*, and assisting to put on his clothes, observed, "*Now this is a quiet fight—this is what I like.*"

Oliver's face scarcely betrayed any marks of *punishment:* it was rather swelled. Painter, in point of appearance, had received the most about the head; but neither of the combatants could be said to be much hurt. PAINTER showed great activity and goodness upon his legs, and he also stopped in good style. The *Londoners* were much mortified at this "*chance blow*," as they termed it; and many of them were *cleaned out in prime twig*. *Oliver* appeared greatly dejected in his mind upon losing the battle; but the *punishment* that both the combatants received, was so truly light for such heavy men, that they were up at an early hour the next morning to breakfast. The *Londoners* feel very *angry* upon the subject; and many of them have observed, they should have wished to have seen about four more rounds, to have decided which had proved himself the best man, when in a state of *distress*. The *Yellow Flag* was hoisted upon a waggon on the ground, and three loud cheers were given all round the ring for PAINTER.

During the second contest, a most tremendous black-looking cloud informed the spectators that a *rare sousing* was in preparation for them; and *Martin* and *Sampson* fought ten rounds in a heavy shower, un-

mindful of its "*pitiless peltings.*" A third battle would have taken place for a purse of £20, between *Teasdale* and young *Belasco;* but the *storm* soon cleared the ring. The hedges were now resorted to, and hundreds sought for shelter even under the slightest sprig or a bush: and those who *scampered* off to North Walsham, had not a dry thread about them long before they reached it. The *daffy* and *eau de vie* were tossed off like milk, to put the *toddlers* (who were as exhausted as drowning rats) in *spirits.* In short, the road beggared all description—it was a fine *finish* to the fight—and the *Bonifaces* never had such liberal customers before; so that they might very fairly exclaim —"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

Numerous *fair ones* also graced the ring with their presence: and who also seemed to feel, with much animation, that "*none but the brave deserve* the FAIR." The *courage* of these females was likewise so *out-and-out,* that the rain could not drive them from their situations; and the trifling inconvenience of a *draggled tail* appeared beneath their notice, in comparison to their enjoying the above display of manhood.

Very long before the *Fancy* reached Norwich, both men and horses were dead beat—and many of the bone-setters and Rosinantes refused to answer the whip. Several vehicles were *floored,* but the lads found so many *soft places* from the heavy rain, that no *grumbling* occurred. The *topper-makers* and *stampers* had the best of it next day, and have also not been idle since. The "glorious" *seventeenth of July* (a *Waterloo* day in the Annals of Pugilism) will be long remembered by the amateurs of Norwich—and, by the

knowing ones, it will not soon be forgotten; for though they came down in *full feather*, yet many of them were so *cleanly plucked*, that they could scarcely find *plumage* enough to wing their way back to the Metropolis. An *illumination* was only wanted to complete the happiness of the Norwich *fanciers*.

At a public dinner company at North Walsham, after the battle, PAINTER, on his health being drank, repeated the declaration he had made previous to his encounter with *Oliver*, that he would never fight again.

This little place was literally *drained* of every article it possessed in the *eating line* in the course of an hour or two; and as to the Hollands, Rum, Brandy, and Wine, the rapid demand for all these *renovators* of the constitution (but in this instance applied *medicinally*, as preventives against taking cold), beggared all description. The *Bonifaces* were obliged, in fact, to send off for fresh supplies. It was like a town besieged; and thousands of persons were compelled, nevertheless, to proceed on their journey through the rain, as not the slightest accommodation could be afforded to them; every bed at the inns being occupied—the rooms all crowded—not a stable or shed for a horse—and the vehicles that did remain at this place were compelled to stand out in the torrents of rain. Several of the *gay boys* did not return to *Norwich* for a day or two, until they had got well *dried* without, and to prevent any more accidents, also well *wet* within. *Fun*, *larking*, *chaunting*, *dancing*, and being in SPIRITS, was the "time of day" at NORTH WALSHAM; and the harmless, *astonished* natives were lost, as it were, for a short period, in

viewing the tricks played off by the above Metropolitan *Kids*, and who were also not *shy* in whispering "*soft nonsense*" into the *listeners* of the females belonging to the *Yokels!* but in *romping* with some of them, a few of the *ladies*, it is said, received instructions respecting some *new movements*, and the *game* attached to the *ring!*

The sporting houses, and most of the inns, in the city of Norwich, had what is termed a "*good innings*," resulting from the above fight; and a large *dollop* of *blunt* was got rid of in the *peck* and *booze* way. The bowling-green, at *Gurney's*, was a sort of *Corinthian* set-out upon this occasion, and numerously attended. PAINTER'S house, in Lobster Lane, was also overflowing with company; and *Wakeley's* was not forgotten by the *Fancy*. *Osborne's*, the George Inn, in St. Stephen's, was the attraction for a *chaunt;* and from a *dispensation* granted by the President of the *Daffies*, the *Daffy Club* was held here for three nights. The "Lads of the Fancy," and several other sporting songs, were also given with peculiar *naïveté*, by several of the members, and the whole was conducted with great *spirit;* the Metropolitans being determined to keep the "game alive" during their stay at Norwich.

Scroggins, *Purcell*, *J. Hudson*, and *Belasco*, sen. offered to *accommodate* any person of their weight in Norwich: as did also *Teasdale* and young *Brown*.

The following *crambonian* sporting effort was circulated throughout the city of Norwich, on the evening the fight was over, and bought up with great avidity at *One Penny* each; which, for the *amusement* of the amateurs in general, we insert:—

THE BATTLE BETWEEN

PAINTER AND OLIVER.

By S. LANE.

On Monday morning early, the road began to line,
And half the City was on the march that they might be in time,
Whole waggon-loads of weavers were crowded altogether,
And luggage-carts with ramping snobs stuck close to one another.

And some who could get nothing else were mounted upon donkeys;
And muck-carts full of Johns, with all their aunts and uncles;
There were hungry tailors, half asleep, and crowded out so soon,
'Twas the greatest wonder in the world how they kept awake till noon.

'Twas laughable to see how they threw their legs about,
Whilst in gentle streams the drops of sweat came trickling down their snouts;
And when they got to Walsham, where some no money had,
The best thing that they could have done was all to have went to bed.

At one o'clock, or thereabouts, *Oliver* came in the ring,
And after looking at the ground his hat he up did fling;
And afterwards came PAINTER, the favourite of Norwich;
And gallantly they both set-to, for neither wanted courage.

And now much sparring did take place, and each did show great skill;
The claret soon began to flow, and every blow did tell;
The odds before the fight began were all in favour of PAINTER,
But after they set-to some time the knowing ones did banter.

For the friends of PAINTER, though they knew his bottom was so good,
They likewise saw that *Oliver* most manfully he stood:
A friend of PAINTER's ably he seconded his man;
And *Oliver* was seconded by *Cribb*, that champion of great fame.

Much science did they both display in fighting the first round,
Which lasted sixteen minutes, when both of them went down;
But as they fought half-minute time they soon were up again,
And now at each succeeding round some desperate blows were given.

One of the knowing ones called out, that he'd lay two to one,
And to learn him good behaviour got horsewhipp'd for his fun;
And because he did not relish it, and being full of mettle,
A row was caused against the ropes which made another battle.

The Londoners they now began to look most deuced shy,
And the devil a one among them a single bet would lay;
And when they fought eleven rounds, and *Oliver* gave in,
Began to pull their purses out with a disappointed grin.

And full fifty-five minutes the battle it did last,
And harder fighting ne'er was seen than had been from the first;
But the Cockneys were dissatisfied, and some of them did swear
That *Oliver* gave up so soon he did not use them fair.

And now another fight began, to finish up the day,
When *Sampson* and a baker show'd some scientific play;
But while they were a fighting the rain came down so sweetly,
And the fighters and the lookers on they both got soak'd completely.

But still like drowned rats they fought, nor thought about the weather,
And it wouldn't have been at all amiss to have knock'd their heads together;
But the baker had the best on't, and *Sampson* gave it in,
And at night they all, well satisfied, to Norwich back they came.

PAINTER'S BENEFIT AT NORWICH.—On Saturday night (July 15), previous to the fight, the amateurs of Norwich gave a benefit to PAINTER, at the White Swan Inn. It was crowded almost to suffocation; so anxious, it should seem, were the people of this city

to promote the interest of PAINTER. Six hundred persons were present. But most of the *fighting-men* who came from London (and so great a number were never seen together in the county before) expressed themselves, *that it was* UNHANDSOME CONDUCT of PAINTER *thus to* ANTICIPATE, *and deprive them of getting a* GUINEA; or, *else he had a right to admit them to a share of the profits attached to his night.*" This request was positively refused by the friends of PAINTER, who, in reply, stated, "that PAINTER himself had nothing to do with the benefit in question, as it was done by a committee of gentlemen, who intended to present the profits of the night, as a gift, and likewise as a token of their respect, to the above pugilist." In consequence of this answer, and it having been also mentioned publicly, that PAINTER had said, he did not want any of the "*London men* to second him," the principal part of the boxers did not exhibit for him. But so great was the wish of the sporting people at Norwich to witness a combat between *Randall* and *Turner*, that it was deemed expedient by the above committee, to engage the NONPAREIL and the *Welchman* at a handsome sum, to prevent disappointment. *Turner* and *Spring* also exhibited: and *Oliver*, accompanied by his friend *Clark*, looked in, just by way of a friendly call, to show that no animosity existed between him and his brave opponent, and shook hands together; but TOM soon departed.

In order to render the connexion complete, we are induced to insert in this place,

PUGILISM AT NORWICH,

For two Subscription Purses, between WEST COUNTRY DICK *and* REDGREAVES; *and also* JOSHUA HUDSON *and* BELASCO, *senior.*

In consequence of the storm having separated the amateurs rather in a *hurry* at North Walsham, on Monday, July 17, at the close of *Martin* and the *Birmingham Youth's* battle; and the FANCY having recovered themselves a little from the drowning effects of the "pitiless showers" they had experienced, a *novice* of the name of REDGREAVES offered himself to the notice of a London *Swell*, for a turn-up with DICK. It was thought REDGREAVES was a *Yokel;* but, upon further scrutiny, it turned out that he was a *Clerkenweller*, and, like some others of the *milling tribe*, fancied he could fight a bit, and was determined to *chance* it. DICK, the *game* little DICK, always ready to improve his circumstances, did not value giving a few pounds in weight to his opponent; and after the London manner, this battle took place in an elegant room, by candle-light, and only a *choice* few were admitted to the exhibition, and who likewise *tipped* to make up the purse. At 11 o'clock on Tuesday night, July 18, *Dick* stripped, and *Randall* and *Shelton* took him under their especial care; and *Redgreaves* was well attended by *Purcell* and *O'Donnel*. 5 to 4 on *Dick*.

First round.—Dick, without hesitation, went to work, in order to ascertain what sort of *pluck* this *new customer* possessed; but Redgreaves was not intimidated, and returned the compliment as quiet as his opponent, and the result was, that Dick went down.

Second.—Redgreaves seemed full of fight, and a hard hitter; and also exchanged blows with his adversary in a manly manner. Dick put in a tremendous *nobbing* right-handed blow, but in a struggle was thrown.

Third.—Dick's *nob* received some sharp *pepper* in this round; but he nevertheless got Redgreaves down.

Fourth.—A complete *milling* round on both sides. Redgreaves had none the worst of it, when both went down.

Fifth.—Redgreaves got Dick under his arm, and *fibbed* him heavily, but the latter extricated himself, turned round, and went down.

Sixth.—Dick missed a heavy blow, and fell down.

Seventh.—This was a good round. Redgreaves showed he was a heavy hitter, and nearly broke the ribs of Dick. The latter gnashed his teeth, and went down.

Eighth.—Dick was thrown heavily.

Ninth.—Dick put in a tremendous bodier, that gave his opponent some losing notions. But Dick went down.

Tenth.—Redgreaves came up to the scratch cruelly distressed; and Randall offered a guinea to a crown that he would not fight above another round.

Eleventh and last.—Dick unscrewed the *pepper-box*, and dealt out the *punishment* so hard and fast, that Redgreaves went down, but could not come to the scratch. It was over in 15 minutes. Dick got £9, and Redgreaves £2 10s. The ribs of the former were terribly swelled. Redgreaves was not a very *easy* customer, and the *well-breech'd* YOKELS pronounced it a most manly fight.

SPARRING AT THE PANTHEON.—Previous to the above fight, as a sort of a general benefit, this elegant and well-adapted place for an exhibition of sparring, only attracted together a very small *sprinkling* of the amateurs, to witness the scientific efforts of the following boxers of the London ring. *Randall* and *Turner; Harmer* and *Shelton; Purcell* and *Joshua Hudson; Eales* and *Spring; Scroggins* and *West Country Dick;* and the *Westminster Sprig of Myrtle, Young*

Brown, and *Redgreaves*. Such a union of *milling* talent had never before been witnessed in Norwich; and thunders of applause crowned all the combats. Indeed, it might be said, that "*applause*" was the principal thing these boxers obtained, for after dividing the contents of the treasury, it merely produced 13*s.* 6*d.* each. It was the intention of these pugilists, in the first instance, to have dismissed the audience, and returned the money, after the manner of provincial theatres, when the receipts at the doors are so trifling as not to be thought worth the trouble and expense of a performance; but it being intimated to the boxers, that some persons of consequence in Norwich were present, and that, if they would commence the *sets-to*, so that no disappointment might be experienced, exertions would be made for them, to produce a good benefit on the Thursday evening following; this proposition was acceded to, and the combatants exerted themselves in the best manner to give general satisfaction. *Redgreaves* having shown some fighting *points* about him, was, in consequence, selected to have a *turn-up* with *West Country Dick*.

JOSHUA HUDSON and BELASCO.—Some little misunderstanding having occurred on Wednesday, July 19th, between an amateur of Norwich and *Belasco*, sen., the latter challenging the amateur with offering his brother a sum of money to fight a ⋈ with the Bergh-Apton groom, the amateur offered *Josh. Hudson* the sum of five pounds if he would give the *Jew* a thump of the head for his insolence. This, however, passed over; but when the *Sherry* was going round quickly, at Gurney's Bowling-green, in company

with numerous *Swells* from the *Long Town*, as Paddy terms it, and some *chaffing* occurred between these old opponents, *Hudson* struck *Belasco;* this was enough, and which was the best man was decided instantly, upon an elegant Turkey carpet; *Spring* supporting the claims of *Joshua Hudson*, and the *Master of the Rolls* giving his assistance to the scientific *Israelite*. Thirty-five rounds were contested in the most spirited manner; occupying upwards of forty minutes. *Hudson* was terribly punished about the head; but such was his determined courage, that although his shoulder went out two or three times, and was reduced to its proper situation by *Spring*, yet he insisted upon renewing the battle, and continued the fight, till *Belasco* observed, they were both weak, and that, as he should get nothing, he *(Belasco)* would not contend any longer; but that he would fight *Hudson* for 100*l.* in London, at any time the latter would appoint. *Belasco*, in point of time, won the fight, as he waited upwards of one minute while the shoulder of *Hudson* was reduced. The *Birmingham Youth* gave his bets, two guineas, as did *Spring*, one guinea, to *Hudson*. *Belasco* received a dreadful hit on his right eye, but this blow, the Jew asserts, was given him previous to fighting. *Hudson* was rather inebriated, and the next morning, in company with *Scroggins*, went to an eminent surgeon, who not only pronounced that his shoulder had been "out of its place," but advised *Hudson* to take great care of himself, as he would not be enabled to enter the ring again for at least a twelvemonth.

SPARRING A SECOND TIME AT THE PANTHEON.—In consequence of the "*promise*" which had been

made to the London pugilists, mentioned in the preceding pages, they were induced to take another benefit on the Thursday evening, July 20th. But this turned out equally as bad; the combatants sharing even less money!

It is evident, that NORWICH, for upwards of a week, exhibited a rare scene for fun, frolic, and betting among the *Fancy;* and it also "*came off right*" to the *Country Volks*, as the great main of cocks, fought between London and Norwich, was also won by the latter. The *Londoners* were all in it, and "*Pockets to Let*" were the distinguished features of the *Cockneys*.

To conclude, the advantages that ultimately must result from the preceding conquest, to PAINTER, are incalculable. It not only establishes his fame as a pugilist, but it establishes his house for all the sporting people in the county of Norfolk to call at whenever they visit the above city. It is said, that he realized £500 by his defeat of *Oliver*. It is true, that many ill-natured remarks have been made upon the termination of this battle; nay more, that it was positively a ⋈ between the combatants. It is the duty of an impartial writer to mention this circumstance; indeed, he could not pass it over. But it is equally his duty to observe, that nothing like PROOF has been offered to substantiate it was a ⋈. *Oliver* was challenged with making a ⋈ of it, both at Norwich and in London. In the presence of the writer of this article, and also before a whole room full of company, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, *Oliver* thus expressed him-

self upon the subject. "He *(Oliver)* had heard, that *Kean* was considered as a fool to him, in representing the act of *fainting;* but he declared to the Almighty God, that it was not only cruel but unjust to put such a charge upon him, and, as a family man, he hoped that he might never go home to see his wife and children again, if he had done any thing wrong in the above battle. He had, most unfortunately for him, lost it, much to his regret and pocket!" No person present offered to refute what *Oliver* had asserted. This is all the writer has to offer upon the circumstance, leaving his readers to form their own comments, and to do that justice which is necessary to all parties. At all events, no man possesses a higher character for a deserving well-behaved man in society, whether in Lancashire, London, or Norwich, than NED PAINTER.

JACK RANDALL.

The PRIME IRISH LAD—the PHENOMENON—the NONPAREIL—and the OUT-AND-OUTER.

Come all ye lads of *milling* fame,
That seek renown in story;
And wish to gain a hero's name
For pugilistic glory!
I sing of ONE NE'ER YET OUTDONE
By Saxon, Dane, or Vandal,
Nay, may be deem'd Old Hector's son—
That fighting-cock, JACK RANDALL.

Oh, Jack Randall!
The *flooring* boy, Jack Randall!
With heart and voice,
The Fancy's choice,
The conquering Jack Randall!

HIGHLY as we might have praised the NONPAREIL in the second volume of this work, (page 260,) but not more, we trust, than he deserved as a pugilist of extraordinary pretensions, he has, notwithstanding, added considerably to his *milling* reputation. It happens to the lot of few, very few boxers indeed, to quit the *Prize Ring*, however successful, without having experienced DEFEAT. RANDALL has most certainly realized for himself that flattering event: nay more, we never heard that in any of his *skirmishes* victory had ever deserted him. It is also due to RANDALL to observe, that he did not take his leave of the *ring* in a precipitate manner, but, on the contrary, he gave a public challenge to fight any one of his weight for £500 a-side. He also reduced the sum to £300, and left an open space of two months, in order that it might come within the reach of any boxer, whose friends felt an inclination to take up the challenge. It was thought by the most experienced amateurs, that RANDALL had a right to make a stand at £300.

In the short period of four years, he won, in the highest style of excellence, 12 battles; and it is said, that with the presents he received, in addition to the battle moneys, the sum amounted to upwards of £1200. But RANDALL was of too generous a disposition to grow rich. In fact, he wanted experience; and it seems, in rendering of services, and spending his mo-

ney amongst what are termed *friends*, RANDALL found himself not altogether unlike the Jack Tars of Old England, "who earn their money like horses, and then spend it like asses," and who ultimately are compelled to go to sea for more. So it was with the NONPAREIL, after his first three or four battles, that he again turned into the prize ring to procure a fresh supply of *blunt*. But, at length, PROPRIETY *whispered* to RANDALL, that he had a wife to take care of, and he might also have a small family to provide for; but, above all, that a man cannot fight all his life and be successful. There is a time for all things. RANDALL, it appears, felt the necessity of these remarks, and acted accordingly. A public-house at length presented itself, the sign of the *Hole in the Wall*, Chancery-lane, and RANDALL opened it with a sporting dinner, under the patronage of his friend General BARTON, and Mr. JACKSON officiated as the president.

The amateurs had it in contemplation to present RANDALL with a piece of silver plate, as a token of their estimation of his courage and talents as a boxer; but, upon reconsidering the subject, *a pipe of wine*,* it was thought, might be of more essential service to him, as a young beginner in his character of a *publican*, than placing an ornamental cup in his bar to look at.

RANDALL, it will be seen, is not a *precise* fighter, as to stated periods; nor does he stand upon *niceties*,

* We have not ascertained whether Randall ever realized either of the above articles; but we know it was *talked* about.

but is at all times ready for a *brush*, and is equally as good and as *decisive* in a room, as his *getting away* qualities are conspicuous in the ring.

BOXING EXTRAORDINARY.

The superlative *milling* qualities possessed by the "*prime Irish lad*" were again most decidedly witnessed in a *turn-up* with *M'Carthy*, on Monday evening, April 6, 1818, as they were *relaxing* their *cares* at *Tom Reynolds's* Free and Easy club, in Drury Lane, where the conduct of *M'Carthy* was considered to operate in an opposite degree towards realizing *harmony*, and was in consequence promptly called to "order" by RANDALL. *M'Carthy*, who is a stone heavier than RANDALL, defied his power, accompanied with some marks of contempt; and *argument* not being the *forte* of either of the men, an appeal to the laws of honour was immediately decided upon, as the fairest and quickest mode of putting an end to the dispute in question. The formalities of the ring were adhered to, notwithstanding the confined space of the room; and seconds and bottle-holders were also not wanting. In the course of fifteen rounds, occupying twenty-five minutes, the *nob* of *M'Carthy* was so *chanceried*, that "the fight" was completely *hit* out of him. One of RANDALL'S *peepers* was rather *blackened*, but in other respects he retired from the contest scarcely any thing the worse for the row. The head of *M'Carthy* was truly *terrific*—he had not the slightest *chance* towards victory. HARMONY was at length restored—the *clouds* were quickly again in operation—the *chaunts* too, throwed off in all the gaiety of "a bit of life"—a drop of *blue-ruin* obliterated all thoughts of the *interregnum*

which had occurred, and the *lads of the Fancy* concluded the evening with all the happiness of the old adage—"Why should we quarrel for riches?" &c.

To conquer RANDALL seemed the enviable object of all the *light weights;* and a new *customer* accordingly offered himself, of the name of *Burke*, from Woolwich, for 100 guineas a-side. He was a fine, strong young man, taller than RANDALL, and possessing great confidence in his own abilities. *Burke* was also thought highly of by the officers at Woolwich, from the *capabilities* he had displayed in two or three *bouts*, and he was backed without any hesitation whatever; indeed, his friends had quite made up their minds as to his success. Equally so did the partizans of RANDALL; but, as to himself, he viewed this contest with the most perfect indifference; in fact, victory appeared so easy to him, that it might be urged, he did not undergo the usual preparation of *training*. The day at length arrived, Tuesday, June 16, 1818, when the battle was to have been fought at *Moulsey Hurst*, but the magistrates interfered. Combe Wood was the next bit of turf selected for the contest to take place, when a second interruption occurred from the *presence* of the *beaks*. However, this dilemma was soon got rid of, and the parties made the best of their way towards Wimbledon Common, followed by the anxious cavalcade. The ring was made almost in a *twinkling*, and *Burke*, followed by *Oliver* and *Clarke*, as his seconds, entered the ropes, and threw up his hat. RANDALL almost immediately repeated the token of defiance, attended by *Paddington Jones* and *Dick Whele*. Seven to four on RANDALL.

First round.—Burke appeared an active, fine young man, on stripping, and seemed also in good condition. He was anxious to go *to work*, and soon let fly: Randall also turned to, and, in closing, the *prime Irish lad* got his opponent's *canister* under his arm, and he *served it out*, as a clown in a fair operates on a salt box, and, when tired, he threw Burke. *Rare chaffing* from the MURPHIES, and 2 to 1. *Why, it's Crow-street Theatre to a puppet-show!*

Second.—Burke was not quite so eager, and found more caution and a little sparring necessary. Randall again felt for his *nob*, when the *claret* peeped, and first blood was declared for the *Nonpareil*. In closing, both down.

Third.—This was a short round, Burke falling from a slight hit.

Fourth.—Burke could not protect his *nob;* in fact, it was in complete *chancery*,* and he had no idea of getting it out. His head was quite altered; and in a close, both down, but Burke undermost.

Fifth.—More *chancery* practice on the part of Randall, and he played off upon his opponent's *nob*, without any return. Randall again got Burke down.

Sixth.—This was a severe *milling* round; and Burke showed Randall that he must not be treated with contempt;

* By way of *illustration* of the *severity* of the CHANCERY PRACTICE; and perhaps what might have given rise to the above phrase so much *fancied* at present, by some of the comical wights connected with the prize ring, we are induced to insert *Bishop Warburton's* OPINION *of the Court of Chancery*. "As unfit as I am for Heaven, I had rather hear the last trumpet than a citation from the Court of Chancery. If ever you have seen Michael Angelo's LAST JUDGMENT, you have there, in the figure of the *Devil*, who is pulling and lugging out a poor sinner, the true representation of a Chancery Lawyer who has catched hold of your purse." This may be very severe *punishment* indeed on one's purse; but whoever has seen RANDALL administer the *chancery practice*, when he has got his opponent's head under his *consideration*, will hold the comparison, "trifles light as air," as to the *bothering* and decision of his qualities. They are nothing else but *finishing* touches.

or else, he might prove a dangerous customer. Burke again went down in a close, and was also undermost.

Seventh.—Randall stopped well, but he did not display himself to so much advantage as in his previous contests; and he appeared more bent upon running in, and pulling his opponent down, than from decisive hitting. Both down, but Burke undermost.

Eighth.—All fighting: and Burke, it was thought, had rather the best of it.

Ninth.—Burke, very cautious, tried to make the most of his *science*, but went down.

Tenth.—This was a sort of scrambling round, catching hold of each other, and Randall had not only the worst of it, but, in closing, was down and undermost. The *Woolwich boys* were all alive, and gave Burke a lift, by singing out, "Burke for ever, and you'll win it now, if you mind what you're *arter*."

Eleventh.—This round consisted principally in sparring and hugging, till Burke was thrown.

Twelfth.—Confidence, in a boxer, is a most essential requisite; but he ought always to be prepared for his enemy. No strange pugilist ought to be looked indifferently upon, as he may, in the trial, turn out a good one. Burke was rather a difficult man to be got at, from his length and height; and, therefore, it seems, accounts for so much *hugging*. Burke was thrown.

Thirteenth.—Similar to the last; and *disapprobation* expressed by the spectators.

Fourteenth.—Randall, in closing, got his opponent's *nob* upon the fibbing system, but Burke gained the throw, and Randall was undermost.

Fifteenth.—Randall did not make a hit, but rushed in, and got Burke down undermost.

Sixteenth.—Of a similar description.

Seventeenth.—After a few exchanges of no importance, Randall put in a tremendous hit on the neck of Burke, and he went down. (Applause.)

Eighteenth.—In this round, if Burke did not absolutely frighten the friends of Randall, he convinced them he was a better man than they took him to be. The *Nonpareil* put in a heavy hit on his opponent's *nob*, which Burke tremendously

returned with interest upon Randall. The former also put in FOUR heavy hits on Randall's head without receiving any return. In closing, a sharp struggle occurred, till both went down. This altered the face of things a little, and the betting dropped. *The Woolwich boys were all shouting at the success of their hero.*

Nineteenth.—Quite unexpected, Burke had also the best of this round. In a sort of hugging close, both went down. *Great shouting for* Burke.

Twentieth.—Randall now went to work sharply, and gave his opponent a tremendous *facer;* but Burke returned the compliment with interest. Some sharp hits also occurred, till both went down. 7 to 4, and 2 to 1 on Randall.

Twenty-first.—Burke resorted to *science,* but his *nob* was again in *chancery;* and the *punishment* it exhibited was terrific. In closing, both down.

Twenty-second.—It was evident now that Burke was *going* —he appeared extremely weak, and went down from a slight hit. *"It's all your own, Jack,"* and 4 to 1, but no takers.

Twenty-third and last.—Randall seemed as if he was determined to wind up the contest with a grand *climax.* The already *punished* head of Burke again received three additional tremendous hits upon it, that gave it the *roly-poly;* and, in closing, Randall threw his opponent with the utmost indifference. When time was called, Burke could not come, on account, it was said, of his having dislocated his shoulder. It was over *in three quarters of an hour.*

The above contest did not exactly please the friends of RANDALL. It was thought he had been rather too careless, or that he entertained too light an opinion of his opponent. He, however, made some skilful stops, which were much admired; but it was said, he won the fight more from *throwing,* in the first instance, than from his usual method of *hitting.* It should be taken into consideration, that RANDALL had something to do in getting at his opponent, who possessed the superiority of length of arm and height of stature. *Burke* also proved himself a good and confident boxer; and, in all probability, he would have fought for several

rounds more, if his collar-bone had not been dislocated. RANDALL, as usual, retired from the ring with scarcely a *scratch* about his face.

The NONPAREIL had now *disposed* of all his opponents with so much ease and certainty, that the sporting world appeared extremely anxious that *Turner* should enter the lists with him; an opinion being entertained that the latter was the only boxer of the light weights that would have any *chance* towards defeating RANDALL. The superior tactics, and other pugilistic requisites displayed by *Turner* in his victories over *Scroggins*, had rendered him an object of great attraction among the *Fancy* in general. RANDALL was also anxious to fight *Turner*, by way of a *finish* to his efforts; in fact, the NONPAREIL delayed commencing *Publican* on that account ALONE; and two or three good houses had in consequence slipped through his hands. RANDALL was confident, in his own mind, as to the result. VICTORY, and nothing else, appeared as certain to him as if the battle had been over. This, however, was far from the general opinion. But when the following meeting was announced between the above parties, the FANCY were much pleased, and all alive upon the subject:—

Articles of Agreement, October 13, 1818, entered into at Mr. Franklin's, the Lion and Goat, Lower Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square, between John Randall and Edward Turner, to fight for the sum of £100 a-side, on Tuesday, the 1st of December. The above battle to be a fair stand up fight—half-minute time, in a twenty-four foot ring. The place to be named by Mr. Jackson; but the distance from London not to be less than 25, nor to exceed 30 miles. Randall, on the one side, to choose his own umpire, as to a time-keeper, and Turner also to appoint a time-keeper on his part; but, to prevent any disputes, Mr. Jackson to appoint a third umpire, as a

referee, whose decision shall be final. The whole of the above stakes to be made good on Tuesday, the 10th of November, at Mr. Franklin's, between the hours of seven and nine in the evening; but if either Randall or Turner wish to increase the sum to £200 a-side, this latter sum to be made good on Tuesday, the 24th of November. Mr. Jackson to hold the stakes, or any person whom he may appoint. A deposit of £20 a-side was placed in the hands of Mr. Franklin; but if the whole of the stakes of £100 a-side are not made good on the 10th of November, the above deposit to be forfeited according. (Signed) BAXTER—FRANKLIN.

Witness P. E.

RANDALL was the favourite generally; but among the "*tight Irish Boys*" he was as *warmly* supported as when the renowned *Peter Corcoran* took the lead in the Prize Ring, and they urged, by "*all the Saints in the Calendar*," JACK could not lose it. Yet *Turner* was by no means in the back ground upon this subject; and the *Taffies* swore, "*Cot splutter hur nails, hur's sure to win it.*" The cool *knowing ones*, who put *national feelings* out of the case, and who only looked to *winning* the *blunt*, declared it was a complete *puzzle*.

This great match now being made, RANDALL went into *training* on his old but favourite spot, Hampstead Heath; and it might be said, he was rather under the eye and superintendence of a gallant Colonel, his patron, it also being contiguous to the above officer's residence. But RANDALL took up his abode at *Bob Pilch's*, the sign of the Horse and Groom, Hampstead. *Bob's* house was the scene of attraction for the *Fancy*; and it being only a *toddling* distance from town, RANDALL was most numerously visited by all classes of amateurs. A sporting *dinner* was also given by the friends of RANDALL, at *Pilch's*, a few days previous to the battle. This was also well supported.

Upon the side of *Turner*, his friends were equally attentive and upon the alert, and a GAME DINNER was given to the amateurs on Tuesday, November 24, 1818. The London *fanciers*, it seems, notwithstanding a heavy *soaking* day's rain, exhibited too much *gameness* to be deterred from meeting the friends of *Turner* at the Chequers Inn, at Brentwood, Essex, preparatory to the grand combat between him and JACK RANDALL. It was a numerous and most respectable meeting. It is a customary thing upon both sides, tending to give confidence to their heroes. A *gamer* dinner was never witnessed; and the cloth was covered from one end to the other with hares, pheasants, partridges, and venison, served up in the highest style of culinary perfection: the table was also surrounded by *live* GAME, of the true British cast, and not to be equalled, perhaps, in any other part of the world. *Oliver* and *Purcell* on one side; and *Turner* and *Richmond* upon the other. The harmony was of the richest quality; and the songs of Mr. *Webber*, of the Royalty Theatre, were sung with such delightful pathos and manly execution, as to astonish and enrapture his hearers. The "*Nightingale Club*," and several other comic songs, by Mr. *Herring*, of theatrical fame, kept the amateurs in roars of laughter: and also the fine bass singing of Mr. *Higman*, added to some charming duets with Mr. *Webber*, rendered the evening's entertainment "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." *Tom Owen's* "Rum Old Mog," and the "Lads of the Fancy," were given with such flash *naïveté*, by way of a set-off, and hailed as *prime* by all the *brilliants* present. To render the thing complete, the "brave men of the

ring" were toasted by the company, till *hoarseness* almost followed their exertions. *Oliver* and *Richmond*, though *laconic* in their replies, proved their gratitude for this liberal notice; and *Turner* returned thanks for the mention that had been made of his former exertions, and observed, with much modesty and candour, "*that he would win if he could; but, if he lost the match, he trusted that the amateurs would not have to complain that he had not done every thing to give them satisfaction.*" The chairman (Mr. *Baxter*, brother to *Turner*), after the manner of the days of old, and in the true spirit of chivalry, gave the health of "JOHN RANDALL, with three times three, and hoped he would be in good health on the day of combat." This sentiment was received with the same liberallty with which it was given; and drank in the most spirited and animated style. The whole of the meeting was characterized by good order, harmony, and manliness of conduct; and although *milling* was the prominent theme at intervals, yet not the slightest disposition appeared to put it into *practice*. The only bet made during the evening was an even £5, and RANDALL was taken for choice.

The above great match, which, according to the Articles, was to have taken place on Tuesday, Dec. 1, was, in consequence of the death of the Queen, put off, by the consent of all parties, till Saturday, Dec. 5. This circumstance tended, if possible, to increase the sporting *anxiety* upon the event. The day being altered, it was thought expedient, by the betters, to prevent any misunderstanding, to give publicity to the following:—"It may be necessary to inform those

who are not thoroughly acquainted with the rules of betting, that, on account of the above day being altered, all bets that have been laid *since* the match was made *are off*, unless agreed by the parties *to be on*; but all those bets which were laid *before* the match was made, *stand good*." It was even betting at *Tattersall's* on the Monday previous to the fight. This circumstance was attributed to the *Welsh* feeling upon the subject: 5 to 4 was difficult to be got. The above contest being a *war* theme, the Stock Exchange *dabbled* considerably upon the *event*.

STATE AND CHANGES OF THE BETTING, PREVIOUS TO THE FIGHT.—When the challenge was first given by RANDALL, and received by *Turner*, the odds were 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on RANDALL; but this seemed rather to arise from the impetuosity and confidence of his friends, than from a due estimate of his real merits. Consideration soon reduced the odds to 5 to 4, then 21 to 20, and at length only RANDALL for choice.

Even betting followed; and at last *Turner's* friends, who had been upon the reserve, began to show out, and actually offered 5 to 4 the other way. This change was attributed to a report that RANDALL had got a cold in his neck, and was under the necessity of having leeches applied to reduce the tumour which arose in consequence. *Turner's* father, it appears, had offered to take the odds against his son to any amount, and actually produced the *blunt* for a few hundreds, in order to prove his sincerity. The spirit of the *Ancient Briton* was up, and, we understand, that he was instructed by his friends in Wales to support the national

character with becoming dignity. *Tom Belcher* had also £200 sent up to him from Wales, to bet as he thought proper, as to odds, upon *Turner*.

The latter hero, on his leaving Brentwood, dined at *Belcher's*, in Holborn, on Thursday, and in the course of the evening set off for Croydon, where he slept that night. He seemed in high condition and good spirits, and expressed a perfect confidence of success. RANDALL also shifted his quarters from Hampstead, and approached the scene of action. He was likewise full of fire, and was equally sanguine with *Turner*.

On Friday morning the bustle among the *Fancy* was great. Post-chaises, gigs, carts, buggies, waggons, and every description of vehicle, were called into requisition; and, in the course of the day, the road towards Croydon presented a motley assemblage of persons of all ranks. Many, too, who could not muster the means of other conveyance, depended upon their pedestrian qualities, and set out on foot. Every horse on the road was engaged, and hundreds were forced to take up their lodgings under circumstances of no ordinary privation;—indeed, it was considered but a trifling sacrifice, when compared with the pleasure to be derived from being present at the fight.

In the evening, the Castle Tavern, as well as every other house celebrated for the congregation of amateurs, was crowded to excess. *Belcher's* seemed to be the head-quarters, and here betting continued with spirit to the latest hour. RANDALL, notwithstanding it was evident that a strong prejudice existed against him, and although reports were circulated to his dis-

advantage, was restored to favour, and 5 to 4 was freely betted. The friends of *Turner* were not wanting in their boasts, but, while they prophesied his certain success, they were not too ready in accepting the odds. There was no money wanting to back RANDALL, and thousands might have been had as freely as pounds. It was said, that one house in the city had £25,000 depending on the issue of the battle.

At length the eventful Saturday morning arrived. Long before the break of day, the road presented an almost uninterrupted line of carriages from Kennington Common to the field of combat. Every house of public entertainment was filled with customers, who took the bars by storm, and, like a swarm of locusts, devoured all before them; it was utterly impossible, in fact, from the shortness of the notice, to be prepared for so immense a multitude. Horses and masters were alike exposed to privation, and were conjointly obliged to submit to the hardships of the day. It proved a rare harvest for the *Bonnifaces* all along the road, and it was *out-and-out* TIPPING upon every *suit*, as well as the *macing* rigs practised to an extraordinary extent. The *blue ruin* looked *blue* indeed, and the stock of *heavy wet* was increased from the Thames instead of the brewery, *dashing* was so much in repute.

With respect to the former, many, owing to the heaviness of the road, and the great distance from town, were completely knocked up, and this great labour was incurred in vain. The same remark may be made as to pedestrians, the greater proportion of whom were thrown out. This was in some measure owing to a change in the hour for setting-to. The

original time named was two o'clock; but this, with a view to the accommodation of the *Dons*, who were desirous of getting home to dinner, was altered to twelve. An alteration also took place in the ground: the first place named was Copthorp Common, but this was changed for Crawley Downs. The situation was extremely appropriate, on a rising ground; and, although the weather was unfavourable, the turf remained in excellent order. Hundreds laid down upon it, regardless of the damp state of the weather; health or catching of colds were not put into competition with the anxiety felt by the amateurs to see and be near to the fine tactics displayed by these renowned pugilists.

GRAND SCIENTIFIC PUGILISTIC MATCH

BETWEEN

RANDALL and TURNER,

WHICH TOOK PLACE

At Crawley Hurst, in Sussex, 32 miles from London, for 100 *Guineas a-side, on Saturday, December 5,* 1818.

PATS who saw JACK RANDALL fight,
That fill'd the FANCY with delight,
Oh, it was a manly sight,
Such *game* lads to see!

Back'd by the WELCH, NED took his ground,
A better man could ne'er be found,
Showing fine *science* ev'ry round—
And not a *flincher* he!

No pugilistic contest, since the days of *Humphries* and *Mendoza*—*Tom Belcher* and *Dutch Sam*—and *Cribb* and *Molineaux*, it appears, so animatedly excited the interest of the sporting world, as the above battle

between RANDALL and *Turner;* in fact, many of the oldest *Fanciers* assert, that, in point of betting and staking, there is nothing like it upon record. The celebrity *Turner* acquired in defeating the once *terrific Scroggins*, completely established his pugilistic fame, and RANDALL was considered an equal competitor for him; but, in the first instance, it seems, there was some difficulty in making of the match—a sort of *hanging-back*, it was thought, on the part of *Turner*, and the public challenge of RANDALL was unheeded, and it *went off*. In consequence, the latter fought with *Parish* and *Burke*, and *Turner* lived rather free; but, at length, renovating in Wales, he popped hastily up to town, and the match in question was made *off hand*. The talents of the men are both so well known to the sporting world, that it would be superfluous to repeat them; except stating by the way that RANDALL generally was allowed to be the best fighter of the day, and justly laid claim to the title of the *Nonpareil.*—*Turner* was equally an object of attraction, and the words, that he was "*a cautious, dangerous, and awkward man to get at,*" were in the mouths of all his partizans. The *warm feelings* of country also were added to increase the interest of the match; till, at last, it became *Ireland* versus *Wales;* and hundreds of persons, not connected with the ring, sported their money merely from this feeling upon the subject, particularly the *Cambrians*. It would fill a volume to give any thing like the contrariety of opinions which existed upon the subject previous to the fight; and therefore it may be proper in this place, by way of contrast, to give an outline of the battles

won by these heroes of the ring, as a criterion of their achievements:—

RANDALL.

Battles previous to entering the Prize Ring:—

Beat, when a boy, "Young *Snuff*" three times.

When 14 years of age, he defeated *Leonard*, a stone heavier, in three quarters of an hour.

Henshaw, 3 stone heavier, in 25 minutes.

Murphey, a rare big Irish labourer, in 10 minutes.

With *Jack the Butcher*, in a few rounds.

In the Prize Ring.

Walton, August 26, 1815, 10 minutes.

Dodd, April 24, 1816, 25 min.

Borrock, May 28, 1816, 12 min.

West-Country Dick, April 3, 1817, 33 min.

Holt, May 20, 1817, 25 min.

Belasco, Sept. 30, 1817, 54½ min.

Parish, Nov. 27, 1817, 53 min.

Burke, June 16, 1818.

Dan M'Carthy, in a close room. (see page 161.)

TURNER.

Battles previous to entering the Prize Ring:—

Balch, was beat in one hour, when Turner was 19.

Keating, a big one, in 25 min.

M'Neil, Champion of Glasgow, 13 stone, 5 feet 11 inches, in 30 min.

Blacket, at Newcastle, 6 feet 1 inch, and 14 stone, in 40 min.

Youler, a Jew, in 35 min.

Five Watermen in succession, at the Cottage of Content.

In the Prize Ring.

Curtis, Oct. 22, 1816, 1 hour and 25 min.

Scroggins, March 26, 1817—the ring broken in.

Scroggins, June 10, 1817, one hour and 12 min.

Scroggins, Oct. 7, 1817, one hour and 31½ min.

The ages of the men differ but little; *Turner* was born of Welch parents in London, November 2, 1791; and RANDALL, also in London, of Irish parents, November 25, 1794. The latter is in height 5 feet 6 inches, and *Turner* is also in height 5 feet 7 inches; their weight nearly alike. For weeks previous to the fight, the sporting-houses were crowded every evening,

and upon the day being finally settled, the interest increased rapidly. The *toddlers* had no chance to reach the place of action, and even *spare Rosinantes*, hacks, and ragged *drags*, were not to be seen upon the road; it was a *bang-up* set out altogether. Great numbers of the female sex viewed the fight. At a quarter before one o'clock RANDALL appeared in the ring and threw up his hat, attended by his seconds, *Tom Oliver* and *Whele*, greeted with loud cheers; and in a few minutes afterwards *Turner* threw up his hat in turn; and *Owen* and *Richmond* waited upon him, amidst the loudest acclamations from the populace. Twelve to eight upon RANDALL.

First Round.—It is impossible to describe the anxiety impressed upon the countenance of the amateurs on the combatants shaking hands. The attitudes of both the men were interesting to the admirers of pugilism, and neither of them seemed wanting in *condition*. They *eyed* each other with all the acute precision of fencing-masters; and seemed positively almost to look into each other's hearts. It was dodging, dodging, and dodging again; and five minutes had elapsed before a blow had been made, touching the toes of each other all the time.—*(The Champion of England here roared out, who was employed in beating out the ring, "What! five minutes and no blow?")*—At length, after some feints, Turner hit first; when the *prime Irish boy* laughed and got away. The latter, however, was not long in making a return, and he gave Turner a *jawer* and a *ribber*, but not heavily. More feints and dodging. Turner hit short with his right hand, when Randall rushed in and went to *work*. He tried to *fib* his opponent upon his old favourite system, and a severe struggle took place for the throw. Both down, but Turner undermost. Great *shouting* from the partizans on both sides.

Second.—The same caution was manifest on both sides on commencing this round, and long sparring again occurred. Randall gave a *bellier* and got away; he was not long in repeating it, and adding a *facer*. Long sparring. Turner endeavoured to give a tremendous hit with his left hand, but Jack was *leary*, and jumped back two yards. Very long spar-

ring; in fact, it appeared so tedious to those who were only fond of downright *milling*, that many persons called out, "*When shall we get home?*" Turner with much dexterity put in a good hit between Randall's guard. (*Great applause,—"Go it, Neddy."*) The latter gave two facers; and plunged his way to work. The *finish* of this round was truly severe, fibbing and struggling till both went down. Twenty minutes had elapsed.

Third.—The mouth of Turner seemed to show some tinge of the *claret*, but there was doubt about it. He, however, appeared to breathe very quick, and rather distressed. The *tactics* of both the men were really of the first order of *science;* and it was viewed as astonishing by most of the old amateurs; in fact, it was expressed as "beautiful." Indeed, both of the men were so well prepared, that if the slightest mistake was made, it was not overlooked; and this may account for the extreme caution on both sides. Randall had never any thing like such a *customer* to deal with before; and Turner had no *borer-in* to beat off hand. This round took THIRTEEN MINUTES, and the pauses were so unusually long, that some of the *jokers* advised Tom Owen to have a pipe. Cribb wished for his nightcap, and talked of *pepper*. Old Caleb advised them to go to work, and hit each other's *nobs off!* After numerous feints, the round was finished well: Turner undermost, and Randall fell over him rather awkwardly upon his neck.—25 to 10 was offered on the latter.

Fourth.—From the style of fighting displayed by both of the combatants, it was evident it must prove a long fight. Both anxious, and on the look-out not to give *half a chance* away. Randall put in two body blows. Turner's left hand also told on his opponent's mouth. The hitting and stopping on both sides was *masterly*. Turner's nose was now bleeding copiously; and Randall's face was pinked. Both down. (*Shouts of applause.*)

Fifth.—In this round Randall took the lead; he fibbed his opponent severely, and then fell upon him heavily in going down. "Well done, Jack; that's the way to win it."

Sixth.—To attempt to describe minutely the feints—the pauses—dodgings, &c. would fill a volume; and therefore we must confine ourselves to an explicit but short epitome. Randall spit some blood out of his mouth, when Turner's left hand caught his opponent's nose, and the *claret* ran down into his

mouth. *(Owen vociferated, "I'll have Turner for £100," and "Bravo, Neddy.")* A very long pause ensued, and it almost seemed that neither of the combatants wished to make a hit, so much caution was used. FIFTY MINUTES had elapsed. Turner made a tremendous hit with his left hand, but Randall stopped its effect with fine skill. An exchange of blows. Turner aimed to do something with his right and left hands, but the blows were slight. Randall got away, sucking up his blood, which appeared rather troublesome to him, from his nose. Trifling exchanges. Turner seemed tired, and put down his hands, but they were soon up again, on Randall's offering to hit. Turner threw two blows away, when Randall put in a severe body blow. Another long pause. Randall now put down his hands, just for a moment's ease, when Turner ran in not to lose an opportunity, but Randall laughed, and was prepared for him in an instant. Long pause. Several feints, but no hitting. *(Owen called out for a chair, that he might sit down, to view these scientific men.)* Randall put in a heavy blow in the body; but got a sharp *header* in return. The NONPAREIL seemed to be changing his mode of attack, and trying all for the body. *(Loud cries of* GO TO WORK, *from all parts of the Ring).* Turner was so extremely awkward and dangerous to be got at, that Randall displayed more than his usual caution. Turner stopped a heavy hit. The latter was nearly at the ropes, when the spectators cried out *"That's not fair, Jack, to get him into a corner."* Turner, however, hit Randall on the head, and he also endeavoured again to use his left hand with success, but Randall stopped him. Some fine science was again displayed; and in struggling for the throw Randall was undermost. Turner was now *bleeding* copiously; and the claret was also running down from Randall's nose. A great burst of applause, at the close of this long round; and *"Well done both,"* from all parts of the ring.

Seventh.—This was a tremendous round: and Turner seemed much distressed in coming to the scratch. After a few exchanges, Randall closed, and went sharply to work on the *weaving* system, till they both went down.

Eighth.—This was also a fighting round, and Turner's left hand got into his opponent's face; but Randall in turn put in a sharp bodier. In closing, Turner was thrown.

Ninth.—When Time was called, Turner was about to commence play on Randall's side of the ring, when the latter said, "Keep your own side." This was a gallant round, and

both *fibbed* each other in turn. In going down, Randall had the best of the fall.

Tenth.—This round was full of science, the hitting and stopping on both sides were of the finest order of the art. Turner complained that Randall had trod heavily upon his toe, and said, "Do you call that fair, Jack?" Randall, in reply, answered, "I did not." In struggling for the throw, Turner threw Randall over him. "Bravo, *Neddy*, that's the time of day. There's a tan-yard for you; and the Bermondsey boys will fill it for you," says Owen.

Eleventh.—The best judges were still between hopes and fears upon the subject. Randall seemed to have the best of it; but the *goodness* of Turner was so well known, that he did not even now want for plenty of backers. Randall got Turner into the sun, and put in a tremendous hit on his left eye, that made him *wink* again. He however recovered himself, and gave his opponent a severe one in the bread-basket. In going down, Turner received a hit, which Owen said was foul, and called out to the umpires respecting it; but no notice was taken by the umpires, and it went off.

Twelfth.—Turner hit his opponent right and left; but they did not appear heavy enough to alter the position of Randall, or reduce his strength. However, it was a most desperate round. 7 to 4 on Randall. Both down, and hard *milling*.

Thirteenth.—Randall put in a desperate *snorter*, that sent his *nob* back, and the *claret* followed in torrents; he repeated it, and Turner went down. Randall had now got upon the *head-work*, and left pinking at the body. This was the first knock-down blow, and great shouting followed it.

Fourteenth.—It was really astonishing to witness the *coolness* with which Turner came up to the scratch after the tremendous *punishment* he had experienced in the last round. He also hit out right and left, and some severe exchanges occurred between them. In closing, Turner *fibbed* Randall with some effect, but the former went down. Randall for £100. The *Patlanders* all as gay as if Paddy Courtenay had been playing his pipes to them. "By de Powers, Jack can't lose it; but yet Turner is a fine fellow!"

Fifteenth.—A very sharp round. Good fighting on both sides. In closing, Turner got Randall down, and also uppermost.

Sixteenth.—A considerable pause before a blow was made. Turner, at length, let fly with his left hand on the body; but Randall put in so heavy a blow in Turner's mouth as nearly

to dislodge his ivory, and the *claret* flowed profusely. In closing, Turner *fibbed* his opponent, but he fell down rather weak.

Seventeenth.—In this round, in struggling for the throw, Turner threw Randall out of the ring, and stood up, leaning over the ropes. "Bravo!" and great applause.

Eighteenth.—This round was the most *ruffianing* during the battle. Turner tried to use his left hand desperately, but was stopped. Randall rushed in to *finish* his man in style, but he missed his object. At length they both got into work, till Turner went down exhausted.

Nineteenth.—In this round Turner put in a sharp bodier, when Owen said, "*Good, my boy, every little one helps;*" when Randall's *old forte* broke out with fresh energy—in closing, he *peppered* the face of his opponent, like a footman's stylish knock at a door—it was ditto, ditto, ditto, ditto, till Turner went down covered with blood. ONE HOUR AND THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES.

Twentieth.—Turner, however, came to his time undismayed, and hit left and right, which Randall not only stopped, but again planted a severe *facer*, that brought forth the *claret* in torrents. In closing, both down.

Twenty-first.—Turner hit with his left hand on Randall's nose; and he also went down from the force of his own blow. Randall seemed a little *exhausted* from the work he had to perform, and was also bleeding at the mouth. In fact, this blow seemed to have had more effect than any he had received during the fight.

Twenty-second.—Randall ran Turner down, after an exchange of a few blows.

Twenty-third.—Fibbing, and Turner a bad fall. The latter appeared getting weak; but still full of courage.

Twenty-fourth.—Turner, however, came first to the scratch, with undiminished confidence, and put in a smart right-handed hit on Randall's *mug*. "That's it," said Owen; "you know how to do it—go it again!" In the struggle, Turner also surprised the spectators with the strength that he possessed, in throwing Randall with great violence. ("Bravo, Turner—*you are not beat yet!*") TWO HOURS had now elapsed.

Twenty-fifth.—Turner astonished the ring by his coming up so cheerful; and some of the good judges did not know what to think of it, they said; and that it was not altogether so

safe as many might imagine. Randall planted a slight hit, and slipped down.

Twenty-sixth.—Turner was first at the scratch, and hit Randall right and left, but they were not heavy. Sparring—Randall gave a second knock-down blow. (Tumultuous applause. And some of the *Paddies* singing out for joy, "'Twas on a sweet May morning," &c.) Randall looked at his fallen foe, and stooped down, winking to his friends, as it were, that he thought it all right.

Twenty-seventh.—This was a well-fought round, and Turner put in some good hits. In going down, Randall was undermost. The *water of life* was here given to Randall. At this stage of the battle, upwards of two hours having elapsed, it was truly extraordinary to witness such exertions on both sides. Turner hit Randall right away from him; but the latter followed Turner up, till a terrible struggle took place in closing. Turner also stopped a severe blow aimed at him by Randall, and in return he planted a sharp hit on the Nonpareil's jaw.

Twenty-eighth.—Turner again *nobbed* his opponent with his left hand, but he was *floored* from a tremendous body hit. The *Paddies* now were outrageous in their shouting, and "*It's all your own, Jack. Only one more such, and the battle is over.*" The *Taffies* now looked rather blue; and long faces were the order of the day amongst them.

Twenty-nine.—Notwithstanding the heavy *flooring* hit Turner experienced in the last round, he came up to the scratch as cool as a cucumber. Turner also commenced fighting, and endeavoured to do some execution with his left hand, but Randall stopped him. In a close, both down. TWO HOURS AND TEN MINUTES had expired.

Thirtieth.—Turner left the knee of his second first, and quite satisfied the ring, that the fight was not out of him. He made some good exchanges, till both went down.

Thirty-first.—The face of Turner was dreadful—it was one mass of *claret*—but his eyes were open, and he fought as cool as if he had only commenced the fight. "*Take him away*—he's too *game*," was the cry. "He's an *ancient Briton*," says Tom Owen: "we won't lose it; he's only got a scratch upon his face." "He's an honour to his country," exclaimed a gallant Irish Colonel. "And here's the tight little Irish boy," observed Tom Oliver.—"Both NONPAREILS," from all parts of

the ring. Turner was again *floored* from a severe hit in the body. In this round a circumstance occurred, which might have proved the overthrow of Randall, if it had not been prevented. Baxter offered to bet £5 upon Turner; when Oliver warmly observed, that he would lay him £10 to £5 three times over, and was leaving his man to come and stake; but he was called upon by Randall's patron not to quit him for an instant. Jem Belcher lost the fight with Cribb, in consequence of his second staking the money, thus giving time for Cribb to recover his wind.

Thirty-second.—The brave Turner, undismayed, again met his man; but went down from a blow. While on his second's knee, he was advised to give in; but his manly heart would not suffer him to say NO; his tongue refused its utterance.

Thirty-third.—The state of Turner now appeared so piteous, and his bravery so much the praise of the spectators, that several persons cried out—"Do not let him fight any more." "Don't say that, Gentlemen," replied Owen; "he is worth twenty beaten men!" Turner, however, went down from a *facer*.

Thirty-fourth and last.—The admiration of all the persons present was expressed in viewing Turner again come to the scratch; and although in a state of exhaustion, yet fight cool, collected, and as *game* as a pebble. After some other hits, a blow on the left side of Turner's head *floored* him, that he could not come to time.—TWO HOURS, NINETEEN MINUTES, and THIRTY SECONDS, had elapsed.

The first act of RANDALL, on being pronounced the victor, was to push the crowd away from him, and to clasp the hand of his fallen brave foe, with much zeal and friendship; while *Turner*, nobly disdaining animosity, gently patted the *prime Irish boy* on his back, in token that he was the best man, and had won the battle nobly and in gallant style. The amateurs applauded both of them, and pronounced them the two best BITS OF STUFF, of their weight, in this country.

Turner, it seems, on being repeatedly solicited to

give it in, indignantly spurned such advice, asserting, that he could yet win the battle. His brother *(Mr. Baxter)* at length insisted that he should fight no longer, which put an end to the contest. On victory being declared in favour of RANDALL, *Turner* was immediately carried from the ground, by *Sutton*, in a very distressed state, to a neighbouring farm-house, put to bed, and every attention and assistance administered to his wants that humanity could suggest. It is well known, that heavy as the blows were, added to the extremity of pain he must have felt from the severity of *punishment* he had received, were "trifles light as air," in comparison to the anguish which his mind suffered, at the afflicting recollection to a brave man of defeat. He was very ill, but complained most of the body blows. RANDALL, in the course of the Saturday evening, arrived in town, anxious to meet his *better-half* and son; the latter was about two years old.

RANDALL, from the above victory over the cautious, scientific, and *game Turner*, was fully considered as having *worked* his way to the *top of the tree;* and it was also asserted, by many of the most experienced amateurs connected with the patronage of the Prize Ring, that the late phenomenon, *Dutch Sam*, in the best of his days, must have yielded to the potent arm of the *prime Irish lad*. It is a positive fact, that RANDALL never received instructions from any pugilist whatever: and it is owing to his natural mode of fighting that he has gained all his conquests. It is true, that *Turner* never decidedly took the lead in any one round, but he appeared conspicuous in many of them; and while

RANDALL was *fibbing* his *nob*, he, in turn, was endeavouring to *knock* the wind out of his opponent. This latter essential quality to a boxer, was soon found to be defective in *Turner*. As early as the third round he was piping; which either proved that his condition might have been better, or the tremendous hits of RANDALL floored *condition* as well as *pluck:* but it astonished every one present to see how soon *Turner* recovered himself upon this spoiling suit, from the advantages of long sparring. RANDALL was not long in acquiring the appellation of the "*prime Irish lad*;" but his talents for serving out were so manifest, from his conquests over *West Country Dick*, *Holt*, *Belasco*, and *Parish*, in the short space of seven months, that he was hailed as a NONPAREIL; and this last victory fully established his claim to the above title. In short, RANDALL is nothing but an *out-and-outer*, and *Turner* is an *out-and-outer* too; and, although defeated, he raised himself in the estimation of the Sporting World. He is deficient in nothing else as a pugilist, but in being a *hard hitter*.* That is a physical defect, and it cannot be placed to his account as a fault. The judgment of RANDALL is excellent; there is not a *move* upon the board but what he is up to; and he opposed the *leary Turner* with the caution of a WELLINGTON, till he could come to *hard fighting* with a certainty. It was singular to view two men standing

* Respecting *Turner's* being a *hard hitter*, if RANDALL may be considered as any authority upon this *thumping* subject, the NONPAREIL has since asserted, that his arms were not free from bruises, and extremely tender, for upwards of three weeks after the contest.

before each other for so many minutes—watching the turn of each other's eyes, and yet not strike a blow. It is equally singular, that though *Turner* never bled in all his previous fights, in this battle the *claret* flowed from him most profusely. The whole records of pugilism cannot produce any thing like the above scientific fight, carried on for such a length of time, with so much consummate skill on both sides, between *Turner* and RANDALL. The latter, it cannot be denied, received more *punishment* than in any of his previous conquests; but he remained strong till the last, and united, like a skilful general, his judgment with his strength. One word more for the brave *Turner*, by way of conclusion: he observed, "*if he lost*, that he trusted the amateurs should not have to complain that he had not given them satisfaction." He most assuredly kept his promise.

Crawley Hurst was attended by several distinguished amateurs of rank; indeed, it might be termed a first-rate set-out of Fanciers.

It was said to have been the intention of both the above combatants, on whichever side victory was obtained, to have retired from the ring; and, in consequence, RANDALL, having made so good a *finish*, by this victory, it was asserted that he would not fight any more, but meant to serve the public in a more general manner.

The interest excited in the Metropolis on the above night upon this event, to those persons "*out of the ring*," may appear like a romance. Hundreds were waiting at the turnpike-gates along the road, to learn who had won.

Remnants of the Fight. — Day-light on Sunday morning discovered the remains of several gigs lying along the road, which had been *floored*, from coming in contract with each other from the narrowness and badness of the roads. Beds could not be procured at any of the inns; and, in consequence, hundreds were compelled to travel in the dark. The horses were all *dead beat;* the *long faces* not to be described; and the *cleaning out* immense. Near the dwelling of RANDALL, the *Cock*, in Tottenham Court Road, hundreds of the sons of Hibernia were waiting for the result of the event; and, upon the arrival of JACK, the applause he received almost rent the air, the noise was so great. The mob round *Belcher's* door was beyond all precedent. In the Borough Market, *Cribb's* house was equalled besieged, and those of *Harmer*, *Oliver*, and *Burns*, crowded and surrounded. The sale of newspapers was as great as if some important victory had been achieved on the continent, so much anxiety was expressed upon this battle. The first news which arrived in London was, that *Turner* had gained the day. Numerous bets were made upon the information, and the *hoax* was not dispelled till ten o'clock at night.

Turner arrived in town on the Sunday night; and, notwithstanding the numerous blows he had received upon his face, it was astonishing to see how quickly the appearance of severity had left it.

RANDALL, by way of showing his *gaiety*, set-to at the Three Compasses, in Holborn, on the Monday evening after the fight, for the benefit of *Gregson*. During the fight, after one hour and a quarter had

elapsed, while the combatants were sitting close together, upon the knees of their seconds, *Turner* said to RANDALL, "*We both can't win it.*" "*No,*" replied JACK, "*but I mean to win it though.*" The losses on the above fight, in all parts of England, Ireland, and Wales, were immense; but however *heavy* they might be, we did not hear of any GRUMBLING among the amateurs about the conduct of the men.

An *Out-and-Outer* is RANDALL'S due,
And *Turner's* an *Out-an-Outer* too,
Like such *trumps* there are but few—
T'wards Victory!

In consequence of *Martin* having defeated *Scroggins*, after a severe contest of upwards of TWO HOURS, *Turner*, it seems, viewed the *Master of the Rolls* as a hero worthy of his notice, and a challenge to *Martin* was the result; but, owing to the following unexpected circumstance, it did not take place, and a match was made between RANDALL and *Martin*. The latter boxer felt anxious to raise himself in the estimation of the *Fancy*, and, without any hesitation, he gave the preference to RANDALL for an opponent; the NONPAREIL not being a *beaten* man.

Sporting Dinner at Franklin's, on Tuesday, December 22, 1818, to celebrate Randall's Victory.—An amateur of distinction presided upon this occasion, and the meeting was most respectably attended. After an excellent dinner had been served up, the cloth removed, and some toasts connected with the Prize Ring had been drank, the Chairman, in a manly style of eloquence, expatiated upon the advantages of scientific pugilism, in a national point of view, towards *flooring Dandyism*, and *levelling* that sort of effeminacy which

was making such rapid progress, at the present period, in degenerating the true character of Englishmen. The advantages of true courage and *game*, he observed, had been felt in a most important victory upon the continent—a victory which had decided the fate of Europe, overthrown tyranny and oppression, and which, in a principal degree, was owing to the nature, hardihood, and *pluck*, of Englishmen. To increase the breed—to promote true courage upon all occasions—and to perpetuate the honour of his country, was his only aim, and the aim of all the admirers of English boxing. The President of the *Daffy Club* occupied the deputy chair, and contributed much towards the harmony of the evening. Upon discussing the merits of RANDALL and *Martin*, a noble Lord present proposed a match between the above pugilists, which was accepted of by the friends of the latter, subject to the following articles of agreement:—RANDALL was backed against *Martin* £150 to £100. To be a fair stand-up fight; half minute time. To take place within 30 miles of London, and upon the last Tuesday in April. Ten pounds a-side were deposited; and £75 on the part of RANDALL, and £50 on the side of *Martin*, were to be made good at *Burns's*, the Sun, in Windmill Street, Haymarket, on Thursday, the 31st of December, 1818; and the completion of the £250, at Franklin's, on the 31st of March, 1819.—Signed by *Burns* and the party concerned.

Betting immediately commenced with spirit, and £30 to £20 was laid on RANDALL; but, nevertheless, the Sporting World do not like fighting so much at odds, and assert that it spoils betting, as the stakes laid are 6 to 4. It was almost certain that *Martin*

would prove above a stone heavier than RANDALL on the day of fighting; and it was also thought, by some of the *steady ones*, that it was giving a *chance* away.

The *prime Irish lad* had nothing to do *personally* in making the match; but the courage of RANDALL would not let him *refuse* it, when asked by his Lordship. It was expected to prove a sporting fight; but *Martin*, it was thought, ought not to be held too *cheap*. It is true, the Baker was not so good a pugilist as his opponent; but time was allowed him to repair that defect by practice; in other points, *Martin* had materially the advantage; therefore, upon a calculative view of the subject, the *wise ones* insisted it was not above 5 to 4. The members of the *Rolls* fraternity were all upon the alert, in consequence of their hero coming so soon again into play.

TURN-UP EXTRAORDINARY BETWEEN RANDALL AND BURNS.—Some little misunderstanding, it appears, occurred between the above pugilists, concerning the fight between RANDALL and *Martin*, when they immediately set-to, although in Franklin's small parlour; and, neither of them being *compos mentis*, they agreed to decide it on the spot. *Burns* had rather the best of the throws; but RANDALL took the lead in hitting, and mistook his opponent's head for a *drum*, he beat such a *tat-too* upon it. It was asserted, that the *prime Irish lad* could be backed against *Burns* for £100, in order to fill up his time previous to his fight with *Martin*.

Upon making the sums of £75 on the part of RANDALL, and £50 on that of *Martin*, good at *Burns's*, the Sun, in Windmill Street, Haymarket, on Thursday,

December 31, 1818, the day of fighting was altered to the 4th of May, in order that it might not interfere with the races at Newmarket.

RANDALL'S MOMENTARY TURN-UP WITH OLD BROWN, during the fight between *West Country Dick* and *Abbot*, in *Oliver's* back long room, in Westminster, on Tuesday evening, March 2, 1819. RANDALL was the second for *Dick*, and *Brown* was officiating as bottle-holder for *Abbot*. The interest of the battle was suddenly interrupted, in consequence of RANDALL'S asserting that *Hopping Ned*, in his character of bottle-holder, had behaved unfairly towards *West Country Dick*. Explanation was useless —words were out of the question—and an immediate appeal to *fists* was the result. This *turn-up* lasted for four rounds; and the peculiar *forte* of RANDALL was never seen in a more *striking* point of view; in the above short space of time, the *nob* of his opponent was so *changed*, that it might have been taken for a *terrific likeness* of the *Saracen's Head*. *Scroggins* good-naturedly interfered to prevent RANDALL from fighting, by which means the arms of the latter were held, when young *Brown*, *the Sprig of Myrtle*, in the cause of his father, gave the *prime Irish lad* a rare *facer*, but the young one was *floored* for his interference.

Foot Race of one hundred yards between RANDALL *and Martin, at Hampstead.*—On Thursday, March 4, the above pugilistic heroes, who were engaged to fight on the 4th of May, were matched on a sudden to run the above distance for £5 a-side. *Martin* is well known to possess pedestrian capabilities, and won it in good style, leaving RANDALL behind him near the

distance of *seven* yards. It was the first time RANDALL was found in defeat, but then it is thus accounted for—his *fists* had no *hand* in it.

RANDALL, with much manliness and generosity, went and set-to at *Martin's* benefit at the Fives-Court, which occurred only a few days previous to the fight between them.

GRAND PUGILISTIC COMBAT

Between Randall and Martin, at Crawley Down, 30 miles from London, on Tuesday, May 4, 1819.

The *Fancy* were all upon the alert soon after breakfast-time, on the Monday, to ascertain the seat of action; and as soon as the important *whisper* had gone forth, that Crawley Down was likely to be the place, the *toddlers* were off in a *twinkling*. The gigs were soon brushed up, the *prads* harnessed, and the "boys" who intended to enjoy themselves on the road were in motion. Heavy *drags* and waggons were also to be witnessed *creeping* along full of people, and plenty of *grub*. Between the hours of two and three o'clock in the afternoon, upwards of 100 gigs were counted passing through Croydon. The Bonnifaces *chuckled* again with delight, and *screwing* was the order of the day. Long before eight o'clock in the evening, every bed belonging to the inns and public houses in Godstone, East Grinstead, Reigate, Bletchingly, &c. &c. were *doubly*, and some *trebly*, occupied. The country folks also came in for a *snack* of the thing, and the *simple* JOHNNY RAWS, who felt no hesitation in *sitting up all night*, if they could turn their beds to account, with much *modesty* only asked £1 and 15*s*. each for

an hour or two's sleep. The private houses were thus filled. Five and seven shillings were also charged for the stand of a horse in any wretched hut. But those *customers* who were *fly* to all the tricks and fancies of life, and who would not be *nailed* at any price, preferred going to *roost* in a barn; while others, possessing rather more *gaiety*, and who set sleep at defiance, blowed *a cloud* over some *heavy wet*, devouring the *rich* points of a *flash chaunt;* and thought no more of *time* hanging heavily, than they did of the *Classics*—*chaunting* and *swiping* till many of the young *sprigs* dropped off their *perches;* while the *Ould Ones* felt the influence of the *Dustman*, and were glad to *drop* their *nobs* to obtain *forty winks*. Those persons whose *blunt* enabled them to procure beds, could not obtain any sleep, for carriages of every description were passing through the above towns all night. Things passed on in this manner till day-light began to *peep*. Then the *Swells* in their barouches and four, and the swift-trotting fanciers, all hurried from the Metropolis; and the road exhibited the bustle of the *primest* day of Epsom Races. The *Brilliants* also left Brighton, Worthing, &c. about the same period, and thus were the roads thronged in every direction. The "pitiless pelting shower" commenced furiously at six o'clock on the Tuesday morning, but it *damped* nothing but the *dust*. The *Fancy* are too *game* to prevent any thing like weather interrupting their sports. The *ogles* of the turnpike men let not half a *chance* slip through their fingers; and those persons, who, either from carelessness or accident, had not preserved their tickets, were *physicked* by paying twice at the same gate. The wea-

ther at length cleared up, and, by twelve o'clock, the amphitheatre on Crawley Down had a noble effect, and thousands of persons were assembled at the above spot. It is supposed, if the carriages had all been placed in one line, they would have reached from London to Crawley. The amateurs were of the highest distinction; and several noblemen, and foreigners of rank, were upon the ground. The short time previous to the combat's taking place was occupied in betting, and descanting upon the merits of the pugilists. The *high condition* and strength of *Martin* made a considerable impression upon the *waverers*, and some little *hedging* occurred; but an experienced *Patlander*, not only warm in the cause of the NONPAREIL, but whose *clies* had been repeatedly filled from the exertions of RANDALL, exclaimed "*Where's the fear, honies?* Have you forgotten the *bating* he gave to *Payne;* the *thumping* to *Borrock;* the *thrashing* to *Dodd?* Do you not recollect how he *finished Walton;* the style he *disposed* of *West Country Dick;* and the manner he *got the best of Holt?* It cannot have escaped your memories the *science* he displayed in his conquest over *Belasco?* Did he not *(laughing)* beat a whole *Parish* too? And by J——s, there was no *pun* in the matter neither. And sure, did not Mr. *Burke* get *served out* cleverly; and do you not remember the *quilting Pat M'Carthy* got from RANDALL? but, above all, did he not gallantly win the fight with that *out-and-outer Turner?* And, by the Powers, who can't he beat? Here's my seven to four upon him, as long as any one will take it." *Martin* now appeared in the ring, and threw up his hat, accompanied by his seconds,

Burn and *Harmer*. RANDALL immediately followed, attended by *Oliver* and *Jones*. The combatants, upon meeting, shook hands with each in the most friendly manner. The signal was given for stripping, and a most extensive ring was immediately beat out; and among the crowd, numbers of females were to be seen anxious to get a peep at these famed heroes. At thirteen minutes to one the men set to :—

First Round.—Upon the combatants meeting at the scratch, the fine *condition* of Martin claimed the peculiar attention of the amateurs. The human frame could not possibly have attained a higher degree of perfection. He wore elastic drawers, and, from his hips downwards, the symmetry was so complete, that a sculptor could not have wished for a finer model. Randall was equally *prime;* but, from comparison of height and weight, the *chance* appeared against him, if it had rested upon these *points*. Reports had gone abroad that Martin meant to *risk his fortune* in the first two or three rounds; also that Randall could not bear *punishment*, and the baker was determined to *smash* him on the outset. The *confidence* of Martin rather *alarmed* a few of the amateurs; but the steady *calculators* were not to be *moved;* and the recollection that Randall had won *eleven* battles in succession—that he had never been defeated—and he had likewise gained a victory over the *skilful* Turner,—heightened their opinion, and induced them to lay it on *thicker*. The vast multitude seemed in breathless suspense on the men making their attitudes, and every *ogle* was on the stretch for the attack. Martin was cautious, and some time occurred in sparring for an opportunity to make a hit, when he at length let fly with his right hand, which reached his opponent's body slightly. Randall made a hit, but the baker's length of arm stopped it, when the latter, in endeavouring to make a return, received a *one two* on the right and left side of the face, which instantly created a *pinky* appearance. Long sparring occurred, and both on the look out to obtain a favourable opportunity. Martin made a hit, but Randall got away in style; when the latter was not long in planting a blow on the body. Counter hits took place, and Martin, rather encouraged from this circumstance, pursued Randall to the corner of the ropes. The Nonpareil, as heretofore, when placed in this perilous situation, extricated

himself with all the promptness of a Wellington. He put in two *facers*, that Martin went staggering away, and the *claret* was seen issuing from his mouth. He now raised himself upon his toes; when Randall, finding that the length of the baker's *peel* was not yet practicable to get over, he planted a severe bodier. Martin went a little to *work*; and, in closing, some sharp blows passed, and both went down, but Martin uppermost. *Loud shouting, and "Well done, Martin."*

Second.—Randall's left ear was slightly bleeding from the last encounter. Martin made a hit on Randall's shoulder; and he also stopped the latter in making a return. Randall, however, was not long in putting in a *bodier*, that left the marks of his fingers as strongly imprinted, as if they had been painted with *vermilion*. In closing, the Nonpareil *fibbed* Martin severely; but the baker obtained the throw, and was uppermost. Two to one was now current upon Randall; and several took it, relying upon the length and strength of the baker.

Third.—Martin made a good *nobber*, and smiled at the event; but it was only temporary. Randall put in some *belliers* with great dexterity, that affected the wind of Martin; and, in closing, he not only fibbed his opponent tremendously, but fell upon him.

Fourth.—Martin's face was bleeding and flushed all over, and *distress* was coming fast upon him. He, however, made a hit, which was stopped, when Randall, like lightning, put in so severe a *facer*, that his head went with great force against the stakes. He appeared quite stunned, but did not go down; and came up tottering to fight with his opponent. In closing, he again received terribly, and was undermost.

Fifth.—The *upper crust* of the baker was now cracked, and Randall went in sharply to gain another point, adding more *punishment*, but in closing he was undermost. Four to one.

Sixth.—Martin got away from a tremendous hit; and some long sparring occurred. This was a severe round; but Martin was *punished* down, and Randall fell heavily upon him.

Seventh.—The Nonpareil had now commenced his *work*, and satisfied the amateurs that he meant to *finish* it at his leisure; he had *"got him,"* as it is termed: but yet this *safe* hero to back, thinks the battle is not *over* till it is positively won, and never gives the slightest *chance* away. This was a

short round; when Randall again spoiled the *upper crust*, and got his opponent down.

Eighth.—The face of Martin was not only red, but his mouth appeared full of blood. He made a hit, but Randall got away; he, however, again pursued him to the ropes, when Randall hit him on the right eye, and he went staggering away. Some struggle took place for the throw, but Randall got Martin down.

Ninth.—Martin sparred a short time, seemed tired, and endeavoured to pull up his drawers: when Randall was going in to *mill*, the baker smiled, and soon prepared for action. In closing, Randall threw his opponent.

Tenth.—Martin slipped from a hit, but he received such *nobbers*, and appeared so bothered, that it was observed, the *Master of the Rolls* had mistook his place, and got into the *Court of Chancery*. Randall fell very heavily upon his opponent.

Eleventh.—It was evident that Martin could not gain a single point to change the battle in the slightest degree towards victory. He received a dreadful blow in the wind; and Randall got away from nearly all his blows. The fibbing system was also again renewed with severity, and Martin was thrown.

Twelfth.—Randall put in such tremendous hits, that in struggling Martin fell down exhausted.

Thirteenth.—This was a short round, and Martin was hit as he was going down in the struggle for the throw. "Foul, foul!" was loudly vociferated; and it might, perhaps, have appeared so to those persons at a distance from the ring; but the umpires, who were close to the ropes, and watched every movement, declared it to be fair.

Fourteenth.—Another dreadful *bodier* was put in by Randall; and Martin went in rather furious; but he was *punished* down.

Fifteenth.—The talents for *serving out*, and improving the *chance* towards victory, exhibited by Randall in this round, *electrified* all the spectators, and *astonished* the most experienced and accomplished pugilists on the ground. It might be compared to the numerous steps cut in the air, by the celebrated *Duport*, at the opera; for in the very short space of time that Martin was falling to the ground from struggling, Randall planted three tremendous blows upon his opponent. "*It's astonishing*," was the cry; and "*He is a phenomenon indeed!*"

Sixteenth.—Martin still kept fighting, and this was a sharp

round; but he was hit staggering away both on the head and body. In going down, the above feature was again displayed with success; but the *coolness* of Randall induced him to put up his arm to show that he did not mean to hit his opponent on the ground.

Seventeenth.—Martin determined to *try it on*, and broke away from a close. Some exchanges took place, but he was hit down severely.

Eighteenth.—It was all up, the *dead men's* chance was now *floored*, and Martin hit so severely, that he fell upon his face: *A guinea to a shilling* was offered, but no takers.

Nineteenth and last. It was doubtful whether Martin could come again. He did, however, appear at the scratch, in a most terrible state, but it was only to be *floored sans ceremonie*. It occupied 49 minutes and ten seconds.

RANDALL never won a battle with more comparative ease; and, excepting a slight *shade* under his left eye, and a *scratch* upon his ear, he had no appearance of having been engaged in any contest. He is a complete master of the art of war; and his judgment was truly conspicuous. He found the length of arm possessed by the baker was not to be got over at first: he then, with great promptitude, found out the *vulnerable* part of the body, till the *head* of his opponent became at his service, and then he won it with all the *coolness* and science of playing a *game* of *draughts*. The appellation of *prime Irish boy* was soon changed, from his superior tactics in the ring, to that of the *Phenomenon*, quickly followed by the *Nonpareil*, and pronounced, by all the Fancy, as the "*Darling of Victory!*" It was the opinion of the best judges, that he ultimately must be cried down, like the famous "*Eclipse*," respecting fighting with any man of his own weight. *Martin* is a very *game* man, and a hard hitter;

but he had no *chance* with RANDALL, although, it is said, he weighed above 12 stone, and RANDALL only 10 st. 10 lb. In point of civility, decorous behaviour, and quiet conduct in life, *Martin* yields to no pugilist on the list; and these circumstances were not forgotten by the amateurs, who made a collection for him, of £30, on the ground. He was taken to a farm-house, and humanely attended upon; while RANDALL put on his clothes, and sat down to view the fight between *Carter* (who styled himself the Champion of England) and *Spring*, which took place in the same ring.

RANDALL, it appears, received considerable *foul play*, early in the morning of the above fight; or, in other words, he was *hocussed*.* This infamous scheme, however, had not the desired effect; but operated upon him as a strong purgative.

RANDALL'S *Turn-up with* WOOD;

Or, Milling among the Tailors. A Gay Day for the Minor Lads of the Fancy.

Battersea Fields, oft the scene of many a rude combat, presented rather a *nouvelle* appearance on Monday, the 4th of October, 1819; and, instead of the usual feature of *Costermongers* and *Black Diamonds* em-

* This sporting term, perhaps, may not be generally understood. To *hocus* a man, is to put something into his drink, *on the sly*, of a sleepy, stupifying quality, that renders him unfit for action. On the morning alluded to, RANDALL, in company with some *friends*, partook of a bottle of red wine *mulled*, into which, he suspects, the sleepy potion must have been *infused*.

bellishing these famed dominions of OLD CALEB—thousands of *Knights of the Thimble* had taken an early flight from their shopboards, and, long before one o'clock, the above spot of ground was covered with *Flints*, *Dungs*, and *Piece Workers*, all in anxious expectation for the "*Gala*" to commence. It was a *rare turn* also for the *Houses of Call*, as the *heavy wet* moved off in such copious draughts, that the quart pots lost their *linings* in a twinkling; and not a *Thimbleonian* could start without being first *primed* with a "*drap of max.*" There was some *milling* style and effect about the thing: a roped enclosure was made for the combatants to exhibit in, and the *heroes* of the tale, when the awful moment arrived for them to *disrobe*, threw up their *beavers* after the usual *chivalric* mode of defiance, and also shook hands. *Tom Reynolds* attended *professionally* upon *Matthews;* as did *Bill Eales* upon *Slinky Jem.*

First round.—Very *cautious* sparring for about half a minute;—indeed the term "cautious" was never more properly applied;—during which time the *Thimbleonions* looked at each other with the most teeth-like *chattering* agitation, till at length Matthews, after the manner of an intimidated youth on his first going into the water, that makes a sudden plunge to get out of his *misery*, rushed in upon his opponent with a right-handed hit, which was returned upon him so hard, that it not only drew the *claret* copiously from his *snuff-taker*, but he was *cut* down like *a cabbage*. Matthews, on feeling the *pink* trickling down his *mug*, put up his finger to ascertain the *alarming* fact, when, on witnessing its *colour*, he assumed such a ghastly look, accompanied with such marks of horror, that it was observed by an amateur, it would have been a new idea for the *climax* of KEAN'S *Sir Edward Mortimer!*

Second.—Matthews rushed forward in a furious state; but his opponent *measured* him to the eighth of an inch, and gave him such a *quilter*, that spoiled him from attempting any more

stitches in that round, and he was not displeased to find himself on the *grass* free from *milling*.

Third.—Had Matthews have possessed a *thimble full* of *pluck*, he must have won it, as his opponent would have retreated into a *mouse-hole* to have got out of the way of a *hit*. Matthews could have placed his blows with certainty, if he had not been so careful of his "*precious self!*" But this *caricature* on *milling* must be ended. Matthews, on receiving a sharp tap on his bruized *snuff-taker*, swore "he would not be killed for any body!" and resigned the contest. "*Curs, curs!*" was now currently vociferated.

Another battle, for five guineas a-side, soon took place, also between "two of the same fraternity." But the contrast was *strikingly* different. It was a most manly fight, and more real courage was never witnessed. The loser was a *game man*,—indeed, he fought till both his *ogles* were completely *sewed* up, and he was taken away against his will, as he would not say—*No!*

Thus far the sports before dinner. After the cloth was removed, at the Red House, Battersea, a purse of five guineas was made up by some amateurs, who witnessed the above *fun*, to have a regular mill. *Towelling Black George*, always ready for a *brush*, offered himself for the *sweetener;* and *Bill Matthews*, a book-binder, an "*ould Garden lad*," who was out "Saint Monday-ing" of it, and felt anxious for a *shy*, in order to replenish an empty "*clie to let*" with some *blunt*, thought he could give *Massa* a better *binding* than he had ever yet had, when the fight commenced. *Randall* and *West Country Dick* seconded the latter; and *Oliver* and *Jem Wood* looked after *George;* and the *highest amateur* in the Fancy held the watch. It was a rumbling tumbling concern, but *Massa* had rather the best

of it; yet the *gameness* of the binder kept the battle in suspense till "the Darkey" prevented any conquest taking place. A *draw* was the result, much to the dissatisfaction of *Blackey;* and the money was divided between them.

During the above battle, a curious scene ensued;—*Wood*, it appears, was severely *chaffing* RANDALL for his interference, when the NONPAREIL, who had been dining with a *Swell*, and was rather *lushy*, felt not disposed to be *lectured* by a tailor, and gave *Wood* a *slight touch* for his impertinence. This circumstance, however, is a disputed point, as RANDALL insists *Wood* gave him the first blow. Be that as it may, the *soul* of the tailor could not brook the insult, and he instantly *tore* off his clothes, as did RANDALL, and both went to work *sans ceremonie*. It was singular to witness in one ring—the *Black* and the *Binder hard* at it; and RANDALL and WOOD in another part, also *milling*. The following is a sketch of the performances:—

First round.—The hero of the *shop-board* took *measure* of Jack in such quick time, and went on with his *work* so hard and fast, that the Nonpareil came in most unexpectedly for a *ground suit*. Upon Randall's being *floored*, the *steel-bar* fraternity were as much up in the *stirrups*, as when a sudden *general mourning* comes upon them. They *chevied* with delight; and most attentively viewed the second round.

Second.—Randall was now groggy, or, as a sailor terms it, *three sheets in the wind*. The *man of cloth* was as dextrous as a *cutter-out*, and he *sewed up* Jack so sharply, that he again *measured* his length on the ground. This success over the *prime Irish lad* gave a sort of lunatic joy to the body of *snips*, —indeed, so much so, that if Wood had been ultimately the conqueror, it was thought their *houses of call* would have been opened gratuitously for a week.

Third.—Instead of Wood proving only the *ninth part of a man*, according to the old *chaunt*, his *goodness* was so great

(while he had it all his own way), that he was more like eighteen *snips* combined together, to accomplish a certain object. "Go it, Jemmy," was the cry; "leave not a *remnant* of his greatness untouched." Wood, it is true, again commenced well; but Jack was just awaking from his *lushy stupor*; "Halloo!" says the Nonpareil, "I must be a bit with you, mustn't I?" and a hard rally was the result. Heavy blows were given and received on both sides, till Randall put in one of his *surprisers* upon the *knowledge box* of the *Flint*, that gave it the *roly-poly* touch of a ball in a bumble-puppy ground. All the *buckram* of the *knight of the thimble* was not strong enough to keep his *pins* steady, and he went down, to the great mortification of his fraternity, who looked a *little blue* at this change their hero had met with.

Fourth.—Wood had now nearly used up *all his thread*; while, on the contrary, Jack had "*just struck a light*," and not only found himself once more in the field of glory, contending for his high pugilistic fame, but, owing to too intimate an acquaintance with Mr. *Lushington*, in danger of surrendering his laurels to "*a Tailor!*" "*Perish the thought!*" observed Randall, and immediately commenced his *shower of hail-stones* upon the nob of his opponent, that Wood, from their very rapid succession, thought *five* or *six* persons had been *hitting* him, and immediately ran up to the umpire, claiming his protection, and declaring he had been "*unfairly*" dealt with. Randall ran after his man, and, with a *coup de grace*, now *finished* him. The above *shower of hits*, whose destination upon *Snip's nob* had told so tremendously, not only convinced Wood, but the spectators, that Randall, at all times, is nothing else but a *dangerous customer*. The *fight was all out* of Wood in an instant after this tempest, and, in the terror of the moment, he lustily roared out "Murder!" and most piteously placed himself under the wing of the umpire for safety, who smilingly told Wood not to be alarmed, as the contest was at an end. A small group of the *Thimbleonians* now went strutting up to the umpire, and told him he had not conducted himself like a *gemman*. The umpire's "potent arm," without any hesitation, soon *disposed* of this lot, after the manner of an auctioneer. West Country Dick, from an attack made upon his person, was compelled to make his way, like a *mower*, through a host of *dungs*; and Tom Reynolds also, in his own defence, was necessitated to *lend a hand* in *cutting down* more of the *cabbages*. One of the "*needle squad*," who had taken too much "*Perry*," felt so alarmed on reaching the ground, that he literally *crawled on all fours* out of the ring.

Few, if any, of the amateurs differ in opinion, when the *argument* is concerning a *milling cove* commencing publican. The *landlord* must drink with his friends, or else he is a *churl;* and the *spooney* part of society too often *bore* a *milling publican* to drink at their expense, when they would not *drop* a farthing to save a *seedy kid* from *choaking* with thirst. Thus it is, that a fighting man, in his capacity of *landlord*, must, almost inevitably, become a *waste-butt* for the *Fancy*, and gives the *chance* away of *two points* out of *three* against himself, should he again enter the *prize ring*. Names need not be mentioned to decide this point; but a recent living instance presents itself, who, before he commenced *blue ruin* caterer, was the *terror* and conqueror of all his opponents; but in *serving* others plentifully with this precious *liquid*, he served himself so often and copiously, that he first lost his fame, next his house, and every fight since; and his last pugilistic essay, from intemperance, brought down upon him contempt and disgust. Yet this *cove*, in his day, was the *idol* of the ring, and many *swells* thought it no *degradation*, (perhaps another term might be more appropriate, *honoured)* with his company in their barouche, to see a *mill*—but the scene is now changed, and he may *toddle* down the *best way he can*, or stay away altogether, and he is not *missed*. *Facts*, *Bob Gregson* says, are stubborn things; and these related are *stubborn facts*. They are not *raked up* here as a *reproach;* but they are brought forward as a *friendly hint* to those whom it *may concern*. As the "*milling* tailors" have given rise to this subject, we may be pardoned for repeating the old adage, that "*a stitch in time saves*

nine!" Let this suffice, then. RANDALL, by a manly challenge, which was not accepted, very properly took his LEAVE OF THE RING before he commenced publican.

The NONPAREIL, however, did not come off *scot free* upon this occasion, and his *mug* (an unusual thing) gave evident proofs of *punishment*, and also one of his *sparklers* got a little *damaged*. It should be mentioned, that *Wood* was not a *novice* in milling matters, being a constant attendant at *Oliver's* house, in Westminster.

Such a *grand day* for the "minor coves" has not been witnessed for many years; and the Battersea gardeners were *grinning* at each other, "how very *cheap* the *cabbages* were *disposed of* that day!" And one of the *Thimbleonians*, in speaking of RANDALL, said, he was the greatest *fibber* he ever was in company with. "Well done, my honey," exclaimed a *Paddy*, recently imported, "I am glad to hear that you are after *spaking* the *truth*."

RANDALL, it seems, was now so popular in the *Sporting World*, that the manager of the Regency Theatre engaged him, at a good salary, to exhibit his milling acquirements in a pantomime at the above place of amusement. *Turner* was his *friendly* opponent upon this occasion. The treasury *improved* from their exertions; and, to use a sporting as well as a theatrical phrase upon the subject, it was the general opinion, that the manager had made a good *hit*. Suffice to say, that RANDALL and his friend were re-engaged for a limited number of nights, and their efforts were crowned with the loudest marks of public approbation.

The *talents* of the NONPAREIL, it should seem, have proved of so *striking* a nature, that even the *Literary World** have outdone the Sporting Hemisphere, from that lively degree of anxiety several writers have shown of emulation and rivalry in exerting themselves to prevent the *capabilities* and triumphant fame acquired by RANDALL from sinking into obscurity.

PERISH THE THOUGHT! †

SONNET

ON THE NONPAREIL.

"None but himself can be his parallel!"

With marble-coloured shoulders—and keen eyes,
Protected by a forehead broad and white,—
And hair cut close, lest it impede the sight,
And clenched hands, firm, and of punishing size,
Steadily held, or motion'd wary-wise,
To hit or stop,—and 'kerchief too drawn tight
O'er the unyielding loins, to keep from flight
The inconstant wind, that all too often flies—

* See Tom Cribb's Memorial to Congress,—Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine,—Baldwin's London Magazine,—the Literary Gazette,—Literary Chronicle,—The FANCY, a Poem; —and also a Work, particularly dedicated to the *Nonpareil*, entitled JACK RANDALL'S DIARY.

† BOXIANA. This exclamation may perhaps be considered as having something too much of *self* belonging to it; but if the fame of RANDALL outlives the present period, we may sincerely wish, without any egotism being attached to it, we trust, that the *Records* of his achievements may be sought after till the end of time.

"Else whence this pleasing hope? This fond desire?
This *longing* after IMMORTALITY?"

The NONPAREIL STANDS!—FAME, whose bright eyes run o'er
With joy to see a chicken of her own;
Dips her rich pen in *claret*, and writes down
Under the letter R, first on the score,
"RANDALL, JOHN—Irish parents—age not known—
Good with both hands, and only ten stone four!"

TO

JOHN RANDALL, THE FAMOUS PUGILIST.

(IN IMITATION OF A BEAUTIFUL SONNET.)

RANDALL, whom now the envious "millers" own
Fighter indeed, cautious, and quick, and true,
Fit to stand up with those who science knew,
The master-spirits "grassed" by death alone;
Big Ben, who made the great Tom Johnson groan,
And Pearce, who dext'rous Belcher overthrew;
Aye, and with him who turns black eyes to blue,
Cribb, negro conqueror,* famous champion;
Well hast thou fought thy way to wealth and fame,
JACK RANDALL; and although there be who think
(For some are careless of the laurell'd brow)
But little of thy glory or thy game,
Yet when they learn that thou hast touch'd the "clink,"
Some value to thy labours must allow.

RANDALL'S FAREWELL TO THE RING.

Farewell to the ring, where my *claret-stain'd* glory
Arose, and obscur'd the *prime dons* with my fame,
I abandon her now; but, *Boxiana*, thy story
Shall render quite fadeless the *Nonpareil's* name.
Oh, sad is the heart that can say, "The deuce take her,"
To Fame, when she's backing a *blade of the fist;*
But *Turner* I've *clean'd out*, and *Martin the baker*
I'd very near put on the *bankruptcy list.*

* He vanquished the great black, Molineux, and a wonderful old man, Richmond, who is a fighter at the age of nearly 60.

Then blame me not *kids, swells,* or *lads of the Fancy,*
For opening a *lush crib** in Chancery Lane;
An appropriate spot 'tis, you doubtless all can see,
Since *heads* I have placed there, and let out again.
Farewell then, thou ring, whence I first drew my glory,
Farewell to *Bill Gibbons*—*Tom Owen,* farewell;
And when to *green-horns* you're telling some *tight milling* story,
Then think of JACK RANDALL, *the prime Nonpareil.*

RANDALL *served* OUT!—In February, 1819, the *prime Irish lad,* it appears, met with an *ugly customer* in the street, that not only *spoilt* his *nose,* but produced the *claret* profusely. The conduct of the *chap* alluded to was dastardly in the extreme. He called RANDALL on one side, under pretence of speaking to him, when he let *fly* at the NONPAREIL, in this unguarded state, with his utmost strength, then took to his heels with all the fleetness of a race-horse, before any return could be given to him.

RANDALL and SCROGGINS.—The latter little dreadnought hero, who has long *fancied* having a taste of RANDALL'S *quality,* was matched for 100 guineas a-side. The *prime Irish boy* was about to commence publican, but he was too *polite* not to *accommodate* the wish of *Scroggins;* and the following articles were immediately agreed to:—"Castle Tavern, June 22, 1819.—JOHN RANDALL and *John Scroggins* agree to fight in a 24 feet ring, for 100 guineas a-side. The fight to take place on the 31st of August. Ten guineas on each side are this day deposited in the hands of *T. Belcher:* the remaining 90 guineas a-side to be made good, at the above place, on the 10th of July and 3d

* A public-house.

of August, in moieties, or the deposit to be forfeited. To be a fair stand-up fight; half minute time. The place of fighting to be left to Mr. *Jackson;* the umpires to be chosen on the ground by each party; and the men to be in the ring by one o'clock on the day above mentioned." The odds instantly offered were two to one on RANDALL.

The above match, it seems, was made in a hasty manner, by an amateur, without any consultation upon the subject; in fact, RANDALL was not present. And, in consequence of the latter having put down a heavy deposit to commence publican, at the Hole in the Wall, Chancery Lane, the ten guineas were forfeited, by the amateur, to *Scroggins*.

The opening dinner at RANDALL'S, which had to boast of upwards of fifty amateurs sitting down to it, was thus previously announced:—

"MILLING EXTRAORDINARY.—On Tuesday, Aug. 17, 1819, a most interesting match to the Sporting World will take place, at five o'clock in the afternoon, in which the NONPAREIL will exhibit in a *new character*, and over which the *Commander-in-Chief* will also preside. It will be a *game* set-to, the *cutting-up* system will prevail, and *claret* will not be wanting. Before it is over, most of the visitors, if not exactly in *Chancery*, will be in the *lane* towards it. The *Hole in the Wall* is the rallying point upon this occasion; and where *Friendship* and *Harmony*, it is said, have promised to attend, in order to crown another *hit* of JACK RANDALL'S with success. The conditions are, that any *reeling* will not be an object of remark, but *flooring* will be thought rather *unpolite;* no *jaw breakers* can positively be per-

mitted; yet, nevertheless, *bonne bouches* will be liberally dealt out to all the customers."

At RANDALL'S Benefit, July 23, 1820, the *wind-up* of the sports was one of the finest displays of the ART OF SELF-DEFENCE ever witnessed in the *Fives-Court*, or in any other place appropriated for similar exhibitions. On the appearance of *Belcher* and RANDALL, "Hats off!" was the general cry. *Expectation* was on *tip-toe* for the set-to to commence; and, upon these first-rate heroes shaking hands, the greatest silence prevailed throughout the audience. It should be recollected both of these boxers had retired from the ring covered with glory—both of them the proprietors of Sporting Houses—both anxiously looked up to by the Sporting World; and both of them would sooner part with their *blood* than their *fame*. Indeed, neither RANDALL nor *Belcher* could spare the smallest particle of this most invaluable ingredient, so essential to a sporting man. To describe the combat, the writer will not attempt; perhaps he could not. Both were equally prepared, and both on the alert—but there was "NO BEST" about it. It might be compared to the late *Sturgess* and another equally skilful draught player, having tired themselves with *moves* all over the board, and victory not to be obtained by either of them, consenting to make *a drawn battle* of it, and retiring, pleased with the great talents each other had displayed. This was about the "time of day" of the thing. Indeed, to give the climax, a distinguished sporting General thus addressed them, on quitting the stage:—"You have given us a fine treat to-day. I never saw any thing

like it. It was the most beautiful display of tactics I ever witnessed."

RANDALL AND THE BEAK.—The NONPAREIL, it seems, like other folks, took a *turn* on Tuesday, Sept. 5, 1820, to witness the fun at Bartholomew Fair. JACK, at length, feeling himself rather *dry*, after enjoying the humours of the scene, called in with a "How do you do?" at *Harmer's*, *Cy. Davis's*, and *Shelton's*, in order to *whet his whistle*. The *Traps*, who were clearing out the houses, called out "*Time*" to RANDALL, but, rather strange to observe, it was the first omission in his life that he was not ready to his "Time!" and did not pay a correct attention to the call. The *summum bonum* of the thing was, that, in spite of all *chaffing*, JACK and his *pal*, a *limb of the law*, were *screwed* up the whole of the *darkey* in the Compter. JACK, however, offered to bail it; but the *Pigs* said it was "*no go*." The NONPAREIL was at length furnished with a *dab*; and went to *roost* with as much ease as if he had closed his *ogles* in a palace. Day-light pictured to him a group of brother "unfortunates;" but a "prime *dejeuné*" put JACK on his legs, and he appeared in tolerable *condition* at Guildhall, before Alderman Smith, to answer the charge of assaulting five constables. One of the *heroes of the staff* said, he believed that RANDALL had mistook his *jaw* for a *drum*, and that the tat-too he had beaten on his mug, had set all his *ivory a dancing*, as if they had been *electrified*. The worthy Alderman wished to look at the constable's *frontispiece*, observing that a BLOW from RANDALL generally, he understood, left a mark, but he certainly saw nothing *legible* about *his* face. The NONPAREIL

did not make any thing like so long a defence as his countryman, Orator PHILLIPS, would have done; but, perhaps it was equally as *pithy*, if not more to the *point*. JACK rather thought he might have *daffied* it a little too much; but it was all a *hoax* as to his *touching* any of the officers belonging to the *Staff*. The worthy Alderman seemed to think the charges unfounded, saying, that he never heard of any of the pugilists committing themselves in such an unmanly manner. They knew the superiority of their powers over other men; and, therefore, would not take any unfair advantages, he was certain. RANDALL did not look like such a person; and he had been informed, and also from what he had read about this celebrated pugilist, that RANDALL was always anxious to protect, instead of *insulting*, any of his Majesty's subjects. *But* at the same time, the worthy Alderman, by way of a friendly *hint*, thought that the NONPAREIL, as he was termed, could not take too much care of his *constitution*, lest it might ultimately injure his reputation in the ring. JACK bowed, *tipped his bob* for his discharge, thanked the Magistrate for the very liberal and Englishman-like explanation of the character of the pugilists of this country, and smilingly took his leave of the Court, saying, "as how, it was not a very expensive night's *spree* after all!"

In a *twenty-four feet ring*, a better GENERAL, or a more *consummate* tactician is not to be seen. Judgment and decision are to be witnessed in all his movements. His NOB is *screwed on* properly—his OGLES are like two experienced *aides-de-camp* ready to scour the enemy's lines on the slightest hint from the com-

manding officer—his HEART is in the right place—his PINS are after the manner of a well-disciplined charger, cool and collected, to take advantage in the most prompt style of the disorder of the scene before him—and his MIND looking confidently forward to nothing else but VICTORY. In short, as a pugilist, he is a phenomenon—the NONPAREIL—and an OUT-AND-OUTER. He has arrived at the *ne plus ultra* of the art of Self-Defence. But "out of the ropes" he is one of the most *simple* of human beings; and yet LAVATER, with all his great knowledge of physiognomy, might have looked at his *mug*, and looked at it again and again, and not have discovered his real character, from the lineaments of his face. And, without any *fibbing* upon the subject, provided those famed operators upon the *nob* had got it in their possession, they might also have been as equally *bothered* to have given an accurate decision upon its qualities. If RANDALL cannot express himself after the *sentimental* manner of STERNE, or attempt to *gammon* any of the tender part of society, with the *Platonic* taste of a ROUSSEAU, and wind up his tale with the speciousness of a JOSEPH SURFACE,—he can be backed against them all at high odds for his possession of genuine feeling. It is, however, true, that he might often be *pulled up* by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and be fined by the BEAK *five bob*, for letting an oath escape between his *ivory*. A common observer, *en passant*, might also, without hesitation, say he was a rough, illiterate fellow, nay more, use the term *blackguard*. He has no *affectation* about his composition—deception does not belong to him—

and *bluntness* is his *forte*. He is *indignant* at what he thinks wrong; and is not over nice in his expressions, whenever such a subject is the theme of argument. To the CORINTHIAN or *Flue Faker*, he is equally independent and civil upon their accosting him; and, although he does not possess the most pleasing address, yet the TRUTH is invariably obtained from his replies. He admires that virtue. His *honesty*, if not *Brutus*-like, is equally as staunch and as invulnerable. A *liar* will be sure to hear of his faults from him. *Education* has done but little for him; yet *experience* has given him the "time of day" respecting a more enlarged view and knowledge of society. But, kind reader, if thou hadst seen him relieve an *ould Irish woman*, at, "peep of day," with the only *bender* he was master of, who was going to market with an empty pocket and basket, who felt anxious to support two of her orphan grand-children to prevent their going to the parish, and who had solicited him for only twopence to aid her charitable design;—if thou hadst seen the effects of her plaintive tale, and the blessings she invoked upon his head for this real act of *benevolence;* his turning aside to *weep;* and the jeers he experienced from his companions, upon the *weakness* he had displayed;—if thou hadst also witnessed him pushing the crowd aside the instant he was proclaimed the conqueror over *Turner*, to grapple with the hand of his great rival in friendship, and perceived the *big tear* stealing down his cheek, in admiration of the bravery of his opponent;—his refusal, likewise, to prosecute a man and his wife, whom he had trusted in the bosom of his family, and who, under

the mask of friendship, had robbed him, at various periods, of £300;—I don't know what thou mightest have said of him, but BURNS would have told us, "that a man's a man for a' that."

STERNE, thou shouldst have been in the FANCY, and have known him, and then thy *Sentimental Journey*, perhaps, might have been embellished with a picture of the traits of an English pugilist, operating as a sort of contrast with the *gaiety* of the French *La Fleur*. Both unsophisticated portraits of human nature. Such is the likeness of JACK RANDALL *tried* at his bar, whether engaged in *serving* out the *heavy*, or in putting his customers into *spirits* with copious libations of BLUE RUIN.

NED TURNER:

Denominated, throughout the Fancy, nothing else but

AN OUT-AND-OUTER!

IT is almost impossible to add any thing to the high character already given of the above boxer, in the second volume of this work; indeed, it is well known to every person acquainted with the Prize Ring, that a *gamer* man, or a more *cool taker*, never entered the ropes than NED TURNER. It is true, he experienced DEFEAT in his memorable contest with *Randall* (see page 176); but, it is equally true, it was a *defeat* so free from dishonour, that he did not lose a single friend, although that *event* proved rather unfortunate to his numerous backers. TURNER contested every inch of the ground with *Randall*, towards obtaining the victory—higher courage was never displayed by any pugilist whatever; and his *fighting*, also, in many

parts of this celebrated battle, exhibited a very superior knowledge of the Art of Self-Defence.

The amateurs, it seems, anxious to keep the "*game alive*," were not long in selecting *Cy. Davis* as an opponent for TURNER. *Davis* was not only an object of considerable attraction in Bristol, his native place, where he had *showed off*, with considerable success, among the *trumps* in that famed *milling* nursery; but he was much admired by the London Fancy, from the lively style of fighting he displayed, in beating, *off-hand*, the senior *Belasco*, and they denominated him the "Gay Bristol Boy." A match was therefore made, without any hesitation on the part of *Tom Belcher*, for *Davis*, for 100 guineas a-side; and TURNER, it appears, from his well-known *tried* qualities, did not want for friends to support him upon this occasion. But *Davis* stood so well with the sporting people, that it was even betting, and the former was taken for *choice*. Wallingham Common, in Surrey, 17 miles from London, was the spot selected for this combat to take place; and notwithstanding the torrents of rain which prevailed for some hours on Friday morning, June 18, 1819, it had not the least effect upon the amateurs, and they drove along the road with all the gaiety and *sang-froid* of a sun-shining day. The *game* of most of the *Fancy* scorned even to sport an umbrella; and it should seem that the recollection of the anniversary of the battle of Warterloo gave them fresh vigour, as they went forward to the scene of action without the slightest wish to *turn round*. The *kids* in the *open tumblers* were dripping *pictures* indeed; the *swells* in the *gigs* were denominated *cool* customers; the pedestrians

hailed as *mud-larks*, beggaring all description; while the *Corinthians* in the *barouches* were laughing at the *Bushy Park coves*, and for once priding themselves on the smiles and comfort the *blunt* can at all times procure. The *Bonnifaces* also seemed to keep pace with the weather, and the *Lushingtons*, on *tipping* off the *blue ruin*, made *wry* faces at its watery effects, and *buffed* it that the wet must have made its way into the bar. At length all difficulties were at an end; the rain had ceased, the ring appeared in view, and preparation was made for the combat to commence. TURNER threw up his hat first in the ring, attended by *Cribb* and *Randall*, when, after waiting a considerable time, *Davis* was called for loudly by the Champion. Some minutes elapsed, when *Davis* appeared with *Tom Belcher* and *Harmer*, and repeated the token of defiance. At a quarter before two the men set to, the colours having been previously tied to the stakes; the *true blue* was placed by *Randall*, and the original *yellow-man* (which has, ever since the period of the late *Jem Belcher*, out of compliment to his pugilistic fame, been denominated "*a Belcher*") was tied over the *blue* by *Tom Belcher*. Even betting was about the thing.

First round.—Davis looked in fine condition, and appeared to be able to win it off hand, in comparison with his opponent; who, however, looked better than was expected. Indeed, the contrast was very great. Davis, from his fine and elegant form, was denominated the *beau idéal* of the ring; while, on the contrary, Turner looked more like the *weather-beaten* Greenwich Pensioner. It was thought the *gay Bristol boy* would go to *work* without ceremony, and *nob* Turner in style, from the very animated manner he *disposed* of Belasco the Jew; but whether the high fame of Turner had made any *impression* upon his feelings, or the *Dutch Sam* like countenance

of his opponent imparted terrors that he had not hitherto anticipated, it is most certain that he was particularly cautious, and Turner hit first slightly with his left hand. Long sparring, and Davis kept retreating. Turner put in five hits on the body and head, when Davis smiled. Another long pause of sparring occurred, and Randall was seen sitting on the ropes minutely *eyeing* the *tactics* of both the combatants. Some exchanges took place, and the right cheek of Davis appeared *red*, and Turner planted a blow on the body that sent Davis staggering. He went down. Loud shouting; when Randall *asked if he was the Bristol boy, and whether they could call him a fighting man?*—6 to 4.

Second.—Turner had scarcely planted a hit, when Davis went down. Great *murmurings*, and "*Turner, my boy, you'll win it without a scratch.*—2 to 1.

Third.—Great astonishment was excited all round the ring at the conduct of Davis, and he seemed as if afraid to face his man with any degree of confidence. After some cautious sparring, Turner made a hit, but it was so much a question whether it touched Davis or not, that the umpires advised his seconds for him to be more careful in future on his going down, as, if such conduct was pursued, the battle must immediately have an end. *Disapprobation expressed.*

Fourth.—Turner made play, and used both his hands with success. Davis smiled, and with a tremendous right-handed hit on the head, knocked Turner down. This decided the first knock-down blow, and Turner also showed the first *blood.* "*Go along, Davis, from the Bristolians; you can do it, if you like. Another such a hit, and it will be all right.*"

Fifth.—Instead of Davis going in to follow up his success, he again went down from a slight hit; in fact, it was thought, almost without a blow.

Sixth.—Turner followed Davis, and planted some hits. The latter, it should seem, had no inclination to go in, or else it was evident he might have stood upon even terms with his opponent. He was no *novice* at fighting; he could also hit hard, and stop well: but he must have been *panic* struck; or else, from his previous *milling* character, he could not have done as he did. He again went down; when the Bristol men appeared quite angry with him, crying out, "*Davis, what are you at?*"—20 to 6.

Seventh.—Davis appeared as if he felt their reproaches, and went *to work* in earnest. "Look, look!" observed several

amateurs, "this *chap* may win it now, if he will but go in and fight. He can do something, if he likes." It was a good round; but he was now *really* hit down. "Bravo, Turner;" and "Give him a *little one for me*." Also, "Well done, Davis."

Eighth.—Davis positively seemed afraid to hit home. Turner got away from a *flooring* right-handed hit, but the latter, notwithstanding, was now the most *punished*, and bleeding. Davis had the best of the hitting, and gave Turner a hard blow on the side of the head. Davis might have showed himself off in good style, but it was urged he wanted *pluck*. Both down.

Ninth.—Davis went down from a slight hit.

Tenth.—Notwithstanding the shy fighting of Davis, he hit Turner on the jaw so tremendously with his right hand, that he went down like a shot, and seemed almost in a state of stupor. "Go it, Davis," from his partisans; "that's the way to *mill*, and you'll win." Turner was quite *abroad;* and his *ogles* looked *dim*, while sitting upon the knee of his second: another such a hit, if it had been quickly repeated, must have proved the *quietus*. This dreadful hit operated seriously on his backers. Long faces were seen in all directions; and even Randall shook his head, scarcely knowing what to think of it. Indeed, it was all but over with Turner. Great applause was here given to Davis, and the Bristolians were all as gay as larks.

Eleventh.—But Davis did not follow up his success: and had he done so, he might have performed wonders. Some sharp exchanges took place, and Turner's face was *clareted* all over. Davis turned round from the hitting, and it was thought that Turner hit him when he was down. "Foul, foul!" was cried out. "Never mind; they're only *even*," said a sly old sportsman.

Twelfth.—Turner stopped most of his opponent's blows, and sent him down. This almost JAW-BREAKER *waked* Turner to the dangerous intent of his opponent's right hand. However singular it may appear, it might almost be urged, that this blow gave victory to Turner. He now became *leary* to it, and stopped it with great judgment.

Thirteenth.—This was a good round; and Davis showed something like a boxer, till he was hit down. If he had possessed any sort of fear, it seemed now *removed*, by his sticking close to *his work;* and his conduct at this juncture claimed

praise and attention; and an excellent judge exclaimed, "*Davis may win it now.*" The Bristol boy here received a great deal of applause, from various parts of the ring.

Fourteenth.—The right hand of Davis was very dangerous, and he now *nobbed* Turner staggering away; but the latter, game-cock like, returned to the attack, and sent Davis down.

Fifteenth.—In this round, Turner beat Davis to a complete stand-still. "What's o'clock now?" cries Cribb: "it's all up, I believe."

Sixteenth to Nineteenth.—Turner stopped, with great skill, most of Davis's blows; but Turner received a dreadful hit over his right eye, that made him almost go down from its severity. The *claret* flowed again; but Turner, not dismayed, followed his opponent, who again got down in the quickest manner he could, seemingly to escape hitting.

Twentieth.—In this round Turner got him in a corner; when Randall said, "Ned, do as I do; keep that in your eye, my boy, and you'll soon fetch him out." Davis turned aside from the severity of the hitting, and went down.

Twenty-first to Twenty-second.—This was a singular round, from the following circumstance:—Belcher stooped down and picked up a piece of paper, and put it in Davis's left hand, for him to keep it close. Turner thought it was a stone, and said, if that was the way he was to be used, he would not fight. Randall rushed in to see what it was, anxious to do his duty as a *second*, and almost tore the paper out of Belcher's hand, who had now got hold of it, openly showing it, that nothing unfair was meant, and that it had been used merely for the purpose described. Some words ensued. The umpires inquired the cause of this disturbance. Belcher explained. It caused some little agitation round the ring, many of the amateurs thinking it was a *Bank-note*, and that a wager had been proposed, and that *staking* was attempted, as a sort of *ruse de guerre*, in order to give Davis time. The umpires appeared quite satisfied that nothing "UNFAIR" had been attempted. This was a sharp, well-fought, short round, and both the men went down. Davis had now retrieved his character, in a great degree, with the spectators, who asserted, that when he *was at work* he did not mind it, but that it appeared he did not like to begin to hit.

Twenty-third to Twenty-sixth.—Some good rounds, and Davis fighting better than he had done; but in the latter, he received a body hit that made quite a *dent* upon his frame. Turner, in closing, slung him also round like a cat. This

wisty-castor on the body occasioned a complete *revolution* in the *guttery*. The great and little ones were all shoved together *higgledy-piggledy;* and "*bellows to mend*" was the true feature. Twenty doses of salts could not have occasioned such a *row* in the *tripe* market.

Twenty-seventh.—Turner put in a dreadful blow under the ear of Davis, or rather at the back part of his head. It occasioned a large gash, as if cut with a knife, that not only stupified him, but the *claret* flowed profusely, and he went down in a piteous state.

Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth.—Good rounds and sharp hitting. Davis determined to let the amateurs see that he could fight a bit. Both the *ogles* of Davis had now been measured for a *suit of mourning;* and, on his forehead, he had got a lump like an egg. It was evident that, after all, he did not want for *bottom* in regard to *taking*, when it came to this point.

Thirtieth.—Davis, it was asserted, fell without a blow; and Turner fell heavily upon him by way of recompence.

Thirty-first.—This round might be termed the *finisher*. Davis was so stupid that he stood quite still, while Turner fibbed, and hit him down. He could not lift up his hands. Nature had quite deserted him—his eyes had lost their fire, and he was now viewed by the amateurs more as an object of pity, than subject to any ill-natured remarks.

Thirty-second and last.—It is true, he made his appearance at the scratch; but he turned away from the blow, and fell down. This contest was over in 45 minutes.

If any observations can be made, a nut-shell might contain them. In a word, too much praise had been previously bestowed on the prime qualities said to be possessed by *Davis*, added to his *decisive fight* with *Belasco*, sen. that ANTICIPATION was quite on tip-toe to behold another pugilist from *Bristol*,—a soil that had given birth to those *out-and-outers*,—to be placed on the list with *Big Ben*, *Jem* and *Tom Belcher*, the *Game Chicken*, *Tom Cribb*, *Gulley*, *Nicholls*, *Bob Watson*, &c. &c., whose names vibrate in the ears of the amateurs

of the London Ring, whenever comparisons are made respecting the *goodness* of the boxers. *Davis's* right hand is very dangerous, like Neate's; but the *flats* were nicely *gulled*. From his youth, weight, freshness, and strength, he ought to have won it. It was urged by his friends, that his going down so often was owing to a weakness in his knees—a rheumatic affection, which had seized him a few days previous to the battle. It is only common justice to him to state, that he was terribly beaten about the head; and one of his hands, arms, and shoulders, exhibited the most dreadful *punishment*, and looked *terrifying* to the beholder. He, however, possesses great requisites to prove a *troublesome customer;* and a little more experience, and another trial, perhaps, may recover him his lost laurels. It is no new case, that some men are "*half beat*" before they enter the ring; and that young soldiers *wink* on first smelling powder, when a *cannon-ball* only can move the position of their heads ever afterwards. This may prove *Cy. Davis's* character in the next contest. It should also be remembered, that only *one Randall* and *one* TURNER at present stand upon the list. The talents of the latter are so well known, that it would be superfluous to state them. Upon this occasion, however, he became the offensive, instead of the defensive, pugilist. He might have been better in *condition*, had longer time been allowed him; at all events, it must be a second *Randall* to defeat him.

It was thought by several amateurs, at the time the above match was made, that it was not first-rate judgment to match *Davis*, so early in his pugilistic

career, against the *top of the tree* of the light weights. If fine *science*, great *experience*, and the *patronage* of the London ring, are *points* of importance towards victory, TURNER possessed them all in an eminent degree. Few provincial actors, (great *stars* in their own circles), it will not be disputed, could be placed alongside of KEAN with any certainty of success, putting all prejudice out of the question. And even Mr. KEAN, whose theatrical talents have *electrified* the feelings of the people from one end of the kingdom to the other, was *hissed* in several parts on the night of his first performance of *Richard*, from the recollection of the abilities of his predecessors. And the late *John Palmer*, a distinguished actor, felt so much embarrassment in being called to rehearse a part before GARRICK, that his power of utterance totally forsook him for a time, so much was he overawed by the superior powers and penetrating eye of the *British Roscius*. It might have operated in a like manner with *Davis*, when he came into contact with the *darting* eagle-eye of TURNER. There is no accounting for this sort of panic. Some of our greatest men have felt it on their out-set in life. A pupil of Lord Erskine (when his Lordship was at the bar), on his first attempt at public speaking in the Court of King's Bench, was so *embarrassed*, although a young man of rising talent, in being opposed to the eloquent speech of his Lordship, that for several minutes his tongue forsook its office, and he could not *articulate* a single sentence. Yet, on his recovering from this *impressive* feeling, he astonished the Court with the abilities he possessed. In another battle, then, per-

haps, it will be more fair to judge and decide upon his *milling* capabilities and *pluck*.

The Sporting World were now extremely anxious to witness a battle between TURNER and *Martin*; more especially as the former, immediately after his defeat by *Randall*, challenged *Martin*, who had then proved the conqueror of *Scroggins*; but it went off, in consequence of a nobleman backing, rather hastily, *Randall* against *Martin*. Both TURNER and *Martin* having surrendered to the *Nonpareil*, it was thought that a good contest would be the result of a combat between them.

The match between TURNER and *Martin* was at length made, and the stakes of 100 guineas a-side were made good at *Spring's*, the Catharine Wheel, Little St. James's Street, Pall Mall. Five to four was offered upon TURNER, but this odds was thought too little. Master *Scroggy* being present, submitted the following remarks for the consideration of the amateurs:—"That, in his opinion, he would not give *tup-pence* for choice—he had *tried* both the men—TURNER was the *awkwardest* man alive to *get at*, but *Martin* was the *hardest hitter*. Two *gamer* lads never entered the ring—and when either of the men said "No!" the other would be very glad of it." The *judgment* of RANDALL, it appears, was diametrically opposite, who had also entered the lists with *Martin* and TURNER. *Scroggins* was defeated by the latter, it will be recollected, in one hour and twelve minutes, in good style; while, on the contrary, *Martin*, after a desperate contest with *Scroggins*, of two hours and two minutes, only gained it, as it were, by the toss up of a halfpenny!

Therefore, *calculations* were made up accordingly, as may be again seen: *Randall*, the acknowledged best fighter of the day, was two hours and twenty minutes in *disposing* of the talent and courage possessed by TURNER; when, in the short space of fifty minutes, he conquered *Martin*, without giving the latter a shadow of *chance*. Bets were offered that the above contest was not over in an hour; and also that TURNER was not beat in an hour and a quarter. One gentleman offered 50 guineas even, that TURNER was not beat in 17 hours and a half.

This battle took place on Tuesday, October 26, 1819, for 100 guineas a-side, at Wallingham Common, Surrey. Little betting occurred previous to the day of fighting, and it was *booked* to a *certainty* that TURNER must win. The road, however, on the morning of fighting, exhibited the usual feature of bustle, and the *Corinthians* were not only numerous, but the *dead men* fraternity also mustered very strong with the "*Rolls Company*." *Martin* was in high repute. At one o'clock, TURNER threw his hat in the ring, attended by *Belcher* and *Randall*, and *Martin* soon followed, accompanied by *Cribb* and *Spring*. Betting 6 and 7 to 4, and 2 to 1.

First round.—On stripping, both of the combatants appeared in the highest state of condition. Martin was as fine as the human frame could arrive at; he looked very big, but there was nothing gross about him; his appearance, however, seemed more calculated for a successful pedestrian than a pugilist, in consequence of the heaviest half of him being situated from his hips to his feet. Turner was all that could be wished; indeed, he was never in such good *trim* before: and, excepting the weakness of his knee, there was not the slightest uneasiness by his friends as to the result of the event. It was whispered round the ring, previous to the combat, that

Martin was determined to try his strength at the onset, and to *smash* the science of his opponent, if possible; but this proved to be mere rumour, as much cautious sparring for an opening occurred before a blow was struck. Martin kept retreating a little; but at length he made a hit, which was stopped cleanly by Turner. Another pause, when Turner made a slight hit, and Martin kept getting away. Turner cool, and on the look-out, with his left hand felt for the body of his opponent, and, in returning, Martin threw his blow away. The latter seemed rather tired with holding up his hands, and, on his looking down to the ground, the good *generalship* of Turner was visible to all the ring, as he immediately let fly on Martin's *nob*. The baker, however, disengaged himself from a short rally, but in this spirt one of his *ogles* got severely damaged, and the *claret* was oozing out of the corner. Martin retreated from the attacks of his opponent to the corner of the ring, when some blows were exchanged, and on Martin's going down, he thought he had been hit improperly, as he exclaimed, "Isn't that foul?" Six minutes and a half had elapsed; and "Bravo, Turner,—go along, Neddy; you need not be long about winning," &c.

Second.—Turner soon put in a *bodier*, and repeated it without any return; but on attempting it a third time, Martin stopped him. Turner, with much dexterity, put in a severe *facer* with his left hand, and also a *winder;* but Martin made some of his blows tell, and, in a severe struggle for the throw, both went down.

Third.—Martin did not attempt to hit first, or to *smash*, as was anticipated; but kept retreating, till he was compelled to hit, as it were, in his own defence. He again got into the corner of the ring, pursued by his opponent, but, unlike the Nonpareil when in this perilous situation, he did not appear to know how to extricate himself, and went down from a hit.

Fourth.—This was a manly round, and Martin made an exchange of hits, and also endeavoured to *fib* Turner. It was a sharp struggle, and both down, but Turner undermost. "Well done, Martin," and the *floury coves* took a little courage, and sported a *dead man* or two, as they thought, upon the *improved suit*.

Fifth.—This round was a most mischievous one to Martin, and it materially reduced his strength. He received a dreadful *jobber* right on his nose, and some other ugly hits, and after a severe struggle in going down, Turner fell so heavily upon him, that it operated in sound, to those persons near the ring,

like the paviors in the street, who lift up the stamper, and cry out *ah!*—Loud shouting, and "It's all right, Turner."

Sixth.—Martin came up to the scratch distressed, but he commenced fighting, and hit Turner on the *nob*. The coolness of the latter received it with the most perfect *sang-froid*, and soon after put in a *throttler*, that almost deprived the baker of breath. Turner followed it up by a *bodier*. Martin tried to make a return, but without effect; and, in getting away from his opponent, he staggered and fell from weakness. "Foul, foul!" was the cry; and, "He's fell without a blow."

Seventh.—Martin made a good stop, but he soon went down quite exhausted.

Eighth.—The baker, with much courage, endeavoured to plant two good hits; but Turner stopped them with such scientific excellence as to be pronounced "*beautiful*." Shelton here roared out, "Go to work, Ned, and it will soon be over;" and Randall said, "A little one for me, and it's at an end." Martin was very weak, and kept getting away, till he got a *facer* that sent him down, and his head rolled about like a top.—20 to 5 was now offered; and "It's all up," was the general expression.

Ninth.—Martin came staggering to the scratch, and it was not long before he again found himself upon the ground.

Tenth.—The fine *stopping* of Turner put all the well-meant efforts of Martin at defiance. This was a good round, and Martin fought manfully till he was *fibbed* down by Turner, who walked away.

Eleventh to Fifteenth.—Martin was getting better in the last round, and threw his opponent.

Sixteenth.—Turner not only had the best of the hitting, but fell heavily upon Martin.

Seventeenth and Eighteenth.—Turner put in a severe blow on the chest, and in struggling for the throw, he slung Martin round and round, till he went down. Loud applause for Turner.

Nineteenth.—The *science* of Turner, in stopping nearly all the blows of Martin, was quite satisfactory to the good judges, that, without an accident, he was winning of it cleverly. Martin, however, got Turner down in this round, and it was a bad fall for the latter.

Twentieth.—This was a sharp round, but nothing could keep Martin from retreating to the corner of the ring. Randall ordered the bottles to be moved, and both of them went down from a sharp struggle.

Twenty-first to Twenty-third.—It is true, Martin was much

better, but he could not take the lead. Turner, however, showed symptoms of weakness, and a little brandy was given him to recruit. Both down in all these rounds.

Twenty-fourth to Twenty-six.—The friends of Martin thought his *chance* improved; and in the last round, in throwing Turner, the bad knee of the latter narrowly escaped the post, as his leg came in contact with it.

Twenty-seventh to Thirtieth.—Turner still fought cautiously, put in a good one now and then, reducing the strength of his opponent with ease to himself, and certainty as to the event. The majority of these rounds was in favour of Turner.

Thirty-first.—Martin put in a sharp *nobber*, and also a body blow, and had altogether the best of this round, till they both went down.

Thirty-second.—The baker felt elated with his success, and went sharply to work, and put in another heavy *facer*, and also some hits, till Turner went down, and appeared weak. "Bravo, Martin, you'll win, my boy;" and the *crusty part* of the ring were all alive at the turn. "Nothing so sure," said Spring, and gave the baker some *water of life*.

Thirty-third.—Turner let fly on setting-to, and a dreadful blow under the ear seemed almost to deprive Martin of his recollection. He, however, got away, and, upon endeavouring to make a stand, he fell down exhausted.

Thirty-fourth.—This round might be termed the *quietus* of the fight. Some blows were exchanged, when Turner hooked his opponent round the neck, and hit him in the body, *ditto, ditto, ditto, ditto*, and *ditto;* and in struggling for the throw, while going down, Martin received another heavy body blow. "Well done, Turner;" and loud applause.

Thirty-fifth.—The excellence displayed by Turner was of the highest order of the pugilistic art. In fact, he was never seen to such advantage before; and ANGELO, in the best of his days, could not have shown greater skill in *fencing*, than Turner did in *parrying* off the attacks of his opponent. The knee of Turner failed him in this round, and he slipped down from a slight hit.

Thirty-sixth.—This was a good round; and the hitting was sharp on both sides. Martin exerted his last effort, and put in some heavy blows, till Turner slipped, and went down.

Thirty-seventh.—It was all up with Martin, and he was so exhausted, that in endeavouring to get away from the *punishment* of Turner, it was said he fell down without a blow.

Thirty-eighth.—This was a similar round, when Turner

said, "Jack, if I am to be beat, stand up, and win it like a man." Martin was in such a state of stupor, as not to be able to reply.

Thirty-ninth.—Martin was here so dead beat, that he again fell down without a blow. Some murmurings occurred, when the umpire said, "Martin, recollect this is to be a stand-up fight."

Fortieth and last.—Martin endeavoured to put in a blow, and went down from a slight hit. On the baker being put upon his second's knee, and time called, Cribb said, "I believe, we may say it's all over."

Martin was very much *punished* about the throat, but particularly about his chest and body; yet scarcely any *claret* was spilt on this occasion. It was urged by some persons present, that it was not a good fight, and that Martin did not show any pretensions to *pugilism*. It should, however, be recollected, that *Martin* was opposed to the first boxer of the day, and that all his efforts were *stopped* by the superior skill of his opponent. TURNER also exhibited great improvement, and fought well with his right hand. He showed himself a complete general, for although he *lost the toss*, he seldom failed, by his manœuvres in the round, to place his adversary with his face to the sun. The *coolness* of Turner is also greatly in his favour, and he can *receive* without being put out of his course. The NONPAREIL has now left the ring, but it may be said, that TURNER is also a NONPAREIL. It was urged, that could TURNER have trusted to his *knee*, the fight would have been over in 50 minutes, instead of one hour and seven. He retired from the contest almost without a scratch upon his face; and it should be taken into the scale of calculation, that *Martin* is not to be got at so very easy, as he is tall, and leans very

backward on *setting-to.* TURNER was under 11 stone, and *Martin* 11 stone 4 lb. If *Martin* cannot be denominated a first-rate fighter, he is well known to be a *game* man. He *fancied Randall*, TURNER, and *Scroggins*—this is saying something in his favour as to courage. His being defeated by the two former heroes operates but little against him, as it is the general opinion, that *Randall* and TURNER can beat any thing on the list of the "*light*" *weights.* It was remarked at the time, that let *Martin* be placed in competition with some one of his *own quality*, and he would be able to give a good account of himself. TURNER, it seems, declared "*off fighting*," as the last three contests, it was observed, prevented him from "*changing his condition ;*" and no *dependence* could be placed on his knee. But he nevertheless declared himself *open* for the space of two months, to fight any person of his weight for £200 a-side; TURNER at the same time wishing it to be understood in the Sporting World, that he would not leave the *Prize Ring* unhandsomely, bearing in his mind the generous behaviour he had experienced from the amateurs upon all occasions. No individual, however, offered, during the above time. But as TURNER has not "*changed his condition*" at the present moment (Dec. 1820), there is little doubt but he will again exhibit himself in the ring, as no boxer among the light weights stands higher in the estimation of the *Fancy* than NED TURNER. The following match, had it not been disposed of in a friendly manner, must have excited an unusual degree of interest amongst the admirers of scientific pugilism.

WINE DOES WONDERS; *and the Daffy can make the dumb to speak!*—CY. DAVIS having commenced publican at the Tap, belonging to the Bear and Ragged Staff, in Smithfield, the DAFFY CLUB were determined to give him a *turn*, and the *President* accordingly took the Chair, on Wednesday, August 9, 1820, for that "night only," as the players say, and an overflowing audience was the result. The harmony of the evening was rather interrupted by the presence of one of the *highest swells* in the *Fancy*, accompanied by *Tom Belcher*. It appeared the above heroes, during the afternoon, had been too liberal in their sacrifices at the *shrine of Bacchus*, and the addition now of copious draughts of *Daffy*, made the latter pugilist extremely *talkative*, and he offered to fight any eleven stone man in England, for 500 guineas a-side. This behaviour rather astonished the company; it being well known to all the Sporting World, that the general conduct of Belcher is scrupulously correct upon most occasions. The President asked *Tom* if he was "personal," several pugilists being present. The answer was "No!" The question was repeated, and the same answer returned. But after a glass or two had been drank, and a chaunt or two been given, *Belcher* broke in the ring (as the President termed it), by saying he would fight *Randall* or *Turner* for 500 guineas a-side! The NONPAREIL passed it over as the mere intemperance of the moment. *Turner* soon afterwards came in, when the challenge was accepted; but he observed, that he would sooner run a mile, or spend a guinea, than fight Belcher, from the respect he had for him. "But if you wish it," says *Ned*, "I am ready;" and five guineas on each side were put down, and the following articles of agreement entered into.

The Tap, Bear and Ragged Staff, Smithfield, Aug. 9, 1820.

Thomas Belcher agrees to fight Edward Turner, for £500 a-side, in a 24 foot ring.—Half minute time.—A fair stand-up fight. The battle to take place on Monday, the 13th of November, within 25 miles of London. Twenty-five pounds a-side are deposited in the hands of Mr. Soares; but the whole of the stakes to be placed in the hands of Mr. Jackson, previous to the day of fighting. To meet at Mr. Belcher's, the Castle Tavern, on Saturday evening, August 12, between the hours of seven and ten o'clock, and make up the deposit £100 a-side; and if the money on either side is not made good, the deposit to be forfeited. An umpire on each side to be chosen by the parties, and the referee to be appointed by Mr. Jackson. The whole of the £500 a-side to be made good previous to fighting, at the following houses, and upon the evenings specified as follow:—£100 a-side more at Cy. Davis's, on Monday, August 28, between seven and ten;—also £100 at Harmer's, the Plough, in Smithfield, on Monday, September 23, between seven and ten; and the remaining £200 a-side at Randall's, the Hole in the Wall, Chancery Lane, on Monday, Oct. 16, between seven and ten. The money to be forfeited at the different periods, as above stated, by the parties not making their respective sums good.

Belcher said he would rather fight *Randall*, and he would give the latter boxer two guineas to make a match with him for £500. Twenty guineas a-side were now added to the former deposit. *Belcher* then stated, that, win or lose with TURNER, he would fight *Randall* for £500 a-side, in three months afterwards, and make the latter a present of five, nay ten guineas, to make the above match. The Nonpareil said, that if *Belcher* beat TURNER, he would meet him. Some little difference of opinion took place between *Belcher* and *Shelton*, when the former, to *show* that he meant fighting, said he would instantly meet *Shelton*, for two guineas, in the room or in the pens, but the latter declined. *Shelton* said, he was not fit to fight at present. At all events, it must be allowed it was a most *spirited* night. In "nothing to extenuate, or set down aught in malice," it is but fair to state, that the *Nonpareil* conducted himself throughout the night with the greatest propriety.

On the Saturday night following, at ten o'clock, the *Nonpareil* and TURNER came forward to make the above match good; but, from the interference of General *Barton*, the hands that were to have been opposed to each other, were shaken together in friendship. The expenses of TURNER were offered to be paid by *Belcher*, but the former nobly refused to accept of any consideration, *Belcher* acknowledging that it was the liquor that was in fault. The parties then sat down to take a friendly glass together, and laughingly admitted that the "*Bear*" had been well *baited* for the first night, and a second meeting was proposed. It was owing to *Harmer (Belcher's* cousin) being neglected by *Randall* and TURNER, at his benefit, at the Fives Court, it seems, that occasioned the above expression of feeling by *Tom Belcher*.

West Country Dick had once the temerity to have a *turn-up* with TURNER; and, although the latter was intoxicated, he finished *Dick* in three rounds. A higher couraged man does not exist; nor is there a more feeling or generous fellow to be met with in the whole circle of British pugilists than NED TURNER. Taking *care of himself*, he has no idea of; indeed, NED is a perfect creature of the moment. He knows nothing about the value of TIME, (except it is in the *Ring*, and there, it may be asked, who keeps it better, or any thing like so well, as TURNER?) As a *game* man, not the slightest dispute exists on that point; and it is only in the space of 24 feet, when in battle, that he may be viewed as a terrific character. In society, he is truly inoffensive; and, as a tradesman, he is an excellent workman.

JACK MARTIN,

THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

THE FANCY, it should seem, if they have not *places* to grant of great emolument, like some of the highest political classes of society, have nevertheless GIFTS to dispose of within their own circle. The above *title* is a complete *gift*, without any undue influence being attached to it; and MARTIN, in obtaining this elevation, is quite free from any imputation in that respect; or even according to the allusion made by the late CHARLES DIBDIN, in his feeling and characteristic song of *Sturdy Old Ben*, that

> So many captains have walk'd over my head,
> To see it quite scalp'd I shou'dn't wonder!

It is certainly true, that MARTIN has not walked over his opponents' *heads* to obtain his elevation on the *milling list* of fame; but it is a fact, that he has raised himself on account of lowering the *nobs* of his adversaries. At all events, MARTIN has *hit* his way to NOTORIETY; and his *prowess*, before he entered the Prize Ring, was acknowledged by all the *crummy* and *crusty* customers, from one end to the other of the *Rolls Company*. In short, he disposed of *batches* of the above heroes with so much ease and certainty, that his *title* of MASTER OF THE ROLLS is now so established as to be entirely free from dispute.

JACK MARTIN was born on the 10th of July, 1797, and first showed his fist in the neighbourhood of Lam-

beth Church. He is a fine-made young man, about 5 feet 9 inches in height, and his fighting weight about 11 stone 6 lbs.

MARTIN'S first regular *set-to*, it appears, took place near the Rev. *Rowland Hill's* chapel, Blackfriars' Road, with a sturdy coal-heaver. The latter *Black Diamond*, although a monument sort of a creature, was, in the hands of young *Doey*, almost *shivered* to pieces in a few minutes, and glad to cry for quarter. This contest astonished the spectators, and JACK, from being much applauded for the courageous conduct he had exhibited, began to *fancy* that he could fight a bit.

A *Sheriff's Officer*, a well-known good man, in the neighbourhood of St. George's Fields, had a very severe battle with MARTIN. In the course of a few rounds, *John Doe*, whose touch in general operates so severely upon an opponent, with JACK, it seems, lost its effect; nay, on the contrary, Mr. *Catchpole* said he was quite satisfied, gave up the *suit*, and left our hero in possession of the field.

MARTIN, it seems, had also a very desperate contest with a butcher, on Kennington Common; but the *Knight of the Steel* was ultimately so much *cut up* by the handy-works of MARTIN, that the latter boxer was proclaimed the conqueror, amidst the shouts of his friends and the surrounding spectators.

The first battle MARTIN fought in the Prize Ring, was with *Tom Oliver's* brother, at Ilford, in Essex, on Thursday, July 18, 1816, for ten guineas a-side. MARTIN not only proved the conqueror, but displayed very promising *milling* qualities. (See vol. ii. p. 345.)

MARTIN, who, it seems, was still anxious to obtain a

higher opinion in the minds of the amateurs, was upwards of two years before he could procure a customer, when the following match was made between him and *Paddington Johnson*, for 50 guineas a-side, to take place on Tuesday, September 15, 1818. On the above day, the FANCY assembled upon the ground belonging to Coventry Farm, near the Hale, in Middlesex; not upon that famed spot

"Where Isis and Osiris once held sway,"

but where *Jack the Butcher* made a ⋈ of it, in his contest with *Burke*. *Johnson* was well known to the ring, from his conquests over *Roe*, *H. Lancaster*, and *Purcell;* also as a right-handed hitter, and an acknowledged *game* man. His opponent, MARTIN, was more recognized in *theory* than in practice, and more of a *sparrer* than a pugilist. In consequence of the comparison, *Johnson* was the favourite 6 to 4. The latter first *showed*, and threw his hat in the ring; and MARTIN soon followed the example set him, in a very modest, unassuming manner. *Johnson* was seconded by the veteran *Joe Ward* and *Paddington Jones;* and MARTIN was waited upon by *Burns* and *Spring*. The *Baker*, it seems, disdained the common hackneyed mode of *milling* in drawers, and appeared in a loose stylish pair of white trowsers. This change was generally considered as an improvement. At five minutes to one o'clock the men set to.

First round.—On stripping, Johnson appeared the roundest and biggest man. His face was full of colour, and he looked well; but the judges of *training* thought him too fat and bulky; however, he was nevertheless considered generally to be in excellent *condition*. Martin, on the contrary, turned very pale; but in other respects his *canvas* was as *sleek* and as

prime as a thorough-bred greyhound, eager to take the lead in the chase. Upon the combatants forming their attitudes, and making some movements in opposition to each other, Johnson exhibited the highest marks of confidence, and made a sort of springing run to *mill* his opponent in his usual *rousing* style; but the *leariness* of Martin stopped him by a slight *muzzler*. The latter almost instantly *surprised* Johnson with another *header*, that not only operated on his vision, but *tapped* the *claret* with more dexterity than a first-rate *screw* at Mott's Brighton Hotel. Johnson endeavoured to feel for the *alimentary reservoir* of the baker, when a close took place, and Johnson tried to *fib* his *crusty* foe without effect. In struggling, Martin appeared the strongest man, as Johnson was the undermost on the ground. The *dead men* smiled at this favourable commencement of their hero, but the 6 to 4 *blades* did not half like it.

Second.—Martin seemed perfectly prepared for his enemy, with all the skill and caution of an experienced tactician. He planted his hits upon the *nob* of Johnson with as much *sang froid* as if he had been aiming at a *sack of flour*, expecting no return. The *Paddington boy*, rather enraged at this sort of treatment, tried again to *rouse* in upon *Doey's victualling office*; but the latter got away, and in return *mugged* him so severely, that Johnson went half round in a singular style, and in a curious struggle Johnson was again undermost. The odds were now completely turned, and the baker was the favourite, in some parts of the ring, 2 to 1.

Third.—The *handy*-work of Martin upon his opponent's *index*, was now apparent to all the ring; one of his *peepers* was already in mourning, and the other had been taken measure of for the black drapery, added to the *claret* trickling down his face. The *rousing* forte of Johnson was also *stayed*, and some long sparring occurred before any *work* was attempted; the latter, however, tried to *body* the baker, but the science of Martin prevented any serious effect; and in return gave him *one, two,* so severely, that his head seemed to quit his shoulders. In closing, Johnson also *napt* upon the fibbing system, and, in struggling to obtain the throw, he was compelled to yield to the superior strength of the *Master of the Rolls*. The *batch* lads were roaring with delight; and "Bravo!" was echoed all through the fraternity, at the talent displayed by Martin.

Fourth.—This round decided the fight: the execution done by Martin, positively made the odds the Monument to a

needle. On setting to, the baker gave his opponent three such staggering *facers*, enough to put a Cathedral organ out of tune; and Johnson turned round from the force of the last hit, but his *game* never deserted him, and he returned to the attack like a Waterloo *trump*. Johnson's right hand *told* slightly on Martin's side, but as to any thing like *punishment*, he could not administer any to make a change in his favour. It was a long round, occupying five minutes, without any closing; and during which time, notwithstanding Martin hit frequently short, he planted *twelve facers*, with as much ease and dexterity as the clowns at Bartholomew Fair play on the salt-box. Martin followed Johnson so closely up, that he was at length hit down upon his knees, and measured his length on the grass quite exhausted. The *dead men* were all upon the *qui vive*, and, in the pride of the moment, offered to the hitherto confident Westminster and Paddington *costermongers*, a peck loaf to a halfpenny roll: but the *Donkey* proprietors *shied* it.

Fifth.—Johnson's *nob* now exhibited the FUSELI aspect: it was so changed, as to call forth the observation of "an old friend with a new face." Martin went to *work* with both his hands so quickly, that his opponent's *sensitive* plant rolled about like a humming top, and he fell out of the ring covered with *crimson*. Great shouting, and any odds offered.

Sixth.—Johnson was quite *abroad*, gasping for breath. He could not get at Martin: but was compelled to act as a *Receiver-general* till he could no longer stand to take it.

Seventh.—Johnson only came up to *nap*; and *one*, *two*, and *three*, were put in so terribly upon his already damaged *mug*, that he *reeled* in all directions. He was also punished round the ring, and Martin lost his balance in hitting Johnson as they were both going down. Loud cries of "Foul" and "Fair" took place; but this attempt to create a division would not do, and the fight proceeded.

Eighth.—Martin missed several hits, although he *faced* his opponent grievously; but Johnson, from a desperate effort, got Martin down. Hats were now thrown up, "Well done, Johnson; now you'll see him go to work," &c.; and loud applause followed.

Ninth.—This was but a momentary triumph for poor Johnson, who commenced the round with much spirit, and fought away like a truly *game* man. Martin, however, cautious and collected, put in one, two, straight shoulder hits upon Johnson's distracted *upper works*, that the stunning force must have ope-

rated like *chaos* upon his senses. The baker also broke away from his opponent with all the agility displayed by Madame Saqui upon the rope; and ultimately gave Johnson so tremendous a *nobber*, that he went down as if shot, and rolled over upon his face like a convulsed being. Twenty to one, but scarcely any person would take it.

Tenth.—It was all up with Johnson, and he again received so much *nobbing*, that he laid himself down, as it were, unconscious of what he was doing.

Eleventh.—Martin, eager to finish the contest, and establish his character, gave Johnson no chance of recovering from his stupifying state, but ran in to him, and *floored* his opponent *sans ceremonie!*

Twelfth.—The unwelcome sound of defeat to a victorious hero is almost worse than death; and Johnson, who had hitherto been cheered with the smiles of conquest, was still anxious again to hear its vivifying quality. It could be only these circumstances that could have induced him to protract the contest. Martin again *nobbed* him, with scarcely any return; and Johnson went down like a *log*.

Thirteenth and last.—It was expected Johnson would not again appear at the scratch; but it appeared, that while he could lift up his hands he was determined to fight. He was, however, soon *milled* down out of the ring; and, upon being placed upon his second's knee, it was communicated to Martin he had no longer any foe to contend against. Johnson, with much true manliness, shook hands with Martin; when he became so exhausted, that he was carried by three men out of the ring, and put into a coach. Martin immediately ran and got into a post-chaise, and drove off the ground. It was over in 30 minutes.

No pugilist ever left the ring less *punished* than did MARTIN; and, except a trifling mark upon the side of his head, there was not the slightest trace that he had been engaged in a prize contest. He also won the above battle, for ease, science, and execution, equal to any boxer upon the present list; but still, if comparison has any weight in the scales, he must not be over-rated from what he has hitherto done. It is true,

he conquered *Oliver's* brother in a finishing active style: but then his opponent was *nobody*, respecting the requisites he possessed as a fighting man. It is also the fact, that *Johnson* had not a shadow of *chance* with MARTIN; and, however the admirers of the former may urge that his constitution was broken up, yet, in his prime, he could never have defeated the *Baker*. All *puddling* fighters, however *game* they may be, when once opposed to a real scientific two-handed boxer, it is two to one against them. To judge impartially of MARTIN'S talents, it was thought that he must be tried with a real good one—where *science* is opposed to skill—*leariness* contrasted with caution—and, in the pinch of the game, what *bottom* is exhibited to make up the grand climax. The attitude of MARTIN, in one or two instances, was like *Spring*; he leant his body too much upon his loins: this fault should be corrected: but in other points he exhibited a strong and excellent trait of the Old School towards victory, peculiarly prominent in *Mendoza's* fighting, in repeating his blows without mercy from his position. *Tom Belcher* is also conspicuous in this respect. However, till MARTIN is *evenly* matched, the abilities of the above hero of the *crusty* tribe cannot be accurately appreciated. MARTIN is a remarkably civil, well-behaved young man, (and at present he is only to be *dreaded*, where all prize-fighters should be, namely, in the Prize Ring,) and we hope this victory will not so far *inflate* his feelings as to make him forget himself, as many other boxers have done; nor this general hint be thrown away upon him, or upon others, who may prove successful. *George Head* contends for giving

MARTIN the first rudiments of the pugilistic art, and making him a boxer; but *Burns* claims putting the finish to MARTIN. Who shall decide?

The above contest, and two others, proved a rare day's sport; and, notwithstanding the torrents of rain, which never ceased during the above fights, the amateurs proved themselves as *game* as pebbles, and kept their ground with all the indifference of bricks and mortar. Some *punning* took place amongst a few *swell* pedestrians, who were induced to *marrow-bone* it, in consequence of the fineness of weather, *chaffing* that they were transformed into *clodhoppers*, in consequence of the heavy pieces of clay clinging to their feet. The *Fancy*, upon the above occasion, proved themselves nothing less than *out-and-outers*.

As MARTIN, it appears, could not get any *immediate* employment for his *fists*, he felt determined that his legs should not stand *idle*, and, therefore, he backed himself, in a pugilistic foot-race, a few days after the above battle. On Monday, September 28, 1818, in Hyde Park, at eight o'clock in the morning, a muster of the amateurs assembled, to witness this race for a rump and a dozen, between *Spring*, *Ben Burns*, MARTIN, and a novice. The distance 200 yards: but the latter person declined previous to the time of starting. The race was spiritedly contested; but MARTIN took the lead, kept it, and came in first. *Spring* was second at the winning post; and *Burns*, though last, yet nevertheless ran in in good style, and was but a very little distance behind *Spring*. The 200 yards were run in 25 seconds.

The *Master of the Rolls*, having now made some

little progress towards obtaining *notoriety* in the Prize Ring, was, from the following unexpected circumstance, again brought before the judgment of the amateurs, in opposition to a boxer, who, notwithstanding his defeats by *Turner*, still stood high in the opinion of the *Fancy* in general. At *Parish's* benefit, held in a large room, at the Coal Exchange, near Billingsgate, the principal feature of the evening was the bout between MARTIN and *Scroggins*, and which was pronounced highly important and *interesting* to the supporters of the Prize Ring, respecting the *capabilities* of the *crusty hero*, and also towards regulating the *betting* at any future period, whenever he might be opposed to a *good one*. The length and height of the *Master of the Rolls* over his opponent, was evident to all the amateurs. *Scroggins*, in this combat, proved himself a *tragi-comic* performer of talent; and under the *mask* of fun, he not only produced roars of laughter—made his audience frequently look serious—and worked upon his adversary's *feelings*—but concluded by exciting their utmost *astonishment!* In short, if the conqueror of *Johnson* did not *gammon* it (and yet too much nature seemed to prevail in the *set-to* to give it such a character, as well as too much anxiety and love of fame displayed to make it a mere *trick* to deceive the unwary), and it was a *real thing*, the fact then is, that neither the *length* nor the *science* of the baker could prevent the *boring* qualities of *Scroggins* from doing heavy execution (so well known and felt by all his opponents, except *Turner*), and ultimately sending MARTIN down. Upon *Scroggins* quitting the room, and considered to have the best of

the *bout*, "another round" was loudly called for by the partizans of the baker. *Scroggins* immediately returned, and every eye was on the stretch to view the termination. *Scroggy* went to *work* again without delay, and, like the grand climax to a fine piece of oratory, he hit MARTIN down with the celerity of a *shot*; then turning round, smiling, said, with much *naiveté*, "Gentlemen, are you now satisfied?"—"Quite, quite," were the replies; when he left the room overwhelmed with peals of applause.

Several amateurs witnessing the above combat were so decidedly in favour of *Scroggins*, that a deposit of £5 a-side was immediately put down to make it a match for 100 a-side, and also a purse of £50 for the winner. But in consequence of the amateurs withdrawing the purse of £50, this match was *off*; and the friends of *Scroggins* forfeited their deposit of £5. However, in a few days afterwards, a new match was made, and the following articles were agreed to:—

Castle Tavern, Nov. 3, 1818.

T. Belcher on the behalf of Scroggins, and B. Burns on the part of Martin, have deposited £20 a-side for the above men to fight on Tuesday, the 8th of December, within 30 miles of London, in a 24-feet ring, for £100 a-side. To be a fair stand-up fight; half-minute time. Fifty pounds a-side to be made good at Belcher's, on Tuesday, Nov. 24; and the whole of the stakes to be completed at B. Burns's, the Sun, in Windmill Street, Haymarket, on Thursday, Dec. 3. If not, the above deposit to be forfeited. The £200 to be placed in the hands of Mr. Jackson, who will name the place of fighting. The above deposit of £40 to be lodged in the hands of Mr. Franklin. One umpire to be chosen by each party, and the referee by Mr. Jackson.

(Signed) T. BELCHER,
B. BURNS.

Witness, T. CRIBB.

The odds were immediately 5 to 4 on MARTIN; and in some instances higher.

This match accordingly took place, at MOULSEY HURST, on Tuesday, the 8th of December, 1818, where the amateurs met more numerously than could be expected, considering this battle was only two days after that of *Randall* and *Turner*. The name of *Scroggins* still made some impression on the FANCY; but the odds were 6 to 4 and 2 to 1 against him. It was four years since, (Dec. 8, 1814,) on the same spot of ground, when the celebrated *Dutch Sam* lost his laurels with *Nosworthy:* and it was also on the same piece of turf that *Scroggins* conquered *Nosworthy*, in the short space of eighteen minutes. The little hero seemed as if animated by the recollection of this subject; and looked more than cheerful towards obtaining victory. MARTIN appeared in the ring first, and threw up his hat, attended by *Oliver* and *Burns* as his seconds; and *Scroggins*, attended by *Belcher* and *Richmond*, soon followed. Both of the men were in good condition, particularly MARTIN. *Randall* was present, and frequently encouraged *Scroggins* by offering to bet upon him. At one o'clock, the men shook hands, and the battle commenced. Mr. *Gully* was the umpire.

First round.—Scroggins, with smiling confidence, set to, but Martin did not seem eager to go to *work*, although he had the length and height of his opponent. Some long sparring occurred, when Scroggins hit first, which was returned by Martin. Some exchanges; when they closed, and Scroggy got Martin down. *Shouts of applause, and "Bravo, Scroggins.*

Second.—The forehead of the baker appeared rather raised, and Scroggy gave him another *nobber* with his right hand. The latter endeavoured to make a rush, but was stopped by

facer. The round was finished by some sharp fighting; both went down, but Martin undermost.

Third.—The baker did not take the lead in that high style which had been anticipated, from the *milling* requisites which he was said to possess. Scroggins, with much dexterity, planted a desperate hit on the side of the baker's right ear. Martin returned upon him, and they fought sharply at the ropes till both went down, and Martin undermost.

Fourth.—Martin endeavoured to put in a sharp *nobber*, but Scroggy, smiling at his efforts, stopped it cleverly. In closing, both down, when Scroggins again got his opponent undermost. Loud shouting, and "Go it, Scroggy."

Fifth.—Martin put in some good hits, and followed Scroggy to the ropes; when the little one, with much ferocity, returned upon him, and drove him back, also planting some sharp blows. In struggling for the throw, Scroggins was undermost. The high odds on the baker had changed its tone; and in many parts of the ring it was even betting.

Sixth.—Scroggins showed good science, and appeared not so easy a man to be got at as Martin had previously anticipated, and the latter paused a good deal before he attempted to hit. After some *milling* on both sides, Scroggins got Martin down in the close, and undermost. A very loud burst of applause.

Seventh.—Scroggins hit, Martin twice, and sent him out of the ring. Thunders of approbation, and "The little hero is as good as ever," was the cry.

Eighth.—Although Martin did not perform what was expected, or *smash* his opponent *off hand*, yet ultimately it was thought he would prove victorious. Scroggins hit, and got away in good style. Martin again pausing. At length they commenced fighting, and Scroggins's *nose* was severely *pinked*. Both down, but Scroggins undermost.

Ninth to Twelfth.—Displayed no particular points—reciprocal in most instances; and the youth and strength of Martin the principal advantages.

Thirteenth to Sixteenth.—The former three rounds displayed little variation; but the latter was excellent. Scroggins got Martin at the ropes in such a peculiar situation, that he might have severely *punished* him with ease and effect, but disdained to take any advantage, holding up his hands and walking away. *Tumultuous applause from all parts of the ring at his manly conduct.*

But it was observed by the judges of pugilism, that Scroggins had given a *chance* away, and this *generosity* might eventually lose him the battle, which subsequently proved to be the fact.

Seventeenth to Twenty-fourth.—In all these rounds it would be difficult to assign the "best" to either of them. Scroggins was rushing in to make a hit, when Martin stopped him, but the latter fell from weakness.

Twenty-fifth.—This was a good round. Martin hit and got away; and Scroggy also stopped with judgment. In closing, Scroggins threw Martin out of the ring. Shouts of applause.

Twenty-sixth to Twenty-eighth. — Scroggins laughed at Martin; when the latter ran in, and gave him a *nobber* for it. They were both down.

Twenty-ninth to Thirty-second.—This was a *milling* round, and good on both sides. Counter hits passed. The nose of Scroggy looked rather queer; but he made some excellent stops. Martin's right eye was damaged. In closing, Scroggins acted again with much manliness, disdaining to fall upon the baker, which he might have done. Applause; and 2 to 1 was offered in some places, by the friends of Scroggins.

Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth.—The amateurs felt rather astonished that nothing decisive had as yet been effected. Scroggins showed good science, good pluck, full of laughter, and proved an ugly customer for the baker. Martin, in this round, met Scroggins well as he was coming in by a *facer*; but the latter returned, and in closing, fell upon him heavily. He said to his second, "*It is as right as the day*," meaning he should win it.

Thirty-fifth to Thirty-seventh.—Martin bled in the latter round from severe *facers*. Both down, but Martin undermost.

Thirty-eighth.—Cautious sparring, during which time Scroggins smilingly observed to Martin, "I am not so easy a customer, Jack, as you expected." "Never mind," replied Martin; "how are you to win it?" Both down.

Thirty-ninth.—Scroggins hit down just above the mark.

Fortieth to Forty-fifth.—Scroggins began playing some antics with his feet, not unlike his displays of fun at the Fives Court. He seemed quite at ease, and some parts of the ring took him for choice as an old favourite. One hour and 38

minutes had elapsed, and nothing positively decisive done, excepting that the youth of Martin was likely to last the longest.

Forty-sixth.—The face of Scroggins was rather the worse for the fight; Martin was piping—his *mug* rather changed, but he scarcely bled.

Forty-seventh to Fiftieth.—They both got weak, and Martin went down from some hits, and they frequently gave a "hem" for wind. Scroggins received a dreadful *floorer* on the nob, that appeared to make him so *groggy* that he did not know where he was, and the cry was, "It IS ALL UP." Oliver took off his hat—the spectators ran from the outer ring towards the ropes—some confusion ensued, and the horse-whips went to work to clear the ground—the time-keeper found himself pressed upon by the crowd, and for safety got into the roped ring: order was at length restored; but during which *interregnum*, it is thought, a *minute and a half* had elapsed before "Time" could be or was called. Great murmurings occurred by the friends of Martin. Belcher here showed his excellent qualities as a *second*.

Fifty-first.—Scroggy recovered, to the astonishment of the ring, and the 51st, 52nd, 53d, and 54th rounds were downright milling, and Scroggins was as good as his opponent.

Fifty-fifth.—Scroggins floored Martin, and took the bottle to drink himself.

Fifty-sixth to Sixty-sixth.—To describe these rounds would be impossible; both the men fought in the most distressed state, yet more *execution* was done in them, than in the whole fight put together. The men continued fighting till they absolutely rolled against each other; in fact, till the *hitting* had left them both, and it was thought once Martin had lost it, it being difficult to get him off the ground; but he revived a little, and sent Scroggy down, when he could not come again. It was anybody's battle at last. The toss-up of a halfpenny. As a proof of the *nicety of the thing*—in the 63d round Martin was hit down.—64th, Scroggins down.—65th, both down. Two hours and two minutes had occurred, and Scroggy now in a state of stupor, and Martin little better. The latter, however, walked to a post-chaise, and received some loud cheers from the spectators.

In point of fame, *Scroggins* did not lose one inch of ground; although the decision of the fight was against

him. He was, however, more *punished* than in any other of his battles; he also showed more *science*; and evinced *game* of the first quality. MARTIN is nothing else but a good and a *game* man: but in taking TWO HOURS to beat a *stale* one, quite *used* up, and that, too, merely from *chance* (excepting the 50th round, when the ring was broken, which, in point of truth, was decidedly in his favour), operates as a considerable drawback towards establishing a character as a first-rate, scientific, finishing fighter. It was the *constitution* of MARTIN that won it. With a man of fine science, it becomes a question, as to what place on the list he might claim. The amateurs expected much more from him.

MARTIN also was severely *punished*. *Scroggins showed* in town on the Friday following, but not in an exact state to sit for his *likeness*; when the little hero observed, "*that* MARTIN *was the best man he had ever been opposed to.*" The baker was very ill, and did not arrive in town till several days afterwards.

The success of MARTIN now prompted him to obtain a higher situation among the *milling heroes*; and, therefore, without hesitation, he entered the lists with *Randall*. (See page 194.) In this contest, his enterprising spirit received a *check*; and he was doomed to experience *defeat*.

MARTIN, it seems, like a brave warrior, was not dismayed at the above reverse of fortune, but endeavoured to recover his lost laurels with the *leary*, *game*, and *scientific Turner*. (See page 224.) In this battle, MARTIN also experienced defeat. To use his own words upon this occasion, MARTIN observed, "he

should not have been satisfied in his own mind, if he had not fought with Randall and Turner." He also, with great candour and liberality, stated "*that these heroes were too good fighters for him; and he therefore acknowledged, with the utmost sincerity of heart, they were his* CONQUERORS!"

MARTIN, in addition to his *milling* capabilities, is also a good *pedestrian*. Previous to his battle with *Scroggins*, he offered to make the best of his way to Brighton, a distance of 50 miles, in eight hours, for a wager of 50 guineas.

The MASTER OF THE ROLLS, always ready to fight, accepted a challenge from *Joshua Hudson*, for 50 guineas a-side. This match took place on Tuesday, December 14, 1819, at Colnbrook, in Buckinghamshire, 18 miles from Hyde Park Corner. Hounslow Heath originally was the destined place for the above battle to have been contested; but the *Beadle of the Parish* gave the *hint* it would be stopped, and a *Beak* shortly afterwards confirmed the *injunction*. This interruption rather *screwed* the *Corinthians* as well as the *Costermongers*. "Vy, blow me," says the latter, "vat use is it *sarving* us so; ve are not *Raddycals;* ve only meet to *presarve* the true courage of Englishmen, and to improve the breed; ve have nothing *polly tickle* about us, blow me; and I'm *sartain*, if my Lord Castlereagh vas here, he'd say, let us have a *mill*." The *motley group* then pushed forwards to Colnbrook, in Buckinghamshire, where a field was soon procured, and, at three o'clock, MARTIN, followed by *Spring* and *Randall*, threw up his hat. *Hudson* shortly afterwards appeared, accompanied by *Tom Belcher* and *Clarke*.

The parties soon shook hands and set to. 6 to 4 on *Hudson.*

First round.—Hudson appeared in the highest state of *condition;* and good humour, manliness, and confidence, seemed smiling on his brow: Martin looked equally well, and there was a steady composure about him, as if victory was his sole intention. It was generally expected that a *slashing* fight would be the result, from the well-known *bull-dog* qualities of Hudson; but, upon the combatants placing themselves in attitudes, a minute elapsed in manœuvring, both anxious to obtain the first advantage, before a blow was struck. At length Martin let fly, which hit Hudson's left shoulder, and also got away. The latter endeavoured to plant a severe right-handed blow, which Martin stopped cleverly. Sparring was again resorted to, and caution used on both sides. Some trifling exchanges took place; when Hudson put in a tremendous hit under Martin's left *ogle,* that not only measured it for a *suit of mourning,* but the *claret* instantly followed. This conduct rather *surprised* Martin, but he endeavoured to return with his left hand. More sparring. The combatants now made counter hits on the mouth, but the blow from Hudson seemed the most effective. Martin tried to make one of his severe right-handed hits, which was stopped; when Hudson, in return, put in so severe a *facer,* that Martin went staggering away two yards towards the ropes, and it was expected he must have gone down from its severity. The blood was now seen trickling from his nose. Some more cautious manœuvring occurred, when the men fought their way into a close, and both went down, Martin the undermost. Loud shouting, "Bravo, Hudson—£100 on Josh."—6 and 7 to 4 were currently offered. This round occupied upwards of seven minutes and a half.

Second.—The appearance of Martin was much against him on his coming to the *scratch;* in fact, he looked rather exhausted. The blow he had received on his eye, was the same *ogle* that Randall and Turner had so severely *peppered.* Martin got away from a well directed *facer* meant by Hudson; and, in return, put in a severe blow on the ribs of his opponent. Some little sparring, but fighting was now the order of the round.—Martin soon received a severe *snorter,* that produced the *pink* instantly; but after this blow he had it all his own way. With his right hand he planted a blow just above the *temple* of Hudson, which looked red, and also put in a sharp hit under

the left ear of his opponent. *Josh.* seemed rather staggered, but he returned manfully to the charge, and some exchanges took place in a partial close, till they got out of it, when Martin made himself up; and a tremendous hit, which he put in upon the point of Hudson's left shoulder, operated so powerfully, that he turned pale, and staggered towards the ropes in a confused state, and Randall bid Martin follow up his success. The accident was not known at this period, and Hudson was *too good* to fall. Martin now approached him, and, with a slight left-handed blow on Hudson's head, the latter went down.—"Well done, Martin, that's the time of day to win." During the time Hudson sat on his second's knee, he communicated to them that his shoulder was dislocated; and on "Time" being called, victory of course was declared in favour of Martin. The fight was over in nine minutes.

There is scarcely room for any observations, in consequence of the shortness of the contest; but, from the general opinion of the ring, it was thought that *Hudson* would ultimately have proved the conqueror. Fortunately, a medical man was upon the spot, and *Hudson's* shoulder was set in less than five minutes afterwards. The accident he thought little about; but he shed tears on losing the victory. *Hudson* walked about the ring afterwards, and appeared at the Castle Tavern in the evening, with his arm in a sling.

MARTIN, it seems, determined not to be *idle*, and also to keep the "*game alive*," made no hesitation in entering the ring against the *iron-hitting Cabbage*, as the latter was termed. This battle was for 100 guineas a-side, and took place on Tuesday, March 28, 1820, at Farnham Royal, near Dawney Common, contiguous to Stoke House, near Stowe, Buckinghamshire, 24 miles from London. Maidenhead Thicket, in Berkshire, a distance of 29 miles from the Metropolis, was the spot fixed upon for the above day's play; and

the length of road made it necessary for the amateurs to start as soon as daylight *peeped*. The *toddlers* were quite out of it; and nothing but good *prads* could attempt a distance of 60 miles. The stage-coaches made out well upon the occasion; and, notwithstanding the numerous vehicles of this sort, upon this great road, many amateurs were disappointed. There was considerable attraction about the contest in question, and a greater sprinkling of *Corinthians* than usual adorned the ring with their presence. *Cabbage* had derived great notoriety from being the Champion of the Light Weights in Bristol; and also for his being one of the most determined boxers on the list—a complete *finishing* hitter. The above assemblage of company mustered at an early hour in the town of Maidenhead; but one of the *Beaks*, it seems, got hold of the *scent*, and a warrant was issued *instanter* out against *Cabbage*, but he had *bolted*. This circumstance alarmed the *milling coves:* it was soon communicated to the motley throng, that "it *wou'dn't do*," and *Gibbons* brushed off with the stakes, and formed the ring at Farnham Royal, in a field of private property, without delay; and thither he was followed by horse and foot in rapid confusion.

At 37 minutes past one o'clock, MARTIN appeared, and threw his hat into the ring, followed by *Oliver* and *Randall*, as his seconds; *Cabbage* soon appeared, attended upon by *Cribb* and *Clarke*. *Randall* tied the blue colours to the stakes; and *Cribb* covered them with the *yellow-man* belonging to *Cabbage*. It was 7 to 4 current betting in favour of the latter— in many places 2 to 1.

First round.—The *condition* of Cabbage was tip-top; he was as fine as a star, and his frame as compact and firm as an oak. Not so Martin—he did not look well, and was not fit to fight; and also had had a recent attack of the rheumatism. Some trifling sparring; when Martin made a hit, which was well stopped by Cabbage. The *Master of the Rolls* appeared *leary* to the rough customer he had got before him, and availed himself of the *science* he possessed, and put in two nobbers, but not heavily; when Cabbage rushed in, and both went down. Two to one on the latter.

Second.—Both of the combatants made offers, but retreated. Sparring. The right hand of Martin again *nobbed* his opponent, and Cabbage, in return, attempted to be busy. Both down, but Martin undermost.

Third.—Although Cabbage was decidedly the favourite, it was evident he was no fighter; but showed amazing strength and resolution. Martin got away from him, and attempted to put in a severe *bodier*, and also one on the head; but the rushing qualities of the latter bored Martin to the ropes, where, after a severe struggle, both went down.

Fourth and Fifth.—Martin showed all the science, but still the odds were getting up against him; and Richmond observed, he would not take 10 to 1, and stand it.

Sixth to Tenth.—A slight tinge of the *claret* was seen on Martin's face, and he appeared weak. It was almost *booked* that he would be *tired* out, as his strength seemed fast leaving him.

Eleventh to Twenty-fourth.—In all these rounds, notwithstanding Martin put in repeated *facers*, little impression appeared to have been made on the iron *mug* of Cabbage until this round, when his right eye received a severe hit, upon an already damaged place, and bled.

Twenty-fifth to Forty-first.—The amateurs expressed themselves much disappointed in Cabbage, and the Commander-in-Chief declared "he saw no choice between them."

Forty-second to Forty-eighth.—Cabbage was now so much the favourite, that 15 to 5 was laid upon him.

Forty-ninth to Sixtieth.—Martin still kept *nobbing* his opponent, but he could not reduce his strength. The *Master of the Rolls* was also getting very weak, and fell down at times quite exhausted. It was a manly, good-natured contest, and the combatants behaved to each other fair in the extreme.

Sixty-first to Seventieth.—It was thought by a few, that Martin was now getting the best of it, and Randall said, it was all right. But this was not the general opinion.

Seventy-first to Seventy-third.—Martin, encouraged, took the lead; and Randall again assured him, "It was as safe as the Bank."

Seventy-fourth.—Martin stopped Cabbage, gave him a *facer*, and ran him down.

Seventy-fifth and last.—In this round, in struggling together, Cabbage got a sudden jerk or twist on the neck, that totally disabled him from appearing again at the scratch when time was called. A medical man immediately rendered him his assistance, and he was taken from the ring. The fight lasted one hour eleven minutes and a half. Great danger appeared, and it was thought Cabbage would not recover.

Few, if any, remarks can be made upon the above contest. *Cabbage* is completely belonging to the same school as *Scroggins*, depending upon rushing forwards, and is positively a *chance* hitter. His left hand is always open, and he continually hit round the neck of MARTIN. It was thought that *Cabbage* would never be able to cut any figure against the London boxers; and it was also urged, from the above specimen, that he was the worst pugilist from the renowned Bristol nursery.

MARTIN, in winning this fight, raised himself considerably in the estimation of the *Fancy*. He was extremely ill—very weak—and not fit to fight.

The MASTER OF THE ROLLS *serving out the* DANDIES.—One evening, in the month of June, 1820, it appears, that *six* of these *nondescripts* were returning from the Cobourg Theatre, about eleven o'clock, and, for a "*bit of a lark*," endeavoured to take a very genteel young woman from her husband when the

latter, in the most manly way, resented the insult, but he was overpowered by their numbers. The *Master of the Rolls* was accidentally passing by at the time, *arm-in-arm* with a *Swell:* the latter immediately remonstrated with the *Dandy Kids* upon the impropriety of their conduct, but he only received a *facer* for his interference, and one or two of the party also made a blow at the *Master of the Rolls.* This was enough, or rather too much, for MARTIN. He *let fly* with his right hand on the *nob* of the first that approached him; and the Dandy went down as if he had been *shot;* the second shared the same fate; the third was no better off; the fourth came in for *pepper;* the fifth got a severe *quilting;* and the sixth received for his *insolence* so severe a blow on his mouth as to dislodge some of his *ivory.* It was truly laughable to see the ridiculous way in which the *Dandies* appeared;—the *claret* trickling down their cheeks, and holding their hands up to their heads: but when the *Swell* observed, "JACK MARTIN, give it them!" the name operated like a shock of thunder upon their nerves, and they all *bolted* like *race-horses,* or rather after the manner of the French *sauve qui peut.* MARTIN lost part of his coat in the scuffle; but did not receive a *scratch* upon his person.

The charms of a purse of £50, given by the PUGILISTIC CLUB at *Norwich,* and also £25 a-side, induced MARTIN to enter the ring with *Sampson* (denominated the *Birmingham Youth),* at North Walsham, 16 miles from the above city, on Monday, July 17, 1820, immediately after the battle between *Oliver* and *Painter* was over. *Sampson* was seconded

by *Turner* and *Paul*, from Manchester ; and MARTIN was attended by the *Champion of England* and *Spring*. The odds were 6 to 4 on MARTIN ; in fact, it was almost *booked* that he must win.

First round.—On stripping, Martin appeared in prime *condition*, and his legs being decorated in ribbed silk stockings, gave him an attractive effect. Sampson was also well : but he had too much of the greyhound appearance about his loins, to indicate the possession of strength. Sampson did not appear so eager to go to work as had been anticipated, and a considerable pause occurred before any blows were attempted to be made. At length Martin made an offer with his left hand, but Sampson got away. Another long pause, when Sampson put down his hands as if *tired*. Martin made another attempt to hit, but Sampson again retreated. A sort of rush took place between the combatants ; some sharp hits were exchanged ; and, in closing at the ropes, Martin fibbed his opponent, and also put in a heavy blow on Sampson's neck, when both went down. *Loud shouting ;* and 7 to 4 on Martin.

Second.—Martin now stood to no repairs, but rushed in upon Sampson. Some exchanges occurred ; when, in closing, Martin *pulled* down his opponent, and also fell heavily upon him.

Third.—This was a sharp round, and something like *Pepper Alley* occurred on both sides. Severe fibbing at the ropes, and, in struggling for the throw, Sampson was undermost.

Fourth.—The *claret* was now trickling down both their *mugs*, and one of Martin's *peepers* appeared rather damaged. The latter ran in, and endeavoured to put in a most tremendous *facer*, but missed his aim, and had nearly slipped down. Martin, however, caught hold of Sampson, and ran him down. Two to one on Martin ; but some marks of disapprobation were expressed by the *Johnny Raws*.

Fifth.—Sampson missed a hit, and went round. Martin slipped down in running after him, but got up again, when some sharp blows were exchanged, till both of them went down. Thirteen minutes had elapsed.

Sixth.—Sampson had been very busy, and Martin's face

exhibited some severe punishment. His left eye was bleeding. Both down.

Seventh.—Sampson, with considerable dexterity, broke away from the *weaving* system. It was altogether a good round, till both measured their lengths on the ground.

Eighth.—Martin missed a hit, and ran himself down.

Ninth.—The *Master of the Rolls* slipped about all over the ring, as if he had been sliding on a pond, and at length went down.

Tenth.—Martin ran Sampson out of the ropes. Both down.

Eleventh.—It was complete pully-haully on the part of Martin, and he fell heavily on his opponent. *Disapprobation.*

Twelfth.—Sampson fought well, and with great spirit, but he could not resist the strength of Martin. Sampson was severely fibbed at the ropes, till both went down.

Thirteenth and Fourteenth.—From superior strength, Martin had the best of these rounds.

Fifteenth.—Sampson went to work in great style. He *nobbed* his opponent, *fibbed* him terribly at the ropes, and ultimately fell upon Martin. A great burst of applause from all parts of the ring, and to Sampson the cry was, "Another such a round, and you may win it."

Sixteenth.—Sampson commenced this round well, and again sharply *nobbed* his opponent; but Martin ran in upon him, and by main strength pulled Sampson down by his thighs at the ropes. "Foul! foul!" "Fair! fair!" But the umpire did not notice it.

Seventeenth.—At the ropes, Sampson was so weak that he could not hit Martin, when the latter kept administering *pepper* severely, till his opponent went down. It was evident Martin's *strength* alone now could win it.

Eighteenth.—Martin went down after a few exchanges. Great shouting for Sampson; and the expressions were, "We wish he may win it, because he has fought so well."

Nineteenth.—Martin now had *got* his opponent to his wishes, and he began to fight well, and *nobbed* Sampson all over the ring. The *claret* was running down his face in profusion. The rain, too, was coming down in torrents.—2 and 3 to 1, but no takers.—30 minutes.

Twentieth.—Sampson went down from a severe blow in the wind market. He could hardly be got up.

Twenty-first.—Sampson was much distressed, and soon went down. "Take him away; he can't win it."

Twenty-second.—Sampson again down; but he would not give in.

Twenty-third. Sampson was going very fast: he had not now a shadow of a chance.

Twenty-fourth to Twenty-seventh.—All but gone; and a guinea to a shilling was offered.

Twenty-eighth, Twenty-ninth, and last.—Sampson, after being hit down, could not come to the scratch when "*Time*" was called; and Martin, of course, was pronounced the victor.

This fight did not add to the reputation of MARTIN; nay, on the contrary, it tended to reduce him in the estimation of the amateurs as a scientific boxer. He defeated *Sampson* more from *pulling* and *hauling* him, than from severity of hitting.

MARTIN, who was on a sparring tour, met with a little job on the second day of the Lewes races, Friday, August 11, 1820, in consequence of a Gipsy having boldly offered to fight any man on the ground. A purse of twenty-five guineas was made up, and so confident was the Gipsy of victory, that he begged the money, (£6 or £7,) collected for the loser, might be added to the fund for the winner, which was accordingly done. *Clarke* seconded MARTIN, and *Davis* the Gipsy. The battle was in a roped ring, and lasted 17 minutes. It is unnecessary to give the details of the ten rounds. The Gipsy's strength was foiled by the Baker's science, and MARTIN gained an easy conquest. The Gipsy was severely punished. MARTIN scarcely received a scratch, and afterwards

walked to Brighton. *Oliver* was the time-keeper. The greatest order prevailed, and it was quite a treat to many of the fashionable visitors at Brighton, and to the country *joskins*.

The above fight also, it seems, rather tended to reduce than *raise* MARTIN'S character as a pugilist. Indeed, so much so, that *David Hudson* was matched against MARTIN with the utmost confidence of success, for 50 guineas a-side. This match took place at Moulsey Hurst, on Tuesday, October 24, 1820.

Bright Sol put the Fanciers all in high spirits, and the *Swells* and *Kids* left their *dabs*, with the expectation of having a *gay milling day*. Moulsey Hurst, that delightful spot for a scientific contest, was again the appointed place to muster; and the *Bonnifaces* along the road, as soon as the *office* was given, were seen rubbing their hands, their *mugs* smiling with glee, and upon the *look out*, to welcome the *old faces* once more to their houses. The *Daffy Club*, with its President, gave *Bob Just* a turn, at the Half-way-house, the Waggon and Horses, Kew Bridge; and *Bob Lawrence's*, at Hampton, was overflowing with company in every part. The road, at an early period, exhibited lots of vehicles; and when the *damper* came on, the *lads* were too *game* even to mention it, except observing one to another, "Push along, keep moving!"

In a heavy shower of rain, at half-past one, MARTIN appeared, and threw his hat into the ring, but the high wind blew it out. MARTIN did not like this omen, and he went and picked it up, and again threw it into the ring. *Dav. Hudson* appeared soon afterwards,

and threw his hat also into the ring. Both of the combatants were loudly applauded. *Owen* and *Belcher* were the seconds for *Dav. Hudson;* and *Randall* and *Spring* officiated in the above capacity for MARTIN. The odds were decidedly in favour of *Hudson;* in fact, it was *booked* to a certainty that the latter must win, and nothing else.—5 and 6 to 4 against MARTIN. *Hudson* tied his colours, the *yellow-man*, to the stakes, *Tom Owen* observing, at the same time, he was the best little man in England; and *Spring* tied the blue handkerchief for MARTIN over them.

First round.—On stripping, both of the men appeared in the highest condition. Numerous as the prize-fights have been, one of the greatest novelties occurred in the first round, that could be witnessed. The men stood before each other for upwards of seven minutes in attitude, without making an attempt to hit. The steadiness of Martin was beautiful; but his length was so impressive, that Hudson was all caution, and did not like to give the first blow. The latter was at length tired, and put down his hands, saying, "Martin, if you do not give a hit, I shall wait all day." Hudson, however, made an offer, and Martin got away. Hudson again made a hit, which Martin stopped, and, in return, with his left hand, he gave the latter a *facer*. The combatants closed, but broke away, when Martin *nobbed* his opponent in style. Another close took place, and, in breaking away, Martin had again the best of his opponent. Some blows were exchanged, and, in closing, both down. The shouting was loud on both sides; but Martin was the favourite 10 to 7. This round occupied ten minutes.

Second.—The superiority of Martin not only astonished the ring, but Hudson could not reach him; his right hand, in all his former fights, was dreadful, but he now used his left hand with equal facility. He drew the first blood on Hudson's right cheek; but in closing, both down. Martin for £100.

Third.—The goodness of Hudson was the praise of the ring; but he was over-matched; Martin was nearly a stone heavier than his opponent. The length of Martin enabled

him to put in *facers* with ease, but Hudson returned, and got Martin down. Loud shouting.

Fourth.—This was a short round, and ultimately in favour of Martin. Both down.

Fifth.—Hudson showed he was not deficient in strength, and, in closing this round, he threw Martin with considerable dexterity.

Sixth and Seventh.—The confidence of the amateurs now began to forsake them, and Martin was the hero of the tale; his steadiness and fine fighting quite astonished all present; in fact, he was quite a general, till both went down.

Eighth.—Hudson received a dreadful blow on the top of his nose, which produced the *claret* instantly; but he attacked Martin with all the *gameness* of a man determined to obtain victory, till the round finished. Both down.—7 to 4 on Martin.

Ninth.—From the situation in which the men were placed, it was evident that Martin must prove the conqueror. Hudson was too short to commence the attack; he could not plant a hit with any degree of safety; in fact, he was beaten at both of the points—at in and out fighting. Martin went down from a slip.

Tenth and Eleventh.—In struggling for the throws, also, Martin showed improved qualities.

Twelfth.—After considerable difficulty at the ropes, Martin went down; but Hudson was severely *fibbed* by Martin.

Thirteenth.—This was altogether a fine round on both sides. The courage of Hudson was of the highest quality; but there was a mastery about the science of Martin that astonished the ring, on reflection, that ever Randall or Turner could have defeated him. Martin hit Hudson terribly in the body, and also *nobbed* him till he went down.

Fourteenth.—Hudson's left eye was nearly closed, and he had been much distressed for wind in several of the preceding rounds; but Martin was a little weak, and went down.

Fifteenth.—Every round was now closing to the disadvantage of Hudson. The length of Martin enabled him to hit his opponent in all directions, till he went down exhausted.

Sixteenth.—Hudson now appeared like a drunken man, and came staggering to the scratch, when Martin hit Hudson away from him three times, with severe *facers*, and also

punished him down. "*It's all up,*" was the general cry. Martin slipped down.

Seventeenth.—It was only the *goodness* of Hudson that could have induced him to continue the contest. His hits were short; in fact, he could not get at Martin, the guard of the latter was so *lengthy* and firm. Hudson again received some tremendous *nobbers* on the right side of his head, till he went down.

Eighteenth and last.—Hudson was punished in all directions till he went down. He was lifted up by his seconds; but when time was called, he could not answer the sound, and victory was, of course, declared in favour of Martin, in 39 minutes and 10 seconds.

MARTIN, it seems, was held much too cheap. It was expected by the amateurs in general, that he would have been beaten off hand. He has, however, raised himself, by his superior fighting in this battle, to the *top of the tree*. He has conquered one of the best little men of the day, with a heart like a lion, and considered also a first-rate boxer. This circumstance alone, is saying a great deal for him in the Sporting World; but he has also conquered, in succession, *Josh. Hudson*, *Cabbage* the *Birmingham Youth*, a big *Johnny Raw* at the Lewes Races, and, lastly, *Dav. Hudson*. MARTIN has only been defeated by *Randall* and *Turner;* and the former has also beaten *Oliver's* brother, *Paddington Johnson*, and the hardy *Scroggins*. *Hudson* did not hit MARTIN above skin deep, while the blows of the latter operated with the severity of a horse's kick, and he retired from the ring little the worse for it. MARTIN could have beaten another *Dav. Hudson* in the same ring. The latter was severely punished. MARTIN is able to fight any thing living of his weight: and no doubt a new or an *old customer* will be got for him out of hand. The decision of the

above fight should teach numbers of the *Fancy* to pay a little more attention to *weight*, *height*, and *length*, than heretofore. Any man who can fight at all, and has the advantage of *standing over* his opponent, ought to win *five* times out of *six*. MARTIN, it appears, only weighed 11 st. 5 lbs.

On Thursday, March 11, 1819, at Brixton Causeway, in a race of half a mile, with the *Chicken Butcher*, the latter giving MARTIN 25 yards at starting, JACK won it by two yards.

It is not only singular, but worthy of remark, that MARTIN, who is positively one of the best tempered fellows in existence, and who also was never seen in the whole course of his career to give an affront wantonly to any individual whatever, has a great *penchant* for MILLING. MARTIN is very respectably connected, and, when he first commenced prize pugilist, he had an excellent business as a baker; but which concern he ultimately disposed (or got rid) of, in order, it seems, to give a greater scope to his inclinations. As a proof of the readiness of MARTIN to fight when asked by his patrons, he has appeared in the Prize Ring SEVEN times in the course of eighteen months, and won FIVE battles in succession. If MARTIN is not exactly admired for the possession of superior traits as a boxer, it is but common justice to state, that the MASTER OF THE ROLLS is generally respected by the FANCY; and throughout the circle of pugilists, all of them are ready to unite in giving the following character to MARTIN,—"*that, while he had a guinea in his pocket, no application for assistance has been made to him in vain!*"

TOM OLIVER.

THE smiles of conquest, it is well known, crowned the efforts of this pugilistic hero, in *six* successive battles; but, since that period, the unwelcome sound of DEFEAT has been more familiarly united with his name. However, few, if any, *defeated* pugilists have received such frequent and high marks of patronage as OLIVER has experienced. His character for *gameness*, added to his civility and unassuming disposition, has always rendered him an object of attraction in general with the *Fancy;* indeed, so much so, that OLIVER has never been in want of *backers*. For instance, he was warmly supported in his high-couraged battle with *Neat;* and although he surrendered to the latter hero, his old friends again rallied round him, when he was matched with *Donnelly*. The singular termination of his contest with the Irish Champion (see page 91) tended to raise some unfavourable reports against him; but we could not trace them to any authentic source. A young nobleman lost a very heavy sum upon OLIVER.

The following sketch of his contest with *Kendrick*, the man of colour, perhaps, ought to be viewed rather in the light of a *turn-up* than any thing like a prize battle. But OLIVER'S fight with *Shelton*, in which he displayed *game* of the staunchest quality, and also first-rate science, raised him in the opinion of the Sporting World, as an *improved Boxer*.

OLIVER was at Epsom Races, on Friday, May 28,

Drawn by G. Sharples. Engd. by Percy Roberts

TOM OLIVER.

3

Publd. by Sherwood, Neely & Jones. April 21st 1821.

1819, enjoying the sports, when a purse of £50 was offered to him and *Kendrick*. It was accepted by both parties without the least hesitation, and, between five and six o'clock on the above evening, the combatants entered the ring, which was formed near the spot where the horses start for the plates, in the presence of some thousands of spectators; among whom were several elegantly dressed British *fair ones*, anxious to get a *peep* at this national trait. Not a *Dandy* was to be seen in this assemblage. OLIVER was seconded by *Cribb* and *Randall*, and *Carter* and another waited upon the *Black*. About thirty rounds were contested, occupying nearly one hour and a quarter.

In the first round, the *Black* threw OLIVER; and in the fifth he also *fibbed* the latter sharply. In some other instances he had the best of the rounds; but not enough to turn the battle in his favour so as to *change* the betting. *Massa* did not attempt to *hit*, but he *stopped* extremely well; yet when he was forced into a *rally*, he fought with some determination, and did not appear so much in the back ground. OLIVER not only threw *Massa* in great style twice, but he went down very heavily indeed. The *Black* did not exhibit much signs of *punishment*, but would have *left off* earlier than he did, had his second not induced him to *try it on* a little longer. He was at length hit down by a tremendous *facer*, which so *satisfied* him, that he would not again appear at the scratch. Little, if any, betting occurred, as the £50 was considered like a *present* for OLIVER. Some few wagers took place that it would be over in 30 minutes. It was not, however, won with

that ease which had been anticipated; and it is asserted, that if *Massa* had been in any thing like *condition*, and had he also possessed the advantages of patronage, he must have proved a very *troublesome* customer. It ought not to be forgotten, that he walked all the way down to Epsom. A liberal subscription was collected upon the ground for him. OLIVER lost the most *claret;* he had a sharp cut near his mouth, and one of his *ogles* was flushed. *Massa Kendrick*, notwithstanding his *noviciate*, is not to be *disposed of* without some little *work*.

Shelton, who had risen highly in the opinion of the *Fancy*, from his conquest over *Bob Burns*, was matched against OLIVER, for 100 guineas a-side, and the battle took place at *Sawbridgeworth*, *Herts*, 27 miles from London, on Thursday, Jan. 13, 1820. The *out-and-outers* started before daylight; in fact, none but *out-and-outers* would attempt to brave the severity of snow, and the danger of being overturned at every step; but the *old fanciers* felt some sort of attraction in witnessing OLIVER once more try to regain his laurels, and all impediments to gain the scene of action vanished. Without lots of *Daffy* and *Eau de vie*, the *coves* would not have been in *spirits*, in *slipping*, as it were, at every stride over the appearance of an *English Siberia*. Shelton, however, was decidedly the favourite for *choice*. Both of the men were in the highest state of condition, and it was *booked* generally that *Shelton* must win. At a few minutes before one o'clock, OLIVER appeared and threw his hat into the ring, (which was covered with saw-dust,) and was soon after followed by *Shelton*. The appearance of OLIVER

was firm and collected, and smiling confidence sat on his brow; he fought under the *yellow-man, à-la-Belcher*, and was going to tie his colours himself to the stakes, but *Randall* took them out of his hand, and placed them on the ropes; and, after some little time, *Spring* covered OLIVER'S colours with the *blue* handkerchief. The time was announced for the men to strip, notwithstanding a heavy fall of snow, and *Randall* and *Callus* waited upon OLIVER, and *Spring* and *Turner* seconded *Shelton*. The latter had his right wrist tied with a small piece of his colours, part of a blue handkerchief; this was done in order to give a security to his wrist, which had received a severe injury from a cut with a glass rummer about eight months previous to the fight. In tossing for the choice of side, OLIVER was the winner. The men then shook hands and set to.

First round.—Shelton being the best acknowledged two-handed fighter on the list, and also the hardest hitter, it was expected that he would *go to work* immediately, as he was quite up in the *stirrups* in consequence of his conquests over Burns (the giant); but there was a sort of *drawback* about his efforts, and great caution was his most prominent feature. He, however, made two feints, but Oliver stopped him. Shelton made another attempt, but without effect, as Oliver got away. Sparring with great caution. Some exchange of blows now occurred, and a trifling rally. Counter hits, which operated upon both of their *mugs*, and a tinge of *claret* was seen upon the mouth of Oliver, when Shelton observed, "First blood, Tom!" Oliver, in great style, stopped right and left the hits of Shelton, and returned a severe body blow. Shelton showed also some science in stopping; but Oliver planted two severe *facers* right and left. Some exchanges took place; and, in a sort of close, both of the men went down, but Shelton undermost. The round occupied seven minutes Loud shouting in favour of Oliver; £100 on Oliver; but 8 to 5 was the current betting. The blood was trickling down from Oliver's mouth.

Second.—Oliver put in a severe *facer*, without any return. Shelton seemed rather confused, from the superior style of tactics displayed by his opponent, and absolutely stood still from the severity of a blow he received on his ribs. He, however, recovered from his stupor, and with more fury than science attacked Oliver, till the latter went down. "Well done, Shelton; bravo!"

Third.—In this round the spectators were astonished at the excellence displayed by Oliver. Some smart exchanges took place, when the latter not only *damaged* Shelton's right *ogle*, but hit him severely in the throat, followed him, and ultimately *floored* Shelton. The shouting in favour of Oliver was loud indeed.

Fourth.—The fine fighting of Shelton could not be perceived; and Oliver put in such a tremendous *facer*, that Shelton put down his hands and retreated. The latter, rather angry, endeavoured to plant a heavy hit on the tender ear of Oliver, but he stopped him on his elbow, laughing at him. Shelton received some more *facers*, and Oliver ultimately got him down. "That's the way, Oliver—go it, my old Westminster trump; we shall have another jubilee yet, upon the dominions of Old Caleb."

Fifth.—Shelton went down; but it appeared more from the slippery state of the ground, than the hit he received.

Sixth.—Shelton put in a sharp *nobber;* but in return his *upper-works* were *peppered*, and he was again down. Shelton's right eye was nearly gone, and Oliver smiled with confidence.

Seventh.—Shelton threw his opponent; and it was quite satisfactory, that he appeared the strongest man.

Eighth.—This was a well-contested round, and Shelton's face now exhibited the *handy-work* of his opponent. He also went down, and Oliver fell upon him, but threw up his arms.

Ninth.—Oliver's right hand would be *nobbing* of Shelton; but the latter made a desperate return on Oliver's already out mouth, that fetched out the *claret* as copiously as if a bottle of wine had been uncorked. Shelton endeavoured to repeat this electrifying touch, but Oliver stopped him neatly. Shelton then closed, pelting away, and in struggling made a jump to get his opponent down. Both fell, but Oliver undermost.

Tenth.—Oliver commenced this round by planting two *facers*, right and left, and also put in a *bodier*, without any

return. Shelton, however, very gallantly fought his way into a sharp rally; some severe exchanges occurred; when the men broke away. In closing again, both down, but Shelton undermost. "*Bravo!*" *from all parts of the ring;* "*Good on both sides.*" More real courage could not be witnessed.

Eleventh.—The scene was now rather changed, and some little danger was apprehended from Shelton's not only *nobbing* his opponent, but by a well-gathered hit having *floored* Oliver like a shot. Randall and Callus lost not a moment in getting Oliver up; but, when placed on his second's knee, his head lolled on one side, and he appeared quite lost to what was going forward. In fact, it seemed as if the *game* Oliver could not recover, although Randall kept telling him to look about and recollect himself, calling out "*Tom, Tom!*" Shelton's friends, who had previously been frozen to their places,—in fact, almost struck dumb from the lead which Oliver had taken,—now roared out in shouts like thunder, and began to bet without hesitation.

Twelfth.—Shelton satisfied the spectators that his *nob* was screwed on the right way respecting his knowledge of fighting, and immediately went to *work* with Oliver, and again got him down.—10 to 1 on Shelton.

Thirteenth.—Oliver was very bad, but his *game* brought him through it, and he was coming up better than was expected, when Shelton did not wait for his coming up to the scratch, but was going to attack him; when Randall reminding him of it, *he struck the Nonpariel,* saying, "I'll lick you well; don't talk to me about the scratch." Randall very properly passed it over, observing, "It was the first time he ever received a hit without returning it." Shelton, however, made a bold attack upon Oliver, but the latter caught him at the ropes, and in the Randall style *fibbed* him till he went down. The joy and exultation of the Westminster boys cannot be described.

Fourteenth.—The *fibbing* system was repeated, till Shelton went down.

Fifteenth.—Shelton, in going down, received a dreadful *facer* in falling.

Sixteenth.—It was singular to observe, that Shelton could not stop Oliver's right hand from *nobbing* him. A smart rally occurred, when the men broke away. Shelton was ultimately hit down. "Well done, my old boy; never leave him."

This change again surprised every one; and Oliver was again the favourite 7 to 4.

Seventeenth.—Shelton went down as quick as he could in this round, and Oliver behaved generously.

Eighteenth.—This was a gallant round, and both the men fought like lions, and displayed heroism that called forth the loudest approbation from all parts of the ring, till both went down.

Nineteenth.—Shelton passionately ran in, but went down. (disapprobation.)—Both his *peepers* were much damaged.

Twentieth.—Oliver, who had hitherto been considered a *slow* fighter, now evinced considerable quickness; and as Shelton was coming in with a tremendous hit, he was stopped by Oliver, who, in finishing the round, hit Shelton down. The Westminster boys *chaffed* with delight, and offered to sport their last *brown* on their old favourite hero, Oliver.

Twenty-first.—This round was decidedly in favour of Oliver; in fact, he had it all his own way, till Shelton was hit down, when Oliver, with much manliness, walked over him, disdaining to act ungenerously to a brave opponent. This conduct was felt by the amateurs as it deserved; and Oliver received loud cheers.

Twenty-second.—Shelton got away with much dexterity from a tremendous body-blow aimed by Oliver; and turned to, and fought like a hero, till he went down in a most distressed state.

Twenty-third.—Here the warmth of Shelton's feelings was prominent, and he rushed in to *mill* Oliver, regardless of the consequences, till he went down.

Twenty-fourth.—Shelton hit Oliver on the mouth, that made his *pimple* almost retreat from his shoulders, which operated forcibly on Oliver, and made a change again in Shelton's favour; but the bravery of Oliver was not to be overcome, and he sent Shelton down; and, although obliged to go down himself, with much honour, he endeavoured not to fall upon his opponent.—"Bravo, Oliver, you are a noble fellow, and an honour to the ring."

Twenty-fifth.—This was a most singular round. Shelton was hit off his balance, and went round like a *whriligig*. Oliver did the same. Both of their backs came against each other. They recovered themselves, and made some good exchanges, till Shelton went down.

Twenty-sixth.—Shelton was *floored* from a flush hit on his nose. "Go along, Tom; it's all your own."

Twenty-seventh.—Oliver again hit Shelton in the face as he was falling down; in fact, as he was on the ground; but Oliver was in the act of *giving*, and could not help it. It was not an intentional blow. However, loud cries of "Foul! foul!" "Fair! fair!" occurred; and on Shelton's asking the umpires if it was not foul, the hit not being *intentional*, it was deemed fair.

Twenty-eighth.—This was a most courageous round, and Shelton did all that any brave man could do to win. The hits on both sides were terrific, till Shelton retreated from the heavy *punishment* dealt out to him, followed by Oliver all over the ring; when he caught Shelton in the act of falling, under his arm, carrying him a considerable way, and then generously letting Shelton go down easily.—Tumultuous applause for Oliver.

Twenty-ninth.—Another fine round—all hitting, and no flinching. Both down, but Shelton undermost. When the combatants were on the knees of their seconds, Shelton said to Oliver, "Let them *chaff* (meaning the seconds), but you and I, Tom, will do what is right." "Certainly," replied Oliver.

Thirtieth.—Shelton still proved himself a *dangerous customer*, and went up to Oliver, planting some hard blows, till he was hit away, and in struggling both went down.

Thirty-first.—It was not long in this round before Shelton was *floored*. The shouting was again tumultuous.

Thirty-second.—Shelton put in a good *nobber*, but Oliver soon afterwards returned two *facers*, right and left, and Shelton went down on his knee.

Thirty-third.—Oliver observed to his opponent, "Tom, I have got you now!" and instantly went to work, till Shelton went down very much distressed.

Thirty-fourth.—Shelton got wild, and ran after Oliver, till he *nept*, and went down quite exhausted.

Thirty-fifth.—Shelton had now lost all *coolness* of disposition, but still he was dangerous, as his hits came tremendously hard; and Oliver received a *nobber* that moved him from the ground. Shelton ran all over the ring after Oliver, while the latter kept getting away, putting in a hit now and then, and laugh-

ing, till Shelton went down.—Any odds. "It's all your own, Tom; but be steady!"

Thirty-sixth.—It was piteous to see the state of Shelton; he now hit at random, and was as *groggy* as a Jack Tar three sheets in the wind. He received a hit on his head, and fell down, exhausted, on his rump.

Thirty-seventh.—Notwithstanding the *drunken* state of Shelton, Oliver would not give a *chance* away, but kept at a distance, planting his hits in a successful winning manner, till Shelton went down. While the latter was on the knee of his second, Callus went up to Shelton, and asked him if he would fight any more, when he could scarcely articulate "No!" Spring was irritated with Callus, and a row had nearly been the result. Odds were now out of the question.

Thirty-eighth.—The opponents of Shelton could not but compliment his bravery, as he came up like a man, although in a state of stupor, reeling to and fro; but he nevertheless made a hit, till he was hit down at the ropes.

Thirty-ninth and last.—On time being called, Shelton got up, but he reeled about so, that he could not proceed towards the scratch; when some interference took place, and Oliver was declared the conqueror. The latter immediately jumped up for joy, as it was a most welcome sound to him. He immediately left the ring; and did not appear much *punished* about the face, except his mouth. Shelton was shortly afterwards led out of the ring; and his *face* was much peppered. It was over in 51 minutes.

The game OLIVER, at length, proved triumphant, much to the surprise and expense of the *knowing ones*, —many of them paying dearly for such knowledge. The conduct of OLIVER was a perfect specimen of a thorough-bred Englishman, and finer courage was never displayed, nor more manliness and generosity ever witnessed. The *stale one*, as he is termed, has defeated, in style, a much better fighter than himself. *Shelton*, on being stopped, appeared to lose his confidence, although he took a great deal of *punishment*,

and exerted himself to win till not a chance remained. The success of OLIVER was much accelerated from his having so able a second as *Randall* at his elbow; the latter never entertains any other *idea* but winning. It was a gallant fight throughout, and *Shelton*, although defeated, is far, very far, from disgraced. It was reported two of his ribs were broken in the second round; and, on being put to bed at Harlow, he said, he was not sorry for himself, but only for his backers; and that his heart was as good as ever. He returned to town on Friday, and was examined by a most eminent surgeon, in St. George's Fields, who pronounced his ribs were broken, after the manner of breaking a stick. His backers were so well satisfied with his conduct, that they offered to support *Shelton* for £100 a-side, against OLIVER, for the following July. On the behalf of the latter, the *old fanciers* were all rallying round him, and were ready to support him upon any event. The *Yokels* were the most numerous round the ring, and lots of pretty country-girls were at a little distance viewing the combat.

The above conquest placed OLIVER in an eminent point of view; and he was again "*all right*" with the *Fancy*.

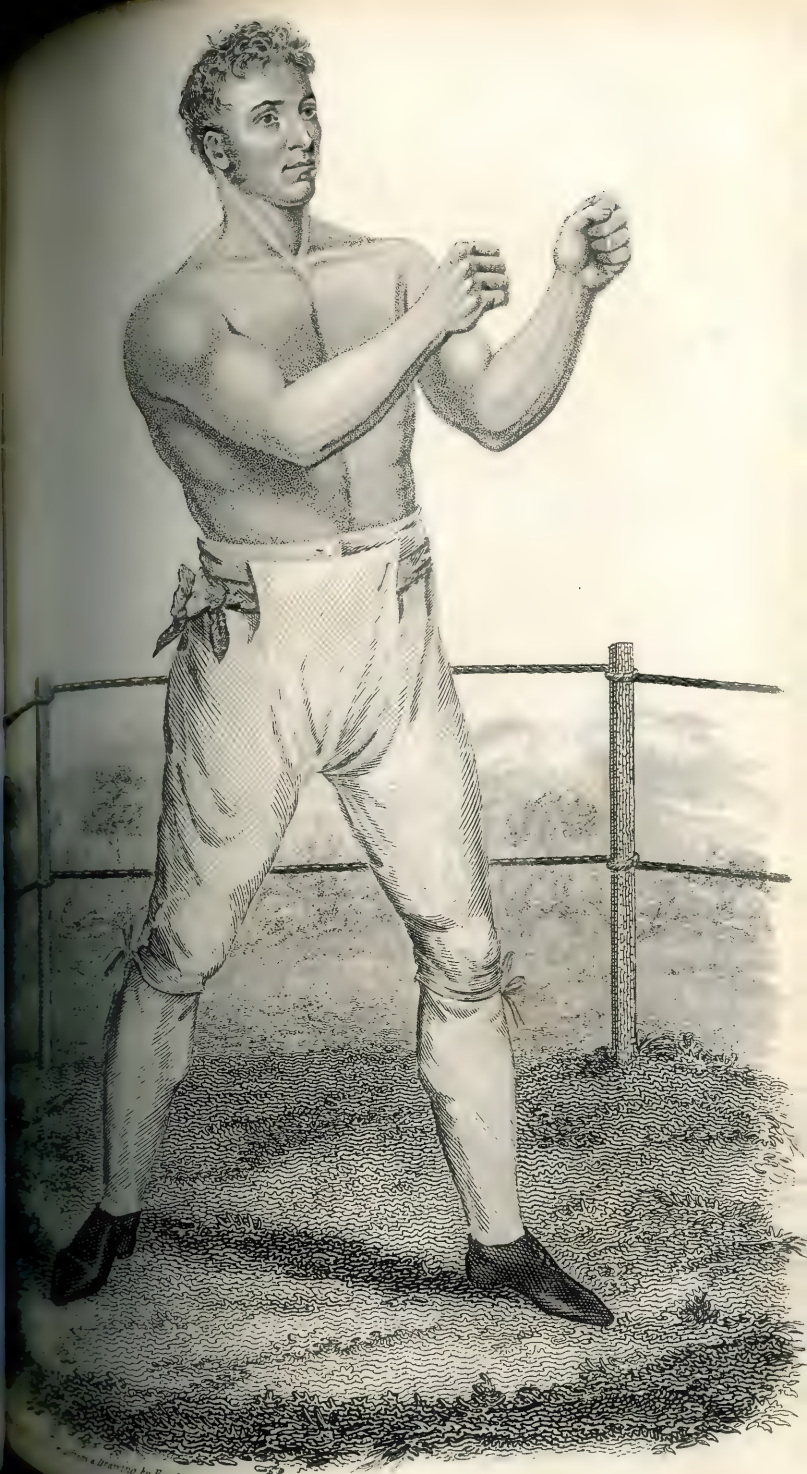
Indeed, so much was OLIVER an object of attraction in the *milling* circles, that *Tom Belcher* offered to match him against his old opponent, *Painter*, for 100 guineas a-side. But this challenge was scarcely made public, when the partizans of *Painter*, at Norwich, immediately took it up, and offered a purse of 100 guineas for the above pugilistic heroes, provided the

battle took place within a few miles of the city of Norwich. In this second fight with *Painter*, OLIVER experienced defeat. (See page 145.)

BILL NEAT.

I'm a butcher by my trade,
And a stout hearty blade,
For a bit of *fun*, or to "*lark* it!"
I can handle my steel,
And make an ox to reel,
With any lad in all *Bristol* market.

THE appearance of the above hero of the fist is extremely prepossessing: indeed, a finer made young man, take him for "all in all," is not to be met with throughout a day's walk in any populous city. NEAT is in height 5 feet 11½ inches; and in weight about 13 stone 7 lbs. He was born in Castle Street, Bristol, of very respectable connexions; and is upwards of thirty years of age. NEAT, it seems, was generally viewed by his countrymen as a "good man," although he had never exhibited in the Prize Ring; and only wanted an opportunity to give publicity to his pugilistic traits, in order to raise himself in the estimation of the amateurs. The only contest in which NEAT was engaged, previous to his appearance among the London boxers, was with one *Churchill*, weighing 15 stone, in a large malt-room at Bristol. It was a mat-



BILL NEAT.

against time, NEAT having undertaken to dispose of his "*big customer*" in ten minutes. In the battle *Churchill* had no chance whatever, and was soon beat to a stand still: in the last round he was also *floored* so tremendously, that he was picked up by his second in a complete state of stupor. But, notwithstanding *Churchill* was *punished* so terribly, that he could not have come again to the *scratch*, yet BILL lost the wager by having exceeded the time he had proposed. The judges of boxing, who were present upon this occasion, were quite satisfied with the hard-hitting qualities of NEAT.

An amateur of BRISTOL, determined that NEAT'S *milling talents* should no longer be obscured from the Sporting World, made a match for him with *Oliver;* and the following articles of agreement were entered into between the parties:—

"W. Neat engages to fight Oliver on the 10th of July, 1818, within 30 miles of London, for 100 guineas a-side. A fair stand-up fight, in a 24-feet ring. Mr. Jackson to name the place. The whole of the money to be made good on the 23d of May. Neat not to exceed 13 stone 7 lbs. Ten guineas a-side are deposited.

"Witness, W. TEAST."

Upon the above deposit being made, the odds were decidedly in favour of *Oliver;* but previous to the day of battle, they changed to 5 to 4 on NEAT; the good judges observing, that if *freshness*, *length*, *strength*, and *height*, were to be calculated upon as requisites towards victory, NEAT, who possessed them all, ought to win the fight in question. The latter, however, sustained some little drawback, on account of his being an entire stranger to the London Fancy.

Bristol, since the appearance of the renowned *Jem* and *Tom Belcher* in the Metropolitan prize-ring, followed in rapid succession by the never-defeated *game Chicken*, the truly brave *Gulley*, and the staunch and often-tried Champion of England, *Tom Cribb*, not only attained a high character for pugilistic excellence, but was denominated the *nursery* for British boxers. NEAT was brought forward under those advantages; and, although he could not boast of the *experience* of

"Battles bravely fought, and hardly won!"

yet his requisites were viewed of so promising a nature —his patronage so high and imposing—the improving value of ten weeks' training, under the immediate auspices and tuition of *Cribb*, the advice of *Gulley*, and the generally sound judgment of Captain *Barclay*, that NEAT soon became the favourite; the Bristolians anxiously anticipating, through the exertions of the above new candidate for *milling* fame, again to realize the second days of another *Jem Belcher*.

In opposition to all these pretensions, and the addition of height, weight, and length, *Oliver*, the darling of Westminster, who had bravely conquered, in succession, *Kimber*, *Hopping Ned*, *Harry Lancaster*, *Ford*, *Cooper* (that accomplished boxer), and the determined *Painter*, but who was rather cast in the shade from his defeat at Carlisle by *Carter*, if not considered to have received a check to the Championship of England, again presented himself to the attention of the amateurs. Many of the *Old Fanciers* were still partial to *Oliver*; and if some of them thought him "*slow*,"

others viewed him as "sure;" and the odds against *Oliver* were taken with much confidence. Previous to the fight, the betting *varied* repeatedly; and on Thursday evening, both *Oliver* and NEAT were favourites in turn; and, in point of truth, it almost might be termed even betting.

The above match excited an unusual degree of interest in the Sporting World, in consequence of the majority of the fights of the little men over those of first-rate weight, which have occurred for some years past; but the distance of 24 miles from *Lunnun* rather *damped* the ardour of the *Marrowbone* fraternity, yet numerous *Crispites* were seen on the preceding afternoon *toddling* along the road, with their *clies* full of grub, flattered with the pleasing idea of enjoying their *wictuals*, having a *snooze*, and *blowing* "a long one" in the *Monkery!*

Not a bed could be had at any of the villages, at an early hour on the preceding evening; and Uxbridge was crowded beyond all former precedent, so anxious were the amateurs to arrive in time. At four o'clock in the morning, vehicles of every description were in motion; and the road from Hyde Park Corner to Gerrard's Cross was one complete cloud of dust. The ring was formed upon one of the most delightful spots the eye of a landscape-painter could imagine. The scenery was truly picturesque. Bulstrode House, the seat of the late Duke of Portland, was on the left of it; the foliage of the trees, the verdure of the ground, the rising eminences, and the grandeur of the prospect, rendered the *tout ensemble* more than captivating; and the amateurs con-

gratulated each other on the excellent choice which had thus been made for the display of the *gymnastic sports*. Yet, before an entrance could be gained to this *Elysium* of the FANCY, a handsome *tip* was demanded at the gate, guarded by more heads than were in the possession of *Cerberus* of old. But such is the mutability of our nature, that in one instant this enchanting scene was completely obliterated; all was anxiety and suspense; the stakes were drawn—the carriages rolled off with the utmost celerity—and this paradise became as it were a mere desert. A magistrate, not in the *Fancy*, unamateur-like, had fixed his *paw* upon NEAT; and no *milling* could be permitted to take place in Buckinghamshire, on that day. *Cerberus* had now taken flight from the gate, and lots of *Johnny Raws* were standing laughing at the *flats* who had been thus drawn of their *blunt*. *Rickmansworth*, nine miles off, was now the scent; and the string of carriages on the road exceeded all calculation. In a field, within a mile of the above place, the ring was again formed; and a few minutes before three NEAT appeared, and threw up his hat; *Oliver* immediately followed, bowing all round to the spectators, answering the token of defiance, and was received with great applause. The latter hero, on stripping, showed he was in good condition, and was seconded by *Tom Jones* and *Clark*; *Cribb* and *Tom Belcher* performing that office for NEAT. *Cribb* tied the yellow colours of his man to the stakes, and *Jones* placed the blue handkerchief of *Oliver* upon them. Lord Yarmouth, Sir Henry Smith, and a long *et cetera* of amateurs, were round the ring. The ceremony of shaking

bands then took place, and, at three o'clock, the fight commenced. NEAT 5 and 6 to 4 the favourite.

First round. On *setting-to*, Neat looked formidable. His attitude was *springy*, and ready for quick action. His legs, decorated with silk stockings, not only evinced much manliness and fine form, but vast strength; and his arms were equally sinewy, and capable of great exertion. Upon the whole, he had the appearance and make of what is generally considered necessary to complete a prize pugilist. He has also to boast of excellent symmetry. Both of the boxers were anxious to commence in good style, and some sparring occurred. Neat hit short, and Oliver planted the first blow. Some hits were exchanged, and Oliver put in a body hit and got away; however, in following his opponent, he received a blow, and, slipping at the same time, went down. Two minutes and a half had elapsed.

Second.—It was evident the science was on the side of Oliver; but the right arm of Neat was also viewed as truly dangerous. Oliver put in a *bodier*, and Neat returned short. The combatants then got into a sharp rally, which terminated with Oliver fibbing down his opponent. Great applause. The *claret* was now seen on the mouth and neck of Neat.

Third.—Oliver again made a hit on the body, which Neat returned short with his left hand. Oliver also planted successfully several body blows; and Neat frequently missed in return. Some good counter hits occurred. Oliver followed Neat closely up; some exchanges took place; when Neat turned round, and went down from a hit. *(Some slight disapprobation.)*

Fourth.—Oliver found his opponent was a novice, and felt confident of success. This was the longest round in the fight, and displayed the various traits and style of fighting of both the combatants; and may serve as a sort of criterion for the whole battle, and save much of the minute routine of the rounds. Oliver, with much gaiety, planted a severe *facer*, and Neat, in return, hit short. Oliver gave another *facer*. Neat, with his right hand, gave Oliver a tremendous blow under his ear, that seemed to send his head from his shoulders; the *claret* copiously flowing, and a large lump instantly rose up. Oliver here showed a good acquaintance with the science, and fought better than usual; he frequently planted body hits and *facers* without experiencing return, and broke away in good

style. Oliver was tired, and put down his hands. Several counter hits again occurred. Neat put in a severe body blow, when Oliver soon afterwards was observed to spit, as if his inside had suffered from the effects of it. Oliver made a good right-handed hit, and stopped a tremendous blow with his left. Several other instances also occurred in Oliver's favour. The latter again spit, and, in a rally, both went down from exhaustion. The round lasted eight minutes. 6 to 4 on Oliver.

Fifth.—The hands of Oliver were covered with *claret*, from the work he had done upon his opponent's *mug*. Oliver took the lead, and finished the round by sending Neat down. Shouts, and 3 to 1 on Oliver.

Sixth.—Oliver planted a good *facer*, and counter hits again took place. This was a singular round. Oliver followed Neat to the ropes, and, in a sort of scuffle, caught the latter by the thighs, when Neat fell, and Oliver also went down. Both the combatants exhibited severe marks of *punishment*, and Neat's mouth was opened and distressed. Oliver was now decidedly the favourite.

Seventh.—This round had nearly decided the fight. Oliver went down like a dead man from a tremendous right-handed blow under the ear. His senses were completely hit out of him; and Jones, by extraordinary exertions, placed him on the bottle-holder's knee, and used every means to recover him again to meet his opponent. "*Time, time,*" was loudly vociferated from all parts of the ring, and many persons with stop-watches in their hands insisted a *minute* had elapsed.

Eighth.—Oliver's second at length brought him forward with his arm round his body, up to the scratch, when the bottle-holder, on Neat's behalf, insisted on his letting go his man. Oliver, staggering, put himself in a position to fight, when he was immediately *floored*.

Ninth.—Time was again called by the spectators, on the difficulty of Oliver's coming to the mark. The latter was evidently *stupified*, and was again hit down. 10 to 1 on Neat, and hats were thrown up.

Tenth.—The *gameness* of Oliver astonished the oldest amateur; and he now so far recovered himself as to have the best of it, and fibbed his opponent down at the ropes. Great applause.

Eleventh.—Oliver kept the lead, and not only gave a stag-

gering hit to Neat, but hit him again as he was falling Applause.

Twelfth.—Oliver, in this round, was every thing. His science in getting away was excellent—he gave his opponent a severe *facer*, a blow on the eye, and finally *floored* Neat; the latter frequently hitting short. "*Bravo, Oliver!*" *and the odds rising rapidly upon him.*

Thirteenth.—Neat gave Oliver, in following him, a tremendous right-handed hit on his mouth, that his *upper works* were in a complete state of *chaos*. Neat, notwithstanding this superiority, went down, and it was loudly asserted without a blow. It occasioned marks of disapprobation. £100 to *£5 was offered on Oliver; but no one took it.*

Fourteenth.—Oliver, after having the best of the round, threw Neat.

Fifteenth.—Neat hit down, and Oliver fell upon him.

Sixteenth.—Oliver planted a severe blow under the left ear of his opponent, who went down much distressed.

Seventeenth.—Oliver made a hit, but Neat stopped it with much dexterity; counter hits; yet Neat was *floored*.

Eighteenth.—Neat made three blows, but went down.

Nineteenth.—Oliver *floored* his opponent, but was nevertheless *punished* in the round.

Twentieth.—Neat's right hand was at work, and Oliver quickly followed him up, till he went down.

Twenty-first.—Oliver *floored* his antagonist, and fell upon him, and hit Neat in the face as he was in the act of falling upon him. This produced "*Foul, foul,*" from the friends of Neat.

Twenty-second.—Oliver received a hit from Neat, when the latter fell down. *Hissing.*

Twenty-third.—Oliver, in closing, fell upon his opponent.

Twenty-fourth.—Neat planted some sharp blows; but Oliver had the best of the round, when Neat went down. "*Bravo, Oliver,—well done, Tom!*" and the betting greatly in favour of him.

Twenty-fifth.—Neat, it appeared, now felt the use of his right arm, and with two blows, right and left handed, not only sent Oliver staggering away, but hit him down like a shot. The hats were again thrown up, and the odds had all vanished.

Twenty-sixth.—It was evident Oliver could not recover from the severe effects of the last round. "*Time*" was again loudly vociferated; and he came up staggering, only to be hit down.

Twenty-seventh.—Neat again went to work, and planted more tremendous blows; but, in closing, Neat was the undermost.

Twenty-eighth.—Oliver, *game* to the last, *bottom* almost beyond any *precedent*, and more than anxious that his backers should not find fault with him, contended for victory as if the fate of an empire hung upon the event. The dreadful *stunning* blows he had received had put aside all his *science*, and he now incautiously followed his opponent, who, with his right hand, gave Oliver the *coup de grace*, which took him off his legs in a singular manner; he fell down flat on his back, as completely senseless as a log of wood. "*Time*" was called, but the brave Oliver heard not the sound. One hour and 31 seconds had elapsed.

NEAT, notwithstanding the decisive victory he obtained over *Oliver*, appeared little more than a *novice* respecting scientific boxing. It is true, he might be improved under the tuition of skilful and accomplished boxers; but it may still be a question, whether he needs such improvement towards ensuring conquests. He possesses a requisite above all the art that *teaching* can achieve for any boxer, namely, *one hit* from his right hand, given in proper distance, can gain a victory; but three of them are positively enough to dispose of a giant. NEAT hits from the shoulder with an astonishing and peculiar force; and, in one instance, the arm of *Oliver* received so paralyzing a shock in stopping the blow, that it appeared almost useless. The admirers of fine fighting are decidedly of opinion, that NEAT has no such pretensions; but as a hard hitter (of steam-engine power), it is asserted there is nothing like him on the present list.

fought very awkwardly; and had he used his right-hand to advantage in the early part of the fight, in all probability, it must have been over in a few rounds: but, it should be recollected, it was his first appearance in the London ring. His pedigree is good respecting his *bottom*—Bristol a sound passport—but he certainly is not a *Jem Belcher*. With all his defects, however, he will prove an *ugly customer* for any that may like to try him, and no doubt he will be viewed by all the "big ones" as a *Neat* article. One word for the brave but fallen *Oliver*, before these remarks are closed. He fought like a hero; and the courage of human nature was never witnessed in a higher point of view, than exhibited by him in this contest. The battle was never *safe* to him, notwithstanding his exertions were more scientific than in any of his previous fights. It was also far from being *safe* to NEAT, till the 25th round. The latter was in bad condition, while *Oliver* could not be finer; but a *chance* blow from NEAT can *floor* 100 to 1 in a twinkling, although he is a round hitter.

Oliver, although defeated, was not disgraced; but, on the contrary, it was asserted, from his brave conduct, that he had rivetted his chains more strongly upon the amateurs in general. In eight battles he proved himself a good man—six of them he won; and the FANCY cannot do better than spiritedly *pick him up* from the dreadful *flooring* he has received, and again put him on his legs to *serve them out* in another capacity than the ring. It was, upon the whole, a good fight; but *Oliver* is too slow for an active man like NEAT. Several minutes elapsed before *Oliver* recovered any thing like sensibility; and his situation,

for a short period, was thought to be critical. He was bled in the ring; and NEAT shook hands with him. He was taken from the scene of action in a landau, and every attention paid to his wants that humanity could suggest. NEAT was also assisted to his vehicle, in a very distressed state, his face completely altered from the severity of *punishment* it had undergone. Indeed, a report prevailed in London, for a day or two after the fight, that *Oliver* was dead.

NEAT did not remain long in the Metropolis; and, in his way home, he called at *Sam Porch's* booth, at Lansdown Fair, where the latter, in honour of the victory of his countryman, had for his sign, portraits of NEAT and *Oliver* in battle. This had the desired effect; it operated as a rallying point to the *Fancy*, and *Porch* did not want for customers. The amateur who made the match for NEAT, now suggested to him the propriety of taking a benefit in London, which the latter, it seems, rather reluctantly complied with. However, he again arrived in the Metropolis; and, on Tuesday, the 23d of February, 1819, the Fives-Court was respectably attended for his benefit. It might be termed a *gay day* for the amateurs, as the members of the *Bristol* and *London Ring* were all upon the alert, and "eager for the fray," to enhance their pugilistic *fame;* or, in other words, it was the meeting of *Greek* versus *Greek*. The first *set-to*, between *Lennox* and *Mason*, never attractive from its repeated *sameness*, was now passed over with the utmost indifference, the *fanciers* being on the tip-toe of expectation, waiting for the appearance of the new performers. Young *George Nichols*, from the *nursery*, (the son of the victorious competitor with *Cribb*,) on

ascending the stage, was well received by the amateurs; and his compact, well-made, manly frame, occasioned many observers to exclaim, "*He's quite a picture!*" *Nichols* is about 19 years of age, scarcely 10 stone in weight, and possessing all the *gaiety* of youth. *West Country Dick*, almost *swipy*, tumbled up after him, and the combat soon commenced. *Nichols* showed more *fight* than *science*, and left his opponent but little time for consideration. It was a sharp, good *set-to*, on both sides, and the bustle and activity of *Nichols* somewhat refreshed the recollection of *Dick;* but the tremendous right hand of the latter came into play several times, and, in one instance, the *nobber* was so complete, that *Dick* exultingly exclaimed, "*That's a stopper for the countryman!*" The last round was long, and nothing else but *milling*, when *Dick* took off the gloves, and said he was *satisfied*. He, however, instantly challenged *Nichols* for £50 a-side. The *Bristol boy* replied, with much firmness, addressing himself to the spectators, that "he had come up to London for the express purpose of accommodating Mr. NEAT; his friends were decidedly averse to his fighting; two or three years ago, he would have fought without the least hesitation, since which time he had altered his situation in life. Respecting *he* (pointing to *Dick*), if he *(Nichols)* was inclined for a battle, so little did he value his opponent, that he would fight him for the handkerchief he then held in his hand." *(Loud applause.)* The spare, haggard, and *stale* appearance of *Dick*, contrasted with the fresh, healthful, and animated look of *Nichols*, was the subject of a variety of remarks. NEAT, followed by *Shelton*, attracted considerable attention. It was NEAT'S

first appearance with the *gloves* at the Fives-Court; his severity of hitting in the ring had been previously ascertained; and his knowledge of the *science* was now only to be developed. He is certainly *quicker* in his movements, and stopped with skill; and the *set-to*, upon the whole, was entitled to praise. It is true, that *Shelton* planted the most *nobbing* hits, and one on the *mouth* told rather heavily; but a *bodier* from NEAT out-valued the whole of them in calculation and effect, and seemed to operate so sharply upon the frame of his opponent, that the interior appeared all in sudden motion, not unlike the whole of the keys of a harpsichord, when the fingers of the player run them furiously down. *Shelton* evinces improvement in every *set-to;* he was pronounced to have rather the best of this *bout*. *Richmond* and *Harmer* showed the advantages of *science*, and their play was light, and pleasing to the amateur. The grand feature of the day had now arrived, and *Scroggins* and *Cabbage* ascended the stage amidst loud plaudits. Every *peeper* was on the stretch to see them *go to work:* the hearts of the *Bristolians* were all *beating high* for additional honour to be heaped upon their country, which had given birth to the *Belchers*, the *Game Chicken*, *Gulley*, *Cribb*, *George Nichols*, &c.; and the *lads* of the London ring appeared equally anxious that not the *smallest bit* of their *laurels* should be taken from them, without being bravely and hardly won. The *nob* of *Cabbage* seems *cut out* for a *milling cove;* it appears to possess all the inflexibility of the rock, indifferent to the fury of the storm it may have to encounter. Eight rounds were contested with all that personal bravery so characteristic of true Britons. *Scroggins floored* his opponent, and

Cabbage returned the compliment. Hitting without ceremony occurred; and, at the end of the *bout*, it was the toss-up of a halfpenny to assert which had the *best of it*. The Court rang with applause; and, since the Fives-Court has been dedicated to the above exhibitions, a more manly or *even set-to* has never been witnessed. *Cabbage* hits out well with his left hand. Some of the amateurs made a few hits at *Cabbage* with silver, which the latter *received* without *flinching*. *Lazarus* and *Callus* had a spirited combat; but the *set-to*, if such it could be termed, between the *Life-Guardsman* (the once famous opponent with *Richmond* and *Spring*) and a strong son of *Paddy's Land*, beggared all description. The roars of laughter in a pantomime were nothing to the fun now exhibited. *Paddy hugged* the *man of war* so tight, that, to disengage himself from such close quarters, he was compelled to throw his opponent over his shoulders. NEAT and *Harmer* wound up the sports of the day in a light contest; when the former complained of not being able to return thanks as he wished, being no *orator*. *Scroggins* challenged *Cabbage* for £100 a-side. *Cribb*, *Oliver*, *Randall*, *Reynolds*, *Owen*, and *Gregson*, were present, but did not exhibit. It appeared, that one of the small fibres of NEAT's right arm had been injured, which prevented him from using it with any strength or activity; and three months must elapse, it was said, before a cure could be pronounced, or NEAT returned *fit for service*. It was expected *Sutton* would have shown himself upon the above occasion.

NEAT was almost in a similar situation with the *Irishman*, who said that he "LOST *by his* BENEFIT!"

In calculating his loss of time, the neglect his business sustained at home, and his expenses in London, it is said, NEAT scarcely cleared himself by the above appeal to the patronage of the public.

Cribb and *Spring* being on a sparring tour, and making Bristol in their route, a match for 100 guineas a-side was made between NEAT and *Spring*, and £50 a-side put down at the Greyhound Inn, Broadmead, Bristol. The fight to take place on the 6th of October, 1819, half-way between Bristol and London; but, in consequence of NEAT'S breaking his arm while in *training*, this match was off, not only to the chagrin of both the combatants, but to the great disappointment of the Sporting World.

Symptoms of a "screw being loose" between the *Champion of England* and NEAT, the following appeared in most of the London newspapers :—

"To Mr. T. CRIBB.

"I observed, in a report of the Sparring Match for the benefit of Harry Harmer, that you (being flushed by the juice of the Tuscan grape) took an opportunity of paying me a compliment, which I did not expect you had liberality enough to do—namely, that 'NEAT *was the best of the bad ones*,' and that '*you would fight him from five hundred to a thousand pounds*.' In answer to which I inform you, that I will fight you as soon as you like (the sooner the better) for from a glass of gin to two hundred pounds.

"WM. NEAT.

"All Saint's Lane, Bristol, Aug. 14, 1820."

In disposition, BILL NEAT is not only generous and cheerful, but might be termed "a high fellow" and always ready to serve a friend. He is fond of a "bit of life," throws off a good *chaunt*, and is the President of the DAFFY CLUB, held at *Sam Porch's*, Guildhall Tavern, Broad Street, Bristol. It is said of him, among the above *Daffyonians*, that, "if he is not a *good* fighter, NEAT is nevertheless a GOOD FELLOW."

Drawn by G. Sharples

Engd by Percy Roberts

TOM HICKMAN.

Pubd by Sherwood, Neely & Jones, April 1st 1821.

TOM HICKMAN,

(BUT BETTER KNOWN AS)

THE GAS-LIGHT MAN.

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!

A SECOND Hotspur, if the sword were his weapon to commence the attack. Impatient—fiery—daring—hardy—impetuous—laughing to nought all his opponents.

———Let them come,
They come like sacrifices in their train;
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them.

The GAS-LIGHT MAN is a host within himself—his fist possessing the knocking-down force of the forge-hammer—his brow contemptuously smiling at defeat—*to surrender*, not within the range of his ideas, even to the extremity of perspective—and VICTORY, proud victory, only operating as a beacon to all his achievements. He grapples with danger as one to be disarmed of its terrors, till it is overthrown. Ferocious in the fight, even to bull-dog fierceness. Though not destitute of skill, he prefers the ponderous charge, in order to confound, route, and dismay the feelings of his opponent. His attack is truly terrific. His head and body seem as if secured by a coat of mail, insensible to *punishment*. His *game* is unquestionable; and his course not to be impeded. *Retreating*, to him, is quite out of the question; and he carries his point with a high hand. So far in the *Prize Ring*. Out of it, HICKMAN is fond of fun, good-natured, and friendly; but *reproof* renders him irritable and un-

ruly. His nature is too sensitive to bear it. This is the only *bad point* attached to him; and he ought to correct it. Pugilists cannot be too *cool*, as they are liable to met with more *insults* than most men. HICKMAN dances a hornpipe tolerably well. As a runner, he also possesses considerable swiftness; and as a *jumper*, few men can get the best of him.

This tremendous hero of the "Fives" first opened his *peepers* in search of chivalrous adventures in Ken Lane, Dudley, in Worcestershire, on the 28th of Jan. 1785. His nurse thought that he *showed* something like "fight," even in his cradle; but when TOMMY felt the use of his *pins*, and could toddle out among his play-fellows, he was considered as the most *handy* little *kid* amongst them. His skirmishes, when a boy, are too numerous for recital: but it will suffice to state, that, in the circle in which he moved among the boys, when any of them were in danger of being beaten, it was a common observation amongst them, to intimidate any intruder, that they would fetch "TOM HICKMAN *to lick him!*"

HICKMAN was apprenticed to a steam-engine-boiler maker. His first regular sort of combat was with one *Sedgeley*, in a place called *Wednesbury*Field*; but *Sedgeley* was disposed of with almost as much ease and quickness, by HICKMAN, as a butcher flaps off flies from the meat.

John Miller, a coppersmith, was his next opponent, in the same field. This match was made for one guinea a-side; but *Miller* proved so good a man, that HICKMAN was one hour and a half before he obtained the victory. *Miller* was so *punished* about

* A town celebrated for cocking.

his *nob*, that he was not known to some of his most intimate friends.

Jack Hollis, a glass-blower, a hero who had seen some little service in the *milling* way, at Dudley, was backed for £5 a-side against HICKMAN. This turned out a very severe battle indeed: *Hollis* proved himself nothing else but a good man, although he was defeated in 25 minutes.

Luke Walker, a collier, entertained an idea that he could beat HICKMAN, like *winking*, and matched himself against the latter for two guineas. But, in the short space of nineteen minutes, *Walker* lost his two quid, and got well *milled* in the bargain.

HICKMAN, it seems, now left his native place, and arrived in the Metropolis to follow his business; and took up his residence in the Borough. It was not long before a *customer* of the name of *Bill Doughty*, a blacksmith, offered himself to the notice of our hero, and was *finished off* cleverly, in *thirteen minutes*, in a field near Gravel Lane.

An Irishman of the name of *Hollix*, the Champion of Gravel Lane, fancied HICKMAN, and a match was made between them, for six guineas a-side. *Miller* seconded HICKMAN upon this occasion. This was a tremendous fight, in the same field as the last battle, occupying 32 minutes; in the course of which, HICKMAN was thrown heavily down in 19 rounds, owing to the superior strength of the Irishman. He also experienced several severe cross-buttocks; but HICKMAN at length got a turn, when he caught hold of the Irishman's hand, held him quite fast, and planted such a stupifying blow under his *listener*, that poor Paddy

was so much hurt and so much frightened, that he desired to be taken to an hospital.

Jack Thomas, a 13-stone man, well known in the Borough, was very soon beaten by HICKMAN.

HICKMAN accommodated a *chap* of the name of *Jack Andrews*, for £1 a-side, also in the Borough, who *talked* what *great things* he had done in the boxing line, and also what *great things* he could still perform; but in the course of *seventeen* minutes he was so terribly *punished*, as to be glad to resign the contest, while, on the contrary, HICKMAN had not the slightest mark about his face.

Seven millwrights, belonging to *Rennie*'s factory, over the water, it is said, were all beaten by HICKMAN, in a *turn-up*, near the John's Head, Holland Street. The latter, on leaving the above house, was attacked by this party, and compelled to fight in his own defence. These *Millwrights* afterwards summoned HICKMAN before the Magistrates, at Horsemonger Lane; but, on an explanation taking place, HICKMAN had also the *best of the thing* again here.

Among the numerous men belonging to the *Gas-Light Company*, HICKMAN has *served all* of them out, who wished to have a *taste* of his quality; and we are informed, that, in a street-row, in "*cutting away mike*," he clears his way with as much facility as a *mower* with a scythe in his hand cuts down the grass. In a word, the GAS-LIGHT MAN must be pronounced an *out-and-outer*.

HICKMAN is a well-made, compact man, and does not appear, on viewing him, near so heavy as he proves at the scales,—weighing about 11 stone 11 pounds. He

is in height about 5 feet 9½ inches. His *nob* is a fighting one; and his eyes are small, but protected by a prominent forehead. His frame, when stripped, is firm and round, and displays considerable muscular strength. HICKMAN is very active upon his legs. He is not a *showy*, but an effective, decisive hitter; perhaps, the term of a *smashing* boxer would be more appropriate, and near his real character. He is, however, a much better fighter than he looks to be; his blows are tremendous, and of a most *punishing* quality towards victory. HICKMAN possesses all the *confidence* of a NELSON, united with the *desperation* of a *Paul Jones*. In short, he appears to be one of those sort of beings well calculated to mix with the ruder elements of society—one who can listen to the howlings of the furious tempest, and also stand unmoved from the effects of the pitiless pelting storm.

We believe it was owing to *Tom Shelton* (who first discovered this *milling diamond* in the rough) that he exhibited in the Prize Ring. The *out-and-out* qualities of HICKMAN, it should seem, were *whispered* to a few of the judges *on the sly*, and a patron was at length found for him. It was then determined, that he should be *tried* with a promising young hero; and the following match was made between HICKMAN and *Crawley*, for £50 a-side, which took place on Tuesday, March 16, 1819, at Moulsey Hurst.

The FANCY, so far from being *chilled* by their last *dripping wet* excursion to the Barge House, it appears, *panted* high for the arrival of another day's sport: the morning was rather *loury*, but the enlivening rays of bright *Sol* at length chased away all gloom, and infused

animation, interest, and *spirits*, throughout the whole of the amateurs. It might be termed the first *turn-out* of the FANCY for the spring season; and the vehicles were gay and elegant. The presence of some of the *Corinthians* gave importance to the scene; *Swells* of the second-rate order of the amateurs were also numerous; and scarcely any *drags* or *tumblers* were to be witnessed loaded with "*the lads!*" In fact, it was a superior *cut* altogether. More interest was excited upon the fight than might have been expected, when both the boxers, in point of *trial*, were viewed as *new ones* to the ring. HICKMAN, although a *light subject* in himself, was, to the amateurs, completely a *dark* one, respecting his merits or his person. "*What sort of a* CHAP *is he? What has he done? Has he ever fought any body?*" were repeatedly asked; and as repeatedly answered, "*that no one knew any thing about him.* It was, however, generally understood, that he was very *strong;* but it was urged, as a sort of drawback, that he had too much *chaffing* about his composition. On the contrary, young *Rump Steak* stood high as a *muffler;* and it was known he had beat one of the *cutting-up* tribe, but who turned out a mere *cripple* as a fighting man. His strength and stamina were doubted; he was a youth of not more than 19 years of age, nearly six feet high, 12 stone in weight, but thought to have more *gristle* than bone: his *victualling office* had also been some time out of *commission;* however, the keen air of Hampstead, added to a good *grubbery*, had not only produced an improvement of his *frame*, but had reduced the odds against him, and, on the morning of fighting, it was,

PETER CRAWLEY,

Originally designated as

YOUNG RUMP STEAK.

in a great measure, *even betting*. The importance of the man of *gas* was kept up by his *trainer*, *Shelton*, who confidently asserted, that if HICKMAN did not win, he would quit the boxing ring, and take up a *quiet* abode with OLD NEPTUNE; *Oliver* coinciding in the same opinion. Such was the state of affairs till the moment arrived for the appearance of the heroes on the *plains of Moulsey*. HICKMAN showed first in the ring, and threw up his *castor* jolly, very *jolly* indeed, attended by his seconds, *Oliver* and *Shelton;* and *Crawley* soon followed, repeating the token of defiance, waited upon by *Painter* and *Jones*. The colours were tied to the stakes; and, at one o'clock, the men *set to*.

First round.—The *gas-light* blade seemed as well *primed* as a four-pound burner, and eager to eclipse his opponent with his superior rays of brilliancy. He showed fight instantly, rushed upon his opponent, and gave young Rump-steak a *mugger*, but it did not prove effective. Crawley endeavoured to retreat from the *boring* qualities of his antagonist, and *tapped* Hickman over his guard. The latter went in almost laughing at the *science* against him; and Crawley could not resist his efforts with any thing like a *stopper*. He also received a desperate hit upon his right ear, that not only drew forth the *claret*, but *floored* him. In going down, he unfortunately hit his head against the stakes. "*Well done, my gassy,*" *from the light* company; and 7 to 4 was offered upon him.

Second.—The appearance of Crawley was completely altered. He was quite *groggy* from the united effects of the last blow and the stakes. The Gas Man let fly *sans ceremonie*, and the *nob* of his opponent was *pinked* in all directions. His nose sustained a heavy hit, and he went down covered with *claret*. Ten pounds to five upon Hickman.

Third.—It was evident that Crawley had not strength enough in the first round, but now he was quite reduced. He, however, showed good pluck, put in some hits that marked his opponent, and swelled up his left eye like a roll; but he was

punished in return dreadfully, and again went down. 15 to 5, but no takers.

Fourth.—Crawley received a terrible hit in the throat, fell down on his back, with his arms extended, and quite exhausted. 5 to 1.

Fifth.—Crawley set to with more spirit than could possibly be expected. He planted some *facers;* but the force of his opponent operated upon him like a torrent, and the stream appeared to carry him away. He was punished up to the ropes, and then *floored* upon his face. 7 to 1.

Sixth.—The *pluck* of Crawley was good,—he tried to make a change, but without effect, and received a *nobber* that sent him staggering away, quite abroad, when he fell down.

Seventh.—This was a desperate *game* round, and Crawley gave hit for hit till the Gas-Light Man's face blazed again. But Crawley was exhausted, and both went down. "*Go along, Crawley; such another round, and you can't lose it.*" It was complete milling.

Eighth.—Crawley also fought manfully this round; but he had no chance, and the Gas Man again sent him down. All betters, but no takers.

Ninth.—The right hand of Hickman was tremendous. Crawley's *nob* completely in *Chancery*, and he was terribly *milled* out of the ring, bleeding in all directions.

Tenth.—This round was similar to the famous one between Painter and Sutton, during their first fight. Crawley was so severely hit from the scratch, that he never put up his hands. It was piteous to see him. "*Take him away!*" from all parts of the ring.

Eleventh.—This round was nearly as bad, but the *game* of young *Rump-steak* was much praised. The Gas Man did not go without some sharp punishment.

Twelfth.—Crawley floored in a twinkling; and long, very long, before this period, it was "*Tom Cribb's Memorial to Congress*" to a *penny chaunt;* Crawley could not resist the heavy hitting of his opponent.

Thirteenth and last.—The Gas-Light Man had completely put his opponent in *darkness;* and he only appeared this round to be *smashed* all to pieces; or, as the French observe, to have the *coup de grace.* Thirteen minutes and a half *finished* poor Crawley!

The GAS MAN retained all his *blaze;* in fact, he *burnt* brighter in his own opinion than before. However, he was pronounced, by the amateurs present, not a good fighter. Indeed, a few words will suffice. HICKMAN appeared fond of *rushing* forwards to *mill* his opponent, regardless of the result to himself. He hit with his left hand open. But no man could be on *better terms with himself* than HICKMAN was, during the above fight. The good judges thought well of the GAS-LIGHT MAN, from the specimen he had displayed, yet urged he had great room for improvement; but, when possessing the advantages of *science*, he would doubtless prove a *teazer* to all of his own, and even above his weight. *Crawley* had out-grown his strength.

In the above battle, in the third round, HICKMAN injured one of his hands materially; indeed, so much did it operate on his feelings, from the severity of the pain, that he kept looking at one of his fingers, and complained of it to his second, *Tom Shelton.* The latter, with much *bluntness*, told him, "to hold his *chaffing;* such conduct was not the way to win; and also that he was not hurt!" The GAS-LIGHT MAN took the hint, and was *silent* during the remainder of the battle. He also fought and won like a hero. In a few days after the fight, his hand was so painful, and likewise had assumed such a black appearance, that he was compelled to have the advice of a surgeon. The latter person, on examining his hand, found one of his fingers was broken. Upon this circumstance being made known to the amateurs, no doubt was entertained of his *game* qualities.

The GAS-LIGHT MAN was, from this conquest, looked upon as SOMEBODY by the *Fancy;* and several matches were *talked* over for him; but they all *went off*, except the following contest, which was made up in a very hasty manner, for a purse of £20, at the Tennis-Court, at *Cy. Davis's* benefit.

HICKMAN, in consequence of the above meeting, entered the lists with the scientific *Cooper*, at Farnham Royal, Dawney Common, contiguous to Stowe House, near Stowe, Buckinghamshire, 24 miles from London, on Tuesday, March 28, 1820, immediately after *Cabbage* and *Martin* had left the ring. This contest was previously termed *fine science* against downright RUFFIANISM; and 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 was the current betting on *Cooper*, without the slightest hesitation. On entering the ring, the latter looked *pale;* but when he stripped, his frame had an elegant appearance; and he had for his seconds *Oliver* and *Bill Gibbons*. HICKMAN was under the guidance of *Randall* and *Shelton;* and he laughed in the most confident manner, observing, "that he was sure to win." Previously to the combatants commencing the battle, Mr. JACKSON called them both to him, stating the amount of the subscriptions he had collected for the winner. "*I am quite satisfied,*" replied HICKMAN; "*I will fight, if it is only for a glass of gin!*" This sort of independence quite puzzled all the *Swells;* and the GAS-LIGHT MAN was put down as a great boaster, or an *out-and-outer* extraordinary: but, notwithstanding all this confidence manifested by HICKMAN, the well-known superior science possessed by *George Cooper* rendered him decidedly the favourite.

First round.—On setting-to, Cooper placed himself in an elegant position, and a few seconds passed away in sparring, and in his getting room to make play. Every eye was on the stretch, watching for the superiority of Cooper; but the rapidity of attack made by the Gas Man was so overwhelming, that he drove Cooper to the ropes, and the exchange of hits was terrific, till Cooper went down like a shot out of the ropes, from a terrible blow on the tip of his nose; and his face was *pinked* all over. The shouting was tremendous: "*Bravo, Gas; it's all up with his science.*"

Second.—The *impetuosity* of the Gas-Light Man positively electrified the spectators; and he went in to *mill* Cooper with all the indifference of being opposed to a complete *novice*. Cooper's face was quite changed; he seemed almost choked with the blood in his throat, and he was compelled to spit some of it out; but, nevertheless, as the Gas was coming in with downright ferocity, Cooper planted a tremendous *facer*, right in the middle of his head. This blow, heavy as it was, only made the Gas Man shake his head a little, as if he wished to throw something off it; but, in renewing the attack, Hickman slipped down from a slight hit. Great shouting, and "The Gas-Light Man is a rum one!" The odds had dropped materially, and Hickman was taken for choice.

Third.—The face of Hickman now showed the talents of Cooper, and he was hit down on one knee; but the former instantly jumped up to renew the attack, when Cooper set himself down on his second's knee, in order to finish the round.

Fourth.—Gas followed Cooper all over the ring, and hit him down. (Tumultuous shouting.) 2 to 1 on Gas.

Fifth.—The fine science of Cooper had its advantages in this round. He planted some desperate *facers* with great success; and the *nob* of his opponent now bled profusely. In struggling for the throw, both down, but Gas undermost. By way of a cordial to Cooper, some of his friends shouted, "Cooper for £100."

Sixth.—This was a truly terrific round; and Cooper showed that he could hit tremendously, as well as his opponent. *Facer* for *facer* was exchanged without any fear or delay; and Cooper got away from some heavy blows. In closing, both down.

Seventh.—The qualities of the Gas-Light Man were so

terrible, that Cooper with all his fine fighting, could not reduce his courage Hickman would not be denied. The latter got *nobbed* prodigiously, and his *face* was covered with *claret*. In struggling for the throw, Cooper got his adversary down. "*Well done, George.*"

Eighth.—The Gas-Light Man now seemed to commence this round rather cautiously, and began to spar, as if for wind. "*If you spar,*" says Randall, "*you'll be licked. You must go and fight!*" The hitting on both sides was dreadful; and the Gas Man got Cooper on the ropes, and *punished* him so terribly, that "Foul!" and "Fair!" was loudly vociferated, till Cooper went down quite weak.

Ninth.—The Gas-Light Man, from his impetuous mode of attack, appeared as if determined to *finish* Cooper off hand. The latter had scarcely left his second's knee, when Hickman ran up to him, and planted a severe *facer*. The appearance of Cooper was now piteous; he was quite feeble, nay, dead beat, till he was hit down.

Tenth.—In this round Cooper was hit down, quite exhausted, and picked up nearly senseless. "It's all up," was the cry; and, in fact, so much was it felt round the ring, that numbers left their places, thinking it impossible for Cooper again to meet his antagonist. Any odds, but no takers.

Eleventh.—In the anxiety of the moment, several of the spectators thought the *time* rather long before it was called; and, to their great astonishment, Cooper, somehow or other, was again brought to the scratch. He was in a shockingly feeble state, but he nevertheless showed fight, till he was sent down. "*Bravo, Cooper;* you are a *game* fellow indeed!"

Twelfth.—This was a most complete *ruffianing* round on both sides. The Gas-Light Man's *nob* was a picture of *punishment*. Cooper astonished the ring from the *gameness* he displayed, and the manly way in which he stood up to his adversary, giving hit for hit, till both went down.

Thirteenth.—It was evident that Cooper had never recovered from the severity of the blow he had received on the tip of his nose in the first round, and that, at times, he was almost choked with the blood in his throat. "*It's all up,*" was the cry, but Cooper fought in the most courageous style till he went down.

Fourteenth.—Cooper, although weak, was still a trouble-

some customer. He fought with his adversary, giving hit for hit, till he was quite exhausted and down.

Fifteenth.—This round was so well contested, as to claim admiration and praise from all parts of the ring, and "*Well done on both sides*" was loudly vociferated. Cooper was at length distressed beyond measure; but he nevertheless opposed Hickman with blow for blow, till Cooper went down.

Sixteenth, and last.—Without something like a miracle taking place, it was impossible for Cooper to win. He, however, manfully contended for victory, making exchanges, till both of the combatants went down. When "Time" was called, Hickman appeared at the scratch, but Cooper was too exhausted to leave his second's knee; and Hickman was proclaimed the conqueror, amidst the shouts of his friends. The battle was over in the short space of FOURTEEN MINUTES AND A HALF!

The courage exhibited by *Cooper* was equal to any thing ever witnessed; but he was so ill before he left the ring, that some fears were entertained for his safety. After the astonishment had subsided a little, the question round the ring was, "Who on the present list can beat HICKMAN?" The courage and confidence of HICKMAN is of so *prime* a description, that he enters the ring quite certain of victory, and his great success in defeating *Cooper* must still strengthen his opinion. Both of the combatants were terribly punished; and *Cooper* showed himself as *game* a man as ever entered a ring. The GAS MAN, nevertheless, only uses his right hand; but, if his left hand can be brought into play, he will prove tremendous indeed.

In consequence of HICKMAN'S being informed that *Cooper* wished for another battle, he immediately put forth the following challenge, which appeared in the *Weekly Dispatch*, on Sunday, October 8, 1820.

"TO GEORGE COOPER,

"*Britannia Tavern, Edinburgh.*

"SIR,—Having seen a letter written by you from Edinburgh to Tom Belcher, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, stating, that you wished I would give you the preference respecting another battle between us, I now publicly inform you, that I am ready to fight you for any sum that may suit you; and, as a proof that I am ready to *accommodate* you according to your request, it is indifferent to me whether it is in London or Edinburgh. But if at the latter place, I shall expect my expenses of *training* to be paid; and also the expenses of the journey of my *second* and *bottle-holder*. Having proved the conqueror, I felt myself satisfied, and had no idea of another contest; but I cannot refuse a challenge.

"Yours, &c.

"Oct. 7, 1820. "T. HICKMAN."

The above little bit of *chaunting*, it seems, produced the desired effect, and, over a sporting dinner, in October, 1820, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, a match was made between HICKMAN and *Cooper*, for £100 a-side, to take place on the 20th of December, within 24 miles of London; *Tom Belcher* putting a deposit of £5 on the part of *Cooper*, the latter being at Edinburgh. A further deposit to be made on the 7th of November, of £20 a-side. The odds immediately were 60 to 40 in favour of HICKMAN. But the £5 was forfeited, and the match off, in consequence of the following answer being returned by *Cooper*:—"That, owing to the distance of 400 miles, at such a season of the year, his friends in the North had advised him to decline the offer, in the present instance; yet, at the same time, he wished it to be understood, that he would increase the sum to £200 a-side, to meet HICKMAN in April 1821; but, nevertheless, if his backers in England wished him to fight, he would cheerfully comply with their wishes, and

leave Scotland for that purpose immediately." However, an amateur who was present, and who sports his money heavily upon these events, observed, "*that Cooper did not* DARE *to fight* HICKMAN." The latter also said, "that he would sooner have given 20 guineas himself, than such a disappointment should have occurred in the Sporting World." HICKMAN made sure, according to his own expressions upon this subject, that he should beat *Cooper* again in a canter.

A match was proposed between HICKMAN and *Kendrick*, the man of colour, for 25 guineas a-side. But in a previous trial *set-to*, at the FIVES COURT, the man of colour was so *dead beat* with the *gloves*, that *Kendrick's* backers not only took the alarm, but were also quite satisfied that he had not a shadow of a chance towards victory. The superiority of HICKMAN was so evident, that no person could be found to back "*poor Blackey*" for one shilling. HICKMAN treated the capabilities of *Kendrick* with the utmost contempt; *milled* him all over the stage; and begged of him to have another round just by way of a *finish*. Yet this *man of colour* proved a *tiresome* customer both to the scientific *George Cooper* and the game *Tom Oliver*. The GAS-LIGHT MAN cannot disguise his tremendous qualities. He cannot—will not, play light. The *best* he will have. *Friend* or *foe* is all the same to him. In a *set-to* for a belly-full, and who *showed* first blood, with his *friend Shelton*, so anxious was HICKMAN to obtain the victory, that he appealed to the audience several times.

No boxer ever had a higher opinion of his own powers than HICKMAN. It should seem that he almost flatters himself that he is INVULNERABLE!

TOM SHELTON.*

SINCE the publication of the second volume of this work, SHELTON was so reduced in his person and strength, from a long and severe fit of illness, that an opinion was entertained, he would not be able again to enter the Prize Ring. He has, however, fought four battles; and distinguished himself in all of them. He defeated *Bob Burns*, denominated the giant, twice; but he has also surrendered to *Oliver* and *Cooper*. SHELTON has improved materially as a scientific boxer; and now uses both his hands with great facility. If he could but *master* his temper sufficiently, few, if any, pugilists of his weight could beat him. He is fond of *milling;* and is also a great promoter of it. Like most of his brethren of the fist, of any note, he has commenced publican, and keeps the sign of the Bull's Head, in Cow Lane, West Smithfield.

SHELTON's first regular combat, it seems, took place in St. Giles's Fields, when he was only 16 years of age, with *Jem Germain*. The latter *chap* was not only a taller man, but a stone heavier that SHELTON. It was a most desperate battle, although the sum contested for did not exceed *five shillings* a-side. SHELTON proved the conqueror in 40 minutes.

Near the sign of the Prince of Wales, in Webb's Brick-field, Tottenham Court Road, SHELTON distin-

* In the second volume, page 184, an error has crept in, in designating him as "JEM" SHELTON.

Drawn by G. Sharples.

Engd by Percy Roberts

TOM SHELTON.

Publd by Sherwood, Neely & Jones, April 1, 1821.

guished himself, in *milling Charles Smith*, and *Jack Goddard*, in the course of three rounds. The latter was looked upon as an *out-and-outer*, weighing 15 stone, and, upon his witnessing *Smith* being *served* out in style, he observed, "Let me come at him." But SHELTON gave *Goddard* such a *muzzler*, that he went down like a shot, his heels kicking up in the air. He immediately, upon this occurrence, lost all conceit of himself, and said he would not fight any more.

Jem Carter was defeated in the short space of twenty minutes, in the road, near the sign of Mother Red Cap, Camden Town. It was a row; and SHELTON, although inebriated, backed himself for five shillings and a gallon of beer.

For seven years, SHELTON, it is said, was the *cock of the walk* about Tottenham Court Road fields, beating all his opponents.

A big navigator, of the name of *Brown*, in Camden Town Brick-fields, having refused to pay a gallon of beer to his companions, SHELTON took up the dispute, and beat *Brown* off hand in four rounds.

SHELTON next agreed to fight *Tom Flanagan* (a swaggering sort of a *chap*, and a big man, who had insulted all his fellow-workmen) for five shillings and a gallon of beer, near the sign of the Adam and Eve, in the Regent's Park. In the course of nineteen minutes SHELTON proved the conqueror; and *Flanagan* was so terribly *punished*, as to be carried off the field. A Lieutenant of the Navy, who witnessed the battle, was so pleased with the manly conduct of SHELTON, that he emptied his purse, containing nine guineas, and gave them to our hero.

SHELTON'S other battles have been related in this work; but the following contest, which most unexpectedly took place at Moulsey Hurst, on Tuesday, March 16, 1819, tended to raise him rather high in the opinion of the amateurs. SHELTON (who had been seconding *Hickman)* was induced to fight a nephew of *Burns* the pugilist, a giant, by comparison, weighing nearly, if not quite, 16 stone, for a subscription purse of 20 guineas. SHELTON was very much out of *condition;* but on the match being proposed to him, he instantly accepted it. He, however, advised his friends to be careful about backing him. *Spring* and *Richmond* seconded *Burns*, and *Oliver* and *Harmer* picked up SHELTON.

First round.—On stripping, the Yorkshireman appeared like a *giant;* or, to render it more intelligible to the Fancy, the comparison between Shelton and his opponent was nearly similar to the memorable contest which occurred between Perrins and Johnson. It was a *horse* to a *hen*. And, although the face of Burns had no terrific aspect about it, yet his bulk was truly formidable. The amateurs instantly expressed their *fears* for the result; and the general opinion was, that Shelton had shown more *pluck* than *judgment*, and that he would soon be *disposed of*. Upon *setting to*, this opinion was, in a great degree, strengthened. Burns bored in upon Shelton with all the confidence and weight of a *man of war* running down a brig. The former was quite overwhelmed, as it were, from this mode of attack, and had no room to make a hit, from the pressure of his antagonist. The length of arm possessed by Burns gave him every advantage, and he aimed a dreadful *chopper* at Shelton's *nob*, which told but slightly. The latter, in a most singular manner, in getting away, turned round twice. He, however, planted a *facer*, but slipped down. "*It's all up*," was the cry; and 7 to 4 was offered upon the "*big one*," without hesitation.

Second.—Shelton's left cheek was slightly *tinged* upon appearing at the scratch. The *giant* went to *work*, and his long

arms did severe execution. Shelton put in two *belliers* with great science, and got away. Burns was awkward, but his length enabled him to plant a *facer*, that almost seemed to send Shelton's head from his body. At length hit for hit took place, and they both went staggering away from the force of each other's blows. In closing, the struggle to obtain the throw was desperate; but Shelton got the "*big one*" down undermost. The roar of applause was now like the report of artillery; but still it was expressed he could not stand up against such weight, and must ultimately be defeated.

Third.—This was a terrific round; in fact, it was downright *slaughtering*. Shelton again put in two *bodiers*, that seemed to *puff* the *giant's* wind out of his mouth. Hit for hit again occurred, without intermission; and Shelton received such a *teazer* on his left eye, that the *claret* not only spun out, but his *nob* was like a *spinning-top* in full motion. Burns was almost beat to a stand-still; and Shelton in no better plight. The friends of Shelton, however, now ventured upon even betting, and took him for choice.

Fourth.—Shelton took the lead in good fighting. He hit on the body again, and gave Burns such a *rum one* on the mouth, that nearly deprived the latter of all his *masticators*. The *giant*, however, gave Shelton a *chopper* on the top of his *sconce*, that almost made *chaos* of his *upper-works*. Still Shelton, not dismayed, fought like a hero, and ultimately threw his opponent. By way of encouragement to the navigator, it was loudly vociferated, "Shelton for £100." If staking, perhaps, had proved necessary, it might have turned out a mere *flourish*.

Fifth.—The *mugs* of both the combatants bespoke their *handy-work*. This was a dreadful round, and the men fought like lions, till they both fell down exhausted beyond measure.

Sixth.—The strength of Shelton did not keep pace with his good *milling*; he was much distressed, and got to the ropes, *Brobdignag* following him with his *long chopper*, when the *punishment* was terrific. One of the *giant's peepers* was almost in darkness; he was also *piping* like a worn-out pair of bellows; but he kept fighting till they both went down.

Seventh.—This round exceeded all that had gone before it for severity of *punishment*. The reciprocal *facers* were terrific, both of the combatants frequently going back a yard or two

from the severity of the blows. Shelton put in most hits, but he was at length sent down.

Eighth.—Shelton commenced with good science, and nearly *floored* again all his opponent's teeth, the severity of the blow was so great. *Brobdignag*, however, was not idle in returning *nobbers;* but Shelton, with much dexterity, after making a heavy hit, instantly gave a back-hander, that spoilt the shape of his opponent's nose. The applause was loud; but Shelton was sent down; and the *work* he had to perform before victory was certain, appeared to be too heavy for him to execute.

Ninth.—Sparring or feints were out of the question; and it was nothing but *execution* upon both sides. This round was equally as dreadful as the seventh. Both of the men stood up and hit till their strength was quite gone, when they closed and went down. Shelton appeared very distressed, and *Brobdignag* was also very queer.

Tenth.—Shelton, however, left his second's knee first, and appeared at the scratch. He put in two *facers* without any return, and also a *bodier* near the *mark;* but the *giant*, rather furious at such treatment, ran in and got Shelton down. It was thought he hit the latter unfairly; but it was purely accidental. "Foul!" "Fair!" &c. were loudly bawled on all sides; but the umpires did not notice it. Oliver, with much confidence, now offered £10 to £2 upon Shelton.

Eleventh.—It was by no means *safe* to Shelton, although he came gaily up to fight. Some sharp work occurred, and Shelton was severely hit down.

Twelfth and last.—Little *Gulliver* seemed the giant in this round, as *Brobdignag* was hit to a stand-still. He was quite sick. He, however, *milled* as long as he was able, and Shelton also received some heavy blows. In closing, both went down; but when the time was called, the *giant* could not answer the sound of the trumpet, and victory was declared for Shelton. It occupied about 16 minutes. Shelton gave a dreadful back-handed *facer* in this round.

Shelton never *took so much*, nor fought better, if so well, throughout his pugilistic career. To say the least of it, if calculation or comparison can be admitted, it was a sort of *Nelson-like touch*, "nothing venture, nothing win." It has proved successful, and that is

the touchstone of all exploits. SHELTON has not only gained the purse by the event, but raised himself highly in the opinion of the amateurs. He won this match by nothing else but his good fighting. *Burns* knows little about scientific boxing, but he acted like a determined man; and, *novice* as he may be called, he will be an *ugly customer* indeed, for any pugilist of the same weight as SHELTON. Both of them were dreadfully punished. It ought not to be forgotten, that SHELTON had been acting as *second* to the *Gas-Light Man*, drinking cold porter, &c., and was called into action without any *training*, and under every disadvantage. A subscription was made by the amateurs upon the ground for *Burns*.

Moulsey Hurst was again selected for the *Fancy* to witness the second fight between *Bob Burns* and SHELTON, for 100 guineas a-side; and, early on Tuesday morning, June, 1, 1819, the amateurs were in motion, from the splendid barouche and four down to the *heavy drag;* but scarcely had the *Lads* arrived at Hampton, when it was discovered, from the *whisperings*, the disappointed looking *mugs* of the inhabitants, and the little groups *chaffing* the matter over in retired corners, that a *screw* was loose. The various *Bonnifaces* also "grinned horribly a ghastly smile," at their well prepared *grubberies* and *empty* pockets; and the only anxiety now betrayed by the *Fancy* was, where the *mill* was likely to take place. The circumstance of this removal was in consequence of the person who *rents* the ferry refusing the London watermen permission to exercise their occupation in ferrying the passengers over at the last fight, and also in having several of them fined some

pounds for so doing; they, in turn, vowed revenge, and went to the *Beak*, and laid an information respecting the fight between *Burns* and SHELTON. This conduct *spoilt* Moulsey, and Hounslow Heath was immediately substituted, where the *motley* group instantly repaired; yet some hundreds lost the *scent*, and did not witness the fight. This interruption, occasioned by the *Watermen*, was pronounced by a *Fishmonger* at Hampton, to be a *scaly* piece of business; it was, however, admitted to be a good *pun* by the *Tapsters*, but who sarcastically remarked, it was *laughing* at their own *expense*. Considerable betting occurred at all the sporting houses the preceding evening, and the *Giant* was decidedly the favourite 6 and 7 to 4. The ring being formed at a little after one o'clock, SHELTON appeared, followed by *Cribb* and *Randall*, and threw up his hat; and *Burns*, with his relative, *Ben*, and *Donnelly*, also entered the ring; previous to which, *Burns* threw his *topper* into the roped circle to answer the challenge, but the wind instantly blew it out to some distance; and, trifling as this event might be, it was considered rather an unfavourable *omen* to the decendant of Hercules. The odds had now changed, and SHELTON was the favourite. Even betting was the true state.

First round.—Upon stripping, Burns appeared a giant indeed, and in fine condition. The difference in point of size was terrific between the men, and Shelton looked rather *boyish* to his opponent. The spectators almost trembled for the fate of the latter. Some sparring took place, and Shelton was rather cautious. The *Giant* at length let fly with his right hand on Shelton's body, but it was slightly. The latter returned a bodier with his left hand sharply, and immediately planted a tremendous *facer* that was heard over the ring, repeated it still harder, when the *Giant* went down like a log. It was like a roar of artillery, the shouting was so great.

Second.—The *Giant's mug* appeared a little confused, when he received another *nobber*. He now became rather furious, and made some hits; but Shelton repeated the dose so severely, that the *claret* spirted out, and he fell down upon his face. Greater shouting than before; and 5 to 1 on Shelton was offered by an amateur of distinction.

Third.—The *Giant* made a desperate hit on the body, and otherwise stuck up to Shelton; but the *nobbing* system was again adopted by the latter with success. In closing, both down, but Shelton uppermost.

Fourth.—This was a tremendous round, and the hitting upon both sides was terrific. Shelton undermost.

Fifth.—The superior two-handed fighting of Shelton astonished the ring. He put in five *facers* so sharply, that Burns ran in after his adversary, and, in falling, hung by the ropes till down.

Sixth.—Sharp exchanges, till Shelton hit down Burns. It was nothing but downright *milling*.

Seventh.—Shelton hit the *Giant* staggering away; but yet he would not be denied, and returned furiously to the attack, and sent Shelton down. "Well done, Burns; Shelton will soon be on the *go*."

Eighth.—Shelton broke away in fine style, but, in closing, the *Giant* fell upon him very heavily.

Ninth.—Shelton seemed at work at an anvil, and closed up the left eye of his opponent. In closing, he was, however, undermost.

Tenth.—Burns was hit almost to a stand-still; but he recovered, and hit Shelton down. It appeared almost impossible for Shelton to take the *fight out* of his opponent.

Eleventh.—Shelton had *worked* so hard, that he seemed rather weak, and again went down from a slight hit.

Twelfth.—The fine *science* of Shelton made the Giant quite foam again. He *nobbed* him and broke away with the utmost dexterity, while *Gog* kept passionately following Shelton, receiving at every step; but the latter ultimately went down.

Thirteenth.—This round rather alarmed the friends of Shelton; for, although the latter kept *pegging* away, he could not keep the Giant out. He seemed to defy *punishment*, and resolutely ran in, when, in closing, he not only *fibbed* Shelton severely, but, in struggling for the throw, he positively lifted

him half a foot from the ground, when, quite exhausted, they both went down. "*Bravo, bravo!*" from all parts of the ring; and "This is something like fighting," was the general expression.

Fourteenth.—*Gog* plunged in to work, and Shelton was impelled forward and hung on the ropes: he, however, extricated himself, and Hercules was undermost. Loud shouting.

Fifteenth to Seventeenth.—The fighting was desperate in all these rounds; but Shelton, although getting weaker from his great exertions, kept the lead.

Eighteenth.—The *Giant* ran in at Shelton, when the latter *stopped* him with such a *nobber*, that he went down on his face.

Nineteenth.—Burns was drunk from the *nobbing* he received; but still he returned manfully to the charge, till they both went down.

Twentieth.—Shelton's face exhibited heavy *punishment*; but Burns's head was terrific—it had been in *Chancery* for the last ten minutes. The former ran himself down.

Twenty-first.—The Giant went down from a hit like a shot. This blow was given in the body, and Shelton's fist, for the instant, seemed lost sight of, as if he had stuck it into some clay, it had made such a *dent* upon *Gog's* frame. His *ogles* rolled again, and his tongue lolled out of his mouth, in a state of stupor.

Twenty-second.—It was astonishing to see the Giant recover and come to the scratch. Shelton had the worst of this round, and received some dreadful *punishment*. The odds wavering a little as Shelton went down.

Twenty-third.—Shelton again down. Even betting; but some fears expressed for Shelton's weakness.

Twenty-fourth to Twenty-sixth.—Not safe to Shelton in all these rounds.

Twenty-seventh.—Singular round. Both turned round after each other's hitting, and went down. Two to one on Shelton. In this round the latter was again lifted off his legs like a *doll*.

Twenty-eighth.—This round was so well fought by Shelton; that Cribb roared out, "100 guineas to a farthing—it's all right."

Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth.—In favour of Shelton; but both distressed.

Thirty-first.—Burns so dreadfully hit, that he dragged Shelton after him as he was falling.

Thirty-second.—This was a well-fought round; and notwithstanding the Giant was *nobbed* right away from his opponent, he recovered, and ran after Shelton, swinging his arms quite *abroad* as it were, yet he accidentally hit Shelton down.

Thirty-third.—Shelton got up very angry, and was losing his temper: but his seconds warned him of his danger. He at length grew cool, became himself, fought scientifically, and by a tremendous *facer* floored his big opponent. *Great shouting*; and *"He'll not fight another round."*

Thirty-fourth.—Notwithstanding the *punishment* the Giant had received, his *peepers* nearly darkened, yet his *wind* did not appear to be bad; and as for his *game*, he proved himself a *glutton* of the first mould. This was a sharp round, and Shelton, to the astonishment of the ring, was hit down, although the Giant appeared quite done up the round before.

Thirty-fifth.—The good fighting of Shelton now made it quite safe. He put in one, two, three, so sharply on the *mug* of Hercules, that he went down on his face in a state of stupor.

Thirty-sixth.—The strength of his seconds could scarcely drag him up to place him on their knees. It was now Eclipse to a lame donkey; and Gog was *floored* in a twinkling.

Thirty-seventh and last.—Burns was hit down like a shot, and could not come again. It occupied 32 minutes and ten seconds. Burns was so dreadfully beat, that it was some minutes before he was made sensible, and then carried out of the ring.

SHELTON proved himself this day a superior fighter indeed. He hit with both his hands with a facility that astonished all the amateurs: and it was thought, that not one on the list, of his weight, could cope with him. He evinced great *game*, as he was terribly hit. He was also in fine condition. *Burns*, too, behaved manfully in the extreme; and more real courage was never witnessed. *Burns*, although defeated, has no right to be *told out* of the ring. It is true, he has been conquered *twice* by a man two stone lighter than himself; but it should also be recollected

that *few men* can fight so well, united with the gift of *hard hitting*, as SHELTON: neither should it be forgotten, that very *few men* would have *staid* or *taken away* so much as *Burns*. In fact, he was not pronounced *exactly* out of danger, till early on Thursday morning. As a hard hitter, the *punishment* SHELTON now exhibits, is a sufficient evidence of his muscular powers. His arms were quite black; and, in one instance, SHELTON thought one of them was *broken*, from the severity of pain he suffered during the fight. *Burns* is most undoubtedly entitled to the protection of the amateurs; and should he be matched against some of the "*big ones*," he will not only be found a very *troublesome* customer, but that the *chance* is not materially against him. SHELTON, at all events, must be denominated a first-rate fighter.

SHELTON was matched against *Benniworth*, the Essex Champion, for 50 guineas a-side, at South End, on Friday, June 25, 1819, to fight on that day six weeks. A deposit of £20 a-side was also put down. In consequence of the following accident, which SHELTON met with at a Sporting Dinner, given at *Bob Gregson's*, the Man and Magpie, St. Catherine's, on Tuesday, June 29, it was thought he must not only have forfeited to *Benniworth*, but that he never would have been able to enter the Prize Ring again. The artery of his right arm was cut across with a rummer, and SHELTON lost nearly a quart of blood. Two surgeons immediately dressed the wound, and he recovered in a very short time; when the friends of *Benniworth* preferred forfeiting the deposit of £20, to risking the event of a contest with SHELTON.

PUGILISM—AND NO PUGILISM;

Or, a New Case for the Fancy.

SHELTON *v.* OLIVER.

THURSDAY, Dec. 23, 1819, was the day fixed for the *mill* to take place between the above heroes of the fist; and very late on the preceding evening, it was *whispered* that the scene of action would be at Copthorne. The great distance, at that season of the year, *floored* all the *conceit* of "going to the fight" out of numbers; and none but the *out-and-outers* made up their minds to *start*, happen what might! The rough gusts of *Boreas* gave tremendous *threatenings* throughout the whole of the night, accompanied, at intervals, by the "pitiless pelting showers;" while the lads of the *Fancy* lay listening to the unwelcome sounds, tossing about on their *dabs*, anxious for the *darkey* to break away. But long before daylight *peeped*, the *drag kids* left their *roosts*, rubbing their *sparklers*, and, in the usual unsophisticated style, drawing their *bunch of fives* through their rugged *mopperies*, tossing off a *drain* of DAFFY, to keep the *rind* out of their *stimachs*, brushing up their *bone-setters*, and with a *small straw* enjoying a *bit* of *veed*, and, as soon as "all was right," were *toddling* along the road. The *dawn of day* was not more propitious—the rain came down in torrents,—but the amateurs were not to be deterred, and with the utmost *sang froid* commenced their journey, regardless of the fury of the elements. The road, however, was very *thin*, and the *Bonnifaces* looked *blue* for want of a job; complaining of an article as the cause, which they have so

often turned to good account; or, in the more expressive words of the melancholy HAMLET, "*too much of* WATER *hast thou, Ophelia!*" Still the above article was not altogether useless, as many of their *spirit casks* were found not to be *water*-proof, and the *deluge* had *got the best* of their *spirits!* The amateurs, at length, with the assistance of a *slug* or two, arrived at *Blindlow Heath*, on their road to Copthorne, about 23 miles from London, when, to their surprise, they found the ring had been made there. The *backers* of SHELTON, however, *protested* against the fight taking place on this spot, to *Gibbons*, the *ring-maker*, as being not only contrary to the order given, but that it was *swampy*, and surrounded with small puddles of water; that they should proceed to Copthorne, where SHELTON had been moved the day preceding; and left a communication for the *Commander-in-Chief* to that effect.

On the arrival of the latter gentleman at *Blindlow Heath*, he sent an express to Copthorne (which, however, did not arrive till 20 minutes before two o'clock), for SHELTON to return and meet *Oliver* at the former place. SHELTON declared he was ready to fight any where; but his backers firmly insisted that Copthorne was the place named, and only at Copthorne should he fight. Upon the return of the messenger to Blindlow, *Oliver* threw up his hat in the ring for SHELTON to come forward; and a ring was also formed at Copthorne, where SHELTON waited till three o'clock for the arrival of *Oliver*, but without effect. Thus, singular to observe, were *two rings* formed, and no *beak* to poke in his unwelcome *phiz* to stop the proceedings, and yet NO FIGHT!!! *Dis-*

appointment and grumbling was the order of the day at both of the above places.

But it was impossible for the amateurs to part without a *mill*, after being put to such an expense for *horse-hire*, &c.; therefore a purse of fifteen guineas was subscribed, and

KENDRICK AND SUTTON,

Men of Colour, entered the ring, to *try* which could carry it off. By comparison, it was almost a *horse* to a *hen*. Let us see how the facts are. *Sutton* was always considered a *tremendous* hero, but who, very lately, had had the advantages of *good training*, under most liberal patronage, and also the better in pocket by £70 forfeited to him; *Sutton* likewise rode in a chaise from London to Blindlow. Now for *Kendrick*. This poor fellow, with a *grubbery* as empty and as hollow as a drum; with a *clie*, too, that could not boast of even the poet's exclamation—

> In the dry desert of a leathern pocket
> There yet remains a *solitary shilling*.

In fact, he was without a single *brown*, trotting along the road, bearing up against the wind and rain, anxious to get down to see the fight between *Oliver* and SHELTON, and he reached Croydon before he got a *sift*. As a boxer, *Kendrick* also loses by comparison with *Sutton*. Indeed, the former has no *science* at all; but as he had stood it well against the *scientific Cooper*, and also with *Oliver*, *Massa* thought that, as his *circumstances* were so bad, if he did not win the purse, he might experience the liberality of the amateurs;

and, under this *idea*, he *peeled*. But then who was to *second* this poor *cove? Ben Burns*, with much generosity, assisted by *Randall*, offered their services, and *Massa Kendrick* felt fresh confidence from having the *Nonpareil* at his back. *Sutton* was attended by *Spring* and *Martin*. Thirteen rounds were contested, which occupied seventeen minutes; but description would be superfluous. Suffice it to observe, that *Kendrick*, in the first round, planted two *facers*, right and left, that made *Sutton stare* again; when the latter took *Kendrick* up in his arms, and threw him slap down. From the weak state of *Kendrick*, he was not able to *move Sutton*; and, in fact, he had not the slightest chance of winning the purse; but he proved himself a *game* man: he received a tremendous hit near his right *ogle;* and he also complained of a severe *stomacher*, that puffed the wind out of his *empty frame* like a pair of bellows; and that *Sutton* also fell upon him very heavily. The amateurs made a collection for him on the ground; and a gentleman very humanely gave up an inside place, and rode outside of a coach, in order that *Kendrick* might be brought to London comfortably, and free of expense; and also paid other attentions to his wants. Several gentlemen proposed that *Kendrick* should be sent into *training;* and that they would back him against the *Gas-Light Man*, for 25 guineas a-side. With patronage and training, *Kendrick*, it was thought, might become, as it were, a *new man*, and, no doubt, a *troublesome customer*.

But to return to *Oliver* and SHELTON. These heroes and their *backers*, besides numerous other ama-

teurs, met at Riddlesdown, on their way to London. Here the matter assumed a sort of Parliamentary Inquiry, and the *orators* where heard on both sides.

The friends of SHELTON insisted, that as Copthorne was the place agreed upon—that as Copthorne was also given out at all the *finger-posts* of the *Fancy*—and, lastly, that as the letters written by the *Commander-in-Chief* to all the P. C. to meet at the above place,—these were not only sufficient, but decisive reasons why *Oliver* ought to have come to Copthorne to have met his opponent. In point of *honour*, they had a right to the stakes; but they should not claim them without a fight. But this they were determined upon; that, in future, they would not be subject to the caprice of *Bill Gibbons* making the ring where he pleased, according to the best *tip* offered; and they had no right to bring their man over a bad ground of some miles, exposed in an open chaise, while his opponent might have all the advantages of composing himself in bed.

Several gentlemen supported the above statements; and particularly an amateur, who often acts as an umpire to the ring.

On the part of *Oliver*, it was urged, that the *Commander-in-Chief* had a right to have the *mill* where he pleased; and had he received a letter one hour sooner than he did, it would have been in Essex. On the production of this letter, in answer to the above, it however turned out,—"that if Copthorne had not been named, no objection would have been made to Essex; but it could not *now* be altered, more especially as Copthorne was a place were it was not likely to be stopped."

Both *Oliver* and SHELTON declared themselves anxious to settle it by "*the fist*," and did not wish to take any unfair advantage of each other; indeed, *Oliver* hoped they would soon have a *comfortable* fight, "as it was a pity things had so turned out."

It was the general opinion of the persons at Riddlesdown, that Copthorne was the only place where the fight ought to have taken place: and they also expressed themselves much disappointed at the conduct of *Bill Gibbons*, in taking upon himself to make the ring where he thought proper, and that, in future, he ought not to be allowed such a privilege.

The following letter upon the subject in dispute, addressed to the editor, appeared in the *Weekly Dispatch*.

Sir,—The real supporters of pugilism (I say real supporters, to distinguish those who support the science, from those who make matches between men, well knowing, at the time, that the man they back is to lose, or that they can purchase the other, and get him to do so) cannot but feel surprise at the issue of the intended fight between Oliver and Shelton. Indeed, for myself, who was in hopes of seeing the fight, I must say, I feel most indignant at the trick that I believe was played off, by some one interested, to prevent the fight taking place, and deceive the public. At the time the match was made, it was, I understand, agreed, that the place of fighting, and the time, should be left to Mr. Jackson; and the respective backers having expressed a wish to him that Copthorne should be the place, that gentleman, in the most handsome manner, appointed that spot, and wrote to several members of the Club, to apprize them he had done so. The backers of Shelton immediately removed him from his place of training to a convenient place at Copthorne; and being satisfied that the fight would not be interrupted, they never provided the usual means of taking him to another spot. On his friends going down to him in the morning, they were surprised, on their arrival at Blindlow Heath, about five or six miles from Copthorne, to find the ring formed there; and they informed Gibbons, who, I believe, has *always* the office of forming the

ring, that they would not allow Shelton to fight at any other place than the one named by Mr. Jackson. They directed Gibbons to communicate this to Mr. Jackson, and to inform him they were gone to Copthorne; and, to prevent any mistake, they left Tom Spring to give the like information. Shelton and his friends were at the place appointed, and at the time fixed (half-past 12 o'clock), but Oliver did not appear; and at near 2 o'clock a gentleman came up, and said that Mr. Jackson wished Shelton to come and fight on Blindlow Heath. Shelton would willingly have acceded to this wish, but his friends positively refused to permit him to do so; and, in consequence thereof, no fight took place. I have been informed, that because Shelton's friends would not permit him to enter the ring at Blindlow Heath, Oliver was ordered to throw up his hat in the ring formed there, and then Mr. Jackson said he was entitled to the stakes. If this be correct, which I do not believe, I am at a loss to know on what grounds Mr. Jackson acted; for I appeal to any sporting man, whether the man who goes to the place appointed by the only person authorized to do so, is there at the time fixed, and is ready to fight, wins the stakes, or the man who never goes to the place appointed *at all.* It is absolutely necessary that this point should be decided; otherwise the stake-holders will not know to whom to pay the stakes, or betters how to settle their bets. I would ask, without meaning the slightest offence to that respectable character, Mr. Jackson, what right he had to alter the place, without notice or consent of the respective backers, or the men themselves? I should also like to know when he did alter the place; for, if he did so the day before the intended fight, he would surely have informed the parties interested therein. I have reason to believe, that he directed Gibbons to fix the ropes at Copthorne, and that he did not know of their having been fixed at Blindlow Heath, till he arrived there. If I am correct in this, I ask, by what authority Gibbons fixed the ropes at Blindlow? We all know how, in the fight between Donnelly and Oliver, we were dragged on to Crawley Downs; and I have been informed, that the reason why the ring was fixed yesterday in the place it was, arose from the turnpike-man offering to give the losing man money, but not the ring-maker. I really think this should be inquired into; and if the fact turns out as I am informed it is, surely it is the duty of the Club to take the ropes from a man who looks to his own benefit, and not the convenience of those who pay him for his trouble, and place them

in the hands of some deserving pugilist. It has been said, by some of the friends of Oliver, that Shelton's friends ought to have allowed him to have fought at Blindlow Heath; and they ask, why they did not? Shelton's friends readily give the reason, and say, that they expected fair play; that they had heavy stakes on the issue of the fight, and they did not think they ought to be asked to give a chance away. Indeed, those friends who were with him, would not, in my opinion, have done justice to his absent friends, had they permitted him to have been dragged (after waiting for Oliver till near two) in a gig, over a bad road, and subject to every inconvenience from the cold weather, and then to have fought him who had been indulging in the luxury of a good bed.

As the friends of Oliver ask the reason why Shelton was not allowed to come to Blindlow Heath, Shelton's friends wish to know why Oliver did not come to the place appointed! Surely, they did not wish to take any unfair advantage; and it can hardly be true, what people have reported, namely, that it was not intended that Oliver should fight. Why not? Was it in consequence of certain bets laid at a sporting-house, that no fight would take place? Was it in consequence of the issue of the fight between Martin and Hudson, which affected heavy bets on the double events? Or was it in consequence of certain persons (who are known), who visited Shelton a day or two before the fight, being deceived in their man? Or did they hear the *secret*, that Shelton knew his real friends, and was determined to do them justice and win if he could; and, if tried, endeavour to play off the double-cross? If the fight did not take place from any of these causes, I am fully satisfied it was only known to a few of Oliver's friends; for I know that many of them would be the very first to expose and set their faces against any unfair play, and not the last to reward

London, 24*th Dec.* 1819. HONESTUS.

Another account of the battle between SUTTON and KENDRICK.

To the Editor of BELL'S WEEKLY DISPATCH.

Sir,—In consequence of two rings having been made, and being well aware that you could not be present at both of them, your insertion of the following sketch of Sutton and Kendrick's fight, will much oblige the sporting world:—

When I returned to Mr. Jackson, after delivering my message to Shelton, at Crawley, every thing moved to the ring on Blindlow Heath, and waited till near three o'clock, in hopes Shelton's friends would come forward; when Oliver went into the ring, and threw up his hat, and retired; but the amateurs were determined not to be disappointed of a *mill*—and as Kendrick, the black, went down to fight any body, to get a bit of roast beef for Christmas Day, Sutton was the only man who would accept of the challenge, and a purse of fifteen guineas was soon made, and the men set to a little after three o'clock. Randall seconded Kendrick; and Martin waited on Sutton.

First round.—Kendrick hit short with his left hand, and delivered his right well home on Sutton's head, but his hand was open, and it did no mischief. Sutton rushed in, closed, and threw Kendrick a heavy fall.

Second.—Sutton delivered a straight and well-directed blow, with his left hand, in Kendrick's *bread basket*, which made him cry "*Hem!*" and drove him back two yards. Sutton, going in to follow up his success, was met in the middle of the head; when a rally commenced, some blows exchanged, and Kendrick thrown. It was evident, here, Sutton was too strong for him.

Third.—Sutton put in another left-handed *doubler*, and followed with his right on Kendrick's eye, which *floored* him as if shot; and Kendrick bled freely from his nose and mouth.

Nine other rounds were fought, when Sutton had it all his own way, and Kendrick received some heavy blows and falls. In the twelfth round, Sutton hit him with the left hand in the *mark*, and caught him on the head with the right as he was going down, which so knocked the wind and senses out of Kendrick, that he could not be moved from his second's knee. The fight lasted seventeen minutes. Sutton was but little hurt, and showed good condition when his shirt was off. Kendrick was so much hurt by blows, that he was obliged to be carried from the ground; a liberal subscription was made for him. We never witnessed so few amateurs at a fight, though the day was very fine; but most of the *ministers* were there, and all of one way of thinking, that Oliver would have won. He was the favourite 5 and 6 to 4, which being whispered about, alarmed the opposition party, and they waited at Crawley till the cavalcade from Godstone had all gone.

Your's, &c. AN AMATEUR.

SHELTON was defeated by *Oliver* on January 13, 1820, at Sawbridgeworth. (See page 264.)

"*To the Editor of the* WEEKLY DISPATCH.

"SIR,—As a sporting man, and one who has been in the habit of attending fights for many years, I am glad to find the friends of Shelton are so satisfied with his exertions to win his last fight, that they are ready to support him on a future occasion. This is much to their credit; for I am sure, every person who saw the fight was fully satisfied with the brave and manly conduct of both the combatants. I really think a better fight has not been seen for years; and, although I was one of those who lost on the issue, I am as satisfied as any man who loses his money can possibly be. I was surprised at the little use Shelton made of his left hand, but I have since been informed that it arose from the severe blow he received in the second round, which broke or fractured three of his ribs. I regret much he met with such an accident; and the more so, as so few of the gentlemen who patronize pugilism were present. Their absence prevented a collection being made for Shelton, which I am sure would, had they been present, been most handsome. I am not one who think that these collections should always be made; but still, when every person is satisfied with the issue of a fight, I do think that the unfortunate loser should be rewarded for his exertions. This reward is, in my opinion, the only safeguard to honesty; for when a man finds that if he does his duty to his friends, they and the public will reward him, it satisfies him, and he receives this reward for honesty, small as it may be, with greater pleasure than he can receive the gains of dishonesty.

"I am informed, that Shelton has been put to some expense from the injury he has sustained; and as I know he has lately taken a public-house under some difficulties, I should hope that every supporter of pugilism, who has a guinea to give an unfortunate man, will remember his conduct in the ring, and lend him a hand to support his honesty and character out of it.

"A FRIEND TO AN UNFORTUNATE AND
"HONEST PUGILIST."

"27th January, 1820."

SHELTON was also defeated by *Cooper*, after a most gallant fight, at *Moulsey Hurst*. (See page 48.)

On Tuesday, August 18, 1820, at a place called *Kit's Cot House*, about three miles and a half from Maidstone, a purse of £20 was subscribed for a match between SHELTON and a big Navigator; but in consequence of the latter not appearing in the Ring to "*show fight*" at the appointed time, £10 were given to SHELTON.

In consequence of *a screw* being loose between *Harmer* and SHELTON, the following advertisement appeared in *Bell's Weekly Dispatch* :—

"PUBLIC CHALLENGE TO HARRY HARMER.

"This is to give notice, that, on the 13th of August last, Mr. Harry Harmer did, in a public room, pull off his shirt, and challenge me to fight, shortly after my having fought with Cooper. I not being *then* in a state fit to accept his challenge, I now offer myself to his notice, to fight him for any sum he may think fit to mention.

"P.S. I should not have thought of fighting him again, but I do not like to take a challenge.

(Signed) 'T. SHELTON."

"Sept. 23, 1820."

TOM SPRING.

THE Sporting World, it should seem, have been much deceived respecting the *milling* talents possessed by SPRING. In his first battle with PAINTER, the odds were decidedly against him ; but when he was matched with *Carter*, the "*good judges*," as they were termed, would not allow him to have a shadow of a *chance*, and that he must be beaten off-hand. It, however, turned out rather different, SPRING having proved the conqueror in both the above instances.

This pugilistic hero was born at a place called *Fownhope*, within six miles of the city of Hereford, on February 22, 1795. At the age of 17, he entered the ring at Mordeford, with a man of the name of *Hollands*. It turned out a most desperate battle, when, after one hour and twenty minutes had elapsed, *Hollands* was compelled to give up the contest, and victory was declared in favour of SPRING. In defeating *Hollands*, who was considered an expert boxer, and a *game* man, our hero obtained much praise, not only for the courage he had displayed, but his *science* as a boxer.

Two years, however, elapsed, before he again entered the ring. One *Henley*, who *fancied* he could do a little in the milling way, challenged SPRING for £3 a-side. This battle was also decided at Mordeford. In the course of eleven rounds, *Henley* was severely *punished*, and defeated.

In height SPRING is 5 feet 11 inches and a half, and his fighting weight 13 stone 2 lbs.

SPRING, in a short time after his arrival in London, defeated *Springer*, at Moulsey Hurst, on Tuesday, September 9, 1817. (See vol. ii. page 301.)

He also obtained a conquest over the *game Ned Painter*, at Mickleham Downs, near Leatherhead, in Surrey, on the 1st of April, 1818. (See vol. ii. page *307.)

SPRING was now doomed to receive a slight check to his ambition, in his second contest with *Painter*, on the 7th of August, 1818, at Russia Farm, when our hero lost the battle. This unexpected defeat, it is said, operated very severely on his mind. (See page 133.)

In consequence of the friends of *Shelton* forfeiting to SPRING, a match was proposed between *Oliver* and SPRING; but the bad state of *Oliver's* hand prevented it. The backers of SPRING, it appears, were determined to give him an opportunity of raising himself in the opinion of the amateurs, and he was matched against *Carter*, who had, for the last two years and a half, challenged all England, as the CHAMPION. The stakes were £50 a-side, and a £50 purse to be given by the Pugilistic Club. The odds were high in favour of *Carter*, and the backers of SPRING asked 2 to 1. The above battle was decided, on the 4th of May, 1819, at Crawley Down, immediately after *Randall* and *Martin* had left the ring. *Carter* was seconded by *Oliver* and *Donnelly*; and SPRING was attended by *Cribb* and *Shelton*. Generally speaking, it was thought a *hollow thing;* and *Carter* was viewed so high, respecting his being the best fighter, that THREE to one was betted upon the combatants setting to.

First round.—Carter entered the ring with all the self-im-

portance of an *Alexander*, smiling contemptuously upon his opponent, indicating by his gestures that he had a *mere nothing* to contend with. He positively strutted again. Both of the combatants appeared in good *condition;* particularly Spring. Upon shaking hands, Carter did not, as heretofore, let fly with his left hand, and both of the men *sparred* for an opening. Spring, at length, planted a hit on Carter's right shoulder. All eyes were fixed upon the *soi-disant* Champion, to see him go to *work*, and almost expecting to view him annihilate his opponent; but he made no attempts to hit. A long pause occurred, and Carter and Spring appeared more like two statues placed opposite each other, than lively pugilists in actual combat. Spring broke from his position, and planted another hit upon Carter's shoulder. The latter endeavoured to make a blow with his left hand, which was well stopped by Spring, and who also fought his way into a close; when Carter got him on the ropes, where a terrible struggle occurred for the throw, and, amidst much hissing and hooting, Carter got Spring down.

Second.—Long sparring, when Spring put in a facer. The intent of Carter seemed upon closing more than hitting, and at the ropes he endeavoured to throw Spring. The latter, however, proved the strongest, and Carter was undermost. Loud shouting, and "Well done, Spring!"

Third.—Spring made a hit, when Carter got away. The former followed him up to the ropes, and felt for Carter's nob, till the *hugging* system commenced, and both went down. —*Hissing.*

Fourth.—The amateurs were astonished at the bad fighting of Carter, or rather at his not fighting at all. Spring put in two hits; but Carter seemed to have no relish for any thing but *hugging* his opponent on the ropes, till both down.

Fifth.—Spring put in several hits; and, in struggling, Carter was undermost.

Sixth.—Both down; but Spring decidedly the best, and who gave the *Lancashire* hero some sharp hits.

Seventh.—Spring took the lead in good style, when Carter in a manner turned away from the blows, and fell down. Spring pointed at him with contempt; and the *Champion* (at Carlisle) was loudly hissed.

Eighth.—Disgust and murmuring were expressed all round the ring, at the conduct of Carter. Manliness and courage

were displayed by Spring, and he hit Carter out of the ring, but fell down on one knee.

Ninth to Eleventh.—The *finish* of all these rounds consisted in struggling at the ropes; and the backs of the men were *scored.*

Twelfth.—Spring put in a good *nobber* without any return, and also threw Carter.

Thirteenth to Fifteenth.—These rounds were principally *hugging;* but Spring made several hits, yet went down weak.

Sixteenth.—This was rather a sharp round, and Carter made some return. Spring hit his opponent to the ropes, and also broke away from a close. He again renewed the attack sharply, till both went down.

Seventeenth.—The left hand of Carter made a good hit, and he threw Spring.

Eighteenth.—It was evident to all the spectators that Spring had rapidly improved, and he stopped the left hand of Carter with the greatest ease. This being the peculiar forte of the *Carlisle* Champion, he could do nothing with his right hand, and he was foiled. Spring fought manly, planted three good hits, and sent Carter down.

Nineteenth and Twentieth.- Spring took the lead; but in struggling, both down.

Twenty-first.—Spring put in a heavy hit on Carter's *nose,* with his left hand, and also threw him. "Well done, Spring!" and 10 to 8 offered upon the latter.

Twenty-second.—Spring hit Carter on the side of the nob, *punished* him up to the ropes, and broke away from a close. He hit Carter down, who instantly got up, when Spring fell from weakness.

Twenty-third.—Spring slipped down in making a blow.

Twenty-fourth.—The conduct of Carter in this round created great disapprobation. It seemed as if he was fighting a *bear* instead of a man. He ran sharply in with his head into Spring's body, when the latter *paid* him well over the *nob* for it. But in closing, the hissing was very loud, and a distinguished amateur called out to several persons, that Carter was "going."

Twenty-fifth.—Spring planted some hits, and got away. In struggling at the ropes, when Carter was receiving *punishment,* he exclaimed, "What are you at?"

Twenty-sixth.—It was plain that Carter meant to *tire* his opponent, or win the contest by *hugging*. A most terrible struggle occurred, and the ropes were broke, when both went down.

Twenty-seventh.—Both down.

Twenty-eighth.—Spring hit Carter down at the ropes.

Twenty-ninth.—This was a good round on the part of Spring. He planted two *facers* sharply. The *claret* was now seen issuing from Carter's mouth, and his *mug* damaged.

Thirtieth.—Spring hit Carter on the nob, but in struggling both went over the ropes;—10 to 5 on Spring.

Thirty-first.—The right eye of Carter was rather damaged. Spring hit, and broke away. He, however, *punished* Carter down, and fell from weakness.

Thirty-second.—Carter sat cross-legged upon his second's knee. Spring hit, and followed him over the ring. In struggling at the ropes, Carter exclaimed, "Let go." Both down.

Thirty-third to Thirty-fifth.—Spring *worked* hard in all these rounds; took the lead by his hitting; but went down from his exertions.

Thirty-sixth.—This was a severe round, and Carter was hit out of the ropes. Loud shouting; and "Bravo, Spring! Where's the Champion now?"

Thirty-seventh.—Spring made a good hit, but went down from weakness.

Thirty-eighth.—Carter hit down at the ropes.

Thirty-ninth.—Spring showed good science; he hit and broke away, and planted a blow on Carter's nose. Both down.

Fortieth.—After some exchanges, Spring was hit sharply, and fell upon his head. He was extremely weak, and his friends felt *alarmed* that he was falling off; and the odds got down upon him.

Forty-first.—Spring, in a struggle, fell upon Carter, which appeared to shake him to pieces.

Forty-second.—Spring made a good hit upon Carter's nose, but was too weak to follow up this advantage. In closing, on the ropes, both down.

Forty-third.—Both down.

Forty-fourth.—The right eye of Carter was nearly closed; but Spring was still weak, and went down from a slight hit.

Forty-fifth to Forty-ninth.—Both down in all these rounds. *Hugging* was the leading feature; but whenever Spring could extricate himself he did, and administered *punishment* to his opponent.

Fiftieth.—Spring hit Carter out of the ropes; but, to the astonishment of the spectators, he got up with the utmost *sang froid*.

Fifty-first.—Carter tried to make a hit with his right hand, but it was stopped. After a few exchanges, Spring went down very weak. One hour and twenty-five minutes had passed away, and severity of *punishment* was not visible, to any extent, on either side.

Fifty-second.—Spring now went in, hitting and following Carter closely, till he *punished* him down. "Bravo, Spring! The Champion's not at Carlisle now."

Fifty-third.—*Hugging* again, till both down. Murmuring in all parts of the ring; and 3 and 4 to 1 betters lamenting their want of discrimination in backing a man who seemed to have no fight left in him.

Fifty-fourth.—Carter nearly received his *quietus* in this round. Spring hit him on the head so strongly, that he went down like a shot. Thunders of applause; and a *guinea* to a shilling offered.

Fifty-fifth.—Carter came in a tottering state to the scratch, but was hit down. 10 to 1.

Fifty-sixth.—This was the most *interesting* part of the combat; for it might be said to have had none till this period. Carter, to the astonishment of the Ring, commenced fighting with his left hand, and made two hits, but was sent down. "*Go it, Spring, you have not a minute to lose.* Give *such* a Champion *a finisher!*"

Fifty-seventh.—Carter again *floored*.

Fifty-eighth.—Carter struggling at the ropes, where he positively hung by both his hands, and Spring *punishing* him on the ribs till he went down. Carter never returned a blow in this round.

Fifty-ninth.—Spring went in, and planted a *nobber* that seemed to deprive Carter of recollection, and he went down like a log. His seconds pulled him up, and held his head. 100 to 5. The burst of applause beggars description.

Sixtieth.—It astonished the ring to see Carter come again; and, from his recovery, some fears were still entertained for Spring.—Carter now seemed anxious to win, and commenced hitting. He also made a desperate struggle at the ropes till he went down.

Sixty-first.—Considerable prejudice appeared against Carter from all parts of the ring, owing to the overbearing consequence, it is said, he has assumed since his *hugging* victory at Carlisle.—Carter commenced fighting, but went down from a slight hit; in fact, he almost laid himself down.

Sixty-second.—In this round Spring was quite a hero. He *nobbed* and *bodied* Carter so severely, that the latter could not lift up his arms. Any odds.

Sixty-third.—Carter was sent down; and the *marks* of *punishment* about his head and body were terrific.

Sixty-fourth.—Carter appeared to get round, made a hit, but was sent down.

Sixty-fifth.—Carter put in two left-handed hits, but Spring went in manfully, and got him down.

Sixty-sixth.—In closing, both down.

Sixty-seventh.—Carter now tried his left hand; but in closing he received a dreadful fall. Spring fell upon him, and his wind appeared to be puffed out of his body. "*It is all up!*" was the cry.

Sixty-eighth.—Carter hit first with his left hand. Both down.

Sixty-ninth.—Spring was now very weak, but he went in and *punished* Carter in all directions, till both went down.

Seventieth.—The fight was now drawing fast to an end. Carter was so confused and weak that he was hit to the ropes, where he stood still to *receive*, till he made a trifling struggle, when both went down.

Seventy-first and last.—This was a strange and severe round; and Carter endeavoured to make some hits; but, in closing, he received so terrible a fall, and Spring upon him, that it was heard all over the ground. When time was called, he could not come again. One hour and fifty-five minutes had elapsed.

It is asserted, that if Spring had been a *punishing* hitter, he must have *won* it in half the time. He has,

however, made rapid improvement in the *science;* and his position is more formidable and decisive. He fought like a man: courage was not wanting in any part of the fight; and, in one or two instances, he behaved generously in the extreme. Excepting some marks over one of his eyes, his *punishment* is but light. He made good use of his right hand, and that won him the battle. Respecting his fallen foe—the mere *recollection* to him of defeat is quite sufficient. Bad as he fought, it is but common justice to Carter to observe, that he was terribly *punished*, and the *beating* he took was severe indeed. It is too true, that he had "crept into favour with himself;" and he may now say, with Othello, "Farewell to the high-sounding title of Champion! Farewell to the applause of country towns and numerous benefits! Alas! Carter's occupation is no more!"

RETURN FROM THE FIGHT.—The amateurs had scarcely seated themselves in their vehicles to return home, when the rain came down in torrents. "Push along—keep moving"—were the pass-words; and the rapidity of many of the carriages occasioned the *springs* to fly; *panels* to be stove in; the horses to *jib*, and *flooring* their inmates. *Blue ruin* was tipped over the tongue just like water; and it might be urged, that not a *Swell*, a *Cove*, a *Kid*, or a *Sprig*, but were all in high *spirits* before they arrived in the Metropolis. The *Milling Houses* in town kept pace with the weather, and an *overflow* at all of them was the result. The *Holy Land*, in some parts, was *illuminated* in honour of the "*darling of victory!*" Hundreds were compelled to stay upon the road all night, in conse-

quence of their *prads* being *dead beat;* and it was not till late on Wednesday evening that the whole of the *Fancy* might be said to have been—AT HOME.

Spring, in company with *Cribb*, set out on a sparring tour; and having made Bristol in their route, a match was made by the latter, *off hand*, for SPRING and *Neat*. The *practice* and *experience* of SPRING gave him rather the preference with the London amateurs. *Neat*, although he had defeated *Oliver*, was thought little more of than a *novice*, excepting the "steam engine power" about his hitting. It was, however, viewed as a highly interesting match. The following were the articles of agreement between the above boxers:—

"Bristol, Sept. 6, 1819.

"Mr. Thomas Cribb on the one part, and Mr. James Lockley on the other part. Mr. Cribb deposits £10 on behalf of Thomas Spring, and Mr. James Lockley deposits on the part of William Neat £10, into the hands of Mr. Richard Coupland; the parties to meet at the Greyhound Inn, Broadmead, Bristol, on the 13th instant, at eight o'clock in the evening precisely, to make the above sums £50 each. The combatants to meet half-way between Bristol and London, and to fight on the 6th day of October, or within four miles of a town which will be previously named, for 100 guineas a-side. The whole of the stakes are to be made good on the day of fighting, or the deposit money to be forfeited. To be a fair stand-up fight; half-minute time; in a 24-feet ring.

"JAMES LOCKLEY
"T. CRIBB."

The parties met as above on the 13th instant, at the Greyhound, and the £50 a-side were made good.

The above match, upon which the *Fancy* had so fondly dwelt, owing to an *accident*, was compelled to be *off*. Six to four had been betted strongly on each

side; and it is impossible to convey the *regret* expressed by the Sporting World upon its not taking place. The following letter, perhaps, will best explain it:—

"Bristol, Sept. 19, 1819.

"DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to inform you, that Neat, in taking of his exercise, fell down and broke his right arm; three surgeons were necessary to set it, and their expressed opinion is, that twelve months must elapse before he will be well.

"From yours, &c.
"R. WATSON."

"Thomas Belcher, Castle Tavern, Holborn."

It is singular to remark, that such a circumstance is without parallel in the pugilistic annals. Horses, it is true, have broken down; but man, possessing *intellect*, ought to have known better than to run at full speed down a hill, like *King's Weston*, almost as steep as St. Paul's.

SPRING complained that the persons who made the match at Bristol had not behaved *handsomely* to him; as he was not only compelled to *show* himself at *Newbury*, on the day fixed for the combat, but also to go to Bristol; when, instead of receiving the forfeit of £50, according to the articles of agreement, and laws of sporting, he was glad to compromise it for £25, with the addition of £5 allowed for his expenses and coach-hire.

The friends of *Oliver*, in October, 1819, deposited £5 towards making a match for 100 guineas a-side with SPRING. But, on the next evening, at *Randall's*, SPRING received it as a forfeit.

PUGILISM EXTRAORDINARY. — In consequence of some trifling dispute, which occurred on Monday evening, December 20, 1819, between *Ben Burns* and

SPRING, over the *gaily circling glass*, about who were the best men of the day, and *Burns* fancying himself as good as any of them, £20 a-side was deposited, for the above heroes to meet the next morning, on Wimbledon Common, at one o'clock. SPRING and *Burns* were true to the time, when *Eales* and an amateur seconded the former; and *Richmond* and *Scroggins* the latter. Eleven rounds occurred, when the contest was decided in favour of SPRING, in 18 minutes. It was five to one, at the commencement of the fight, on SPRING; but both the men were much out of *condition*. It is, however, only justice to state, that *Burns* fought in a very manly style, although he could not *change* it in his favour; and was compelled from *weakness* to give in. He received some heavy body blows, and a sharp *nobber* or two. SPRING also got a sharp hit over his eye, which suffered so severely in his battle with *Painter;* in other respects, he was not hurt. Not more than 250 persons were present. The stakes and ropes belonging to the Pugilistic Club formed the ring.

In consequence of the friends of *Painter* forfeiting to SPRING (see page 138), a match was made between *Bob Burns* and our hero, for £100 a-side; but owing to his bad state of health, the backers of SPRING preferred forfeiting the £100, rather than risking a contest with *Burns*. A second match for £100 a-side was, however, made; and which took place on Tuesday, the 16th of May, 1820, on Epsom Downs.

The morning was truly forbidding for the *Swells* to leave their *downy dabs;* and the heavy torrents of rain informed the *kids*, upon opening their *peepers*, that their *game* would again be put to the test; but *delicacy* of

canvas is not one of the features of the Ring; and those *lads* who delight in witnessing a *Prize Mill*, value not *distance*—fear not *weather*—care not for the expenses of the *tip*, providing there is no *nailing;* and the *prads* are put to, and the *drag* is *shoved* forwards, with as much indifference, as if the most perfect serenity of climate prevailed. However, by ten o'clock, it was "*all happiness*:" the rain had subsided, the glorious sun shot forth his brilliant rays of life and light, illuminating the extensive and picturesque prospect upon Epsom Downs. The long string of carriages, numerous horsemen, and pushing along *toddlers*, increasing the animation and interest of the scene, till the *Fancy* reached their grand climax—the *Ring*. This object once gained, the pleasures are *tasted* of taking a *drain* of *Daffy*—meeting with *Old Pals*—with the *chatting* of "Who's to win?—What's the odds?—How are the men for condition?—Are there any more fights?" &c. &c. till the time arrives for the *Mill* to commence. The *Ring* was delightfully situated, having a hill on one side of it, upon which hundreds could see the battle without the slightest inconvenience.

In the estimation of the amateurs, it seems, *Burns* had risen considerably, from a *slashing* set-to he had had, of 21 rounds, with *Larkin*, a few days since; during which *glove* combat, they ultimately *floored* each other; and it was then thought, by the *Judges* who were admitted to this private trial of skill, that *Burns* had the *best of it*. This circumstance, added to the well-known illness of SPRING, induced most of the sporting men to *hedge* off their bets, and take the odds upon *Burns*. Indeed, in a few instances, the odds were now laid

upon the latter; but five to four on the ground was *thinly* sported on SPRING, but the *takers* snapt at it instantly.

Burns appeared first, and threw his hat into the ring, attended by his seconds, *Larkin* and *Randall*, and kept walking up and down for some minutes before his adversary entered the ropes. SPRING, at length, showed, followed by *Cribb* and *Shelton;* when the latter observed to SPRING, "Mind, Tom, that you throw your hat into the ring, so that it does not blow out." It being thought *ominous*, as several pugilists have been defeated when their hats have taken flight. SPRING took the hint, and his *castor* remained firm in the ring. *Randall* then tied his colours (green) to the stakes; and the blue handkerchief of SPRING was immediately added to them. Upon the *Commander-in-Chief's* ordering the sports to commence, the two umpires and the referee (an Honourable Baronet) wished to impress upon the minds of the seconds and bottle-holders, "that the watch would be held by them only on the following consideration:—THAT UPON THE MEN SETTING-TO, THE SECONDS WERE TO RETIRE TO THE CORNERS OF THE RING, AND IF ANY ONE OF THEM SPOKE TO THE COMBATANTS, THAT MOMENT THE WATCH WOULD BE THROWN DOWN. MUCH IRRITATION HAD BEEN OCCASIONED BY SUCH CONDUCT ON BOTH SIDES AT PREVIOUS FIGHTS. IT WAS HIGHLY IMPROPER, UNFAIR, AND UNMANLY; AND ALSO IN DIRECT OPPOSITION TO THE RULES OF BROUGHTON, WHO WAS LOOKED UP

TO AS THE FATHER OF THE PRIZE RING." These remarks were again emphatically repeated, and throughout the fight they were strictly adhered to.

First round.—On Burns *peeling*, the amateurs were told that he was a stone less in weight than when he fought Shelton; but his condition was nevertheless as fine as the combination of art and nature could exhibit. In fact, his proper *pitch* had been ascertained, and Burns flattered himself that he was *man* enough for any thing on the fighting list. Spring did not appear on the ground till the last minute; and it was thought by many, that he would forfeit a second time, owing to his not being well. However, on his stripping, though he appeared better than was expected, from the rumours which had gone forth, it was evident to the *leary ones* that he was not in fighting trim, and that his condition was bad. Burns, after some little sparring, endeavoured to put in two hits, right and left, somewhat confidently, which Spring scientifically stopped. A pause. Spring very neatly put in a facer and got away. Burns gave two blows without effect. More sparring. Spring again gave a nobber and got away. Some little fighting now occurred, and several good hits were exchanged, from one of which (a right-handed blow) Burns went off his balance and fell on his hands.—(A roar of approbation; the *red rags* were *chaffing* with ecstasy—"Burns can't win it!")—7 to 4; and several were bold enough to offer 2 to 1.

Second.—This round was short, but decisive; and the takers of the odds were *funking*. Burns thrust out his left hand, *pawing*, as it were; when he was returned upon by Spring, right and left. The latter, however, got a small *taste* over his left *ogle*, and a bump soon rose. In an exchange of blows, Burns again went down from a hit on the side of his head.—(Tumultuous applause, and "The big one can't fight," was the cry all over the ring.)—2 to 1 nearly current.

Third.—This round quite satisfied the judges, that if Spring had been well he must have won the battle in a canter. The latter hit Burns staggering all over the ring. Spring followed him, and gave the big one *pepper* at the ropes, till he went down.—Another Babel shout; and 30 to 10 was offered.

Fourth.—The *claret* was plain enough now on the mug of Burns, and Spring put in a heavy claim on his opponent's *victualling office*, and got away cleverly. Some sharp exchanges occurred, in which Spring received a *nobber* or two,

and not light ones; but Burns was sent staggering and staggering, till he ultimately went down.—More betters than takers.

Fifth.—Spring showed great weakness; but he also showed that he knew the advantages of science; and from science alone it appeared he could only win, till he had reduced the strength of his opponent. Burns planted a most desperate hit on the side of Spring's head; and so keenly did it operate, that it was a sort of *scalping touch*, as the hair instantly flew off, and the place was as *bare* as if the *barbatic* had been using his razor. Spring, however, *conked* his opponent; when they closed; and, in a severe struggle for the throw, Spring broke away, and hit Burns down. "Bravo! well done, Spring; it's all your own."

Sixth.—Burns had been hit, or went down, in all the preceding rounds; and in this, Spring fell upon his adversary heavily, after an exchange of several blows. It was here again asserted, "that notwithstanding the *punishment* Spring had administered to his opponent, it might be seen, he was not a *hard hitter*, from the little effects visible. Perhaps this may be more of a *theoretical* than a *practical* prejudice against *Spring*."

Seventh.—The latter put in a sharp *bodier* with his left hand, and got away; but in an exchange of blows afterwards, Burns gave Spring a heavy one on his ear. In struggling for the throw, Burns appeared much *distressed*, but both of them fell out of the ropes.

Eighth.—This was rather a dangerous round to Spring; and he might have lost the battle from it, although it was in his favour. Some severe blows passed on both sides, when the combatants fought their way up to the ropes, and got entangled in so curious a manner, that it appeared so difficult to the spectators, that "Go down, Spring," was the cry. The struggle to get the best of the throw was severe indeed; they grappled at each other's hand, and if Shelton had not held up the rope, they were so entangled that the men must have been parted; however, they got away from this dilemma by a strong effort into the middle of the ring, when Spring hit Burns well, as he was falling, but Spring also fell upon his head.—*(Loud shouting for Spring.)*

Ninth.—The preceding struggle had *distressed* Spring so much, that in setting to, he soon put down his hands, quite exhausted. But it nevertheless turned out a severe round, and Spring *jobbed* his opponent so severely, that, in closing, Burns

was so confused, that he caught hold of Spring's *nose*.—(Great disapprobation.)—In going down, Burns was undermost.

Tenth.—The left eye of Burns was rather damaged, and Spring made play in good style. Burns scarcely ever went *to work* till he was *nobbed* into it; and then he made some good counter hits. This was rather a sharp round; but in going down, Spring was undermost.

Eleventh.—After some exchanges, Spring's left ear showed marks of *punishment*. Sparring for wind, when Spring got a *facer*. The latter again showed very bad condition, and stood still for a short period; but Burns did not turn it to account. However, after a hit or two, Spring fell down, and his head lolled upon his arm. Some slight fears were here entertained that the strength of Burns might tire out Spring.

Twelfth to Fourteenth.—In all these rounds, the fighting was on the part of Spring. Most certainly, the latter never fought so well in any of his battles as in the present. He put in several hits, and got away with great agility.

Fifteenth.—In this round, Spring did as he pleased with his opponent; Burns' body and head were quite at his service, and it was evident the battle must soon end. In going down, Burns was also undermost. Any odds; but it was *all up*. Here Burns informed his second, that Spring was too strong for him.

Sixteenth.—In this round, Burns was hit sharply; and in going down, his left leg fell under him, and great fears were entertained it was broken.—"Spring for ever," and 20 to 1; indeed, it was thought he would not come again.

Seventeenth.—Burns endeavoured to show fight, but he was again sent down at the ropes, and £10 to a crown was offered.

Eighteenth and last.—Burns was soon down, and Spring proclaimed the conqueror, who walked out of the ring with the most apparent ease, and very few marks were seen about him.

Although, in point of truth, the above battle must be pronounced a bad fight, yet, nevertheless, SPRING is justly entitled to much praise, from his good style of fighting, and the skill he displayed in not going "to

work" too rashly, from his bad condition. Had SPRING been as well as he ought, the battle must have been over in half the time. It, however, was the general opinion of the *Fancy*, that *Burns*, previous to the contest, could not be disposed of in half an hour, and numerous bets were made to that effect. The *judges*, too, always insisted that SPRING was not a hard hitter, and did so at the conclusion of this battle; but he repeated his blows so often on the *nob* of his opponent, that they ultimately proved effectual. *Burns*, after the first round, appeared to have lost his confidence. If he had commenced fighting at the beginning of the rounds, a different account might have been given of the result. In a word, he has no scientific points about him. He is what is termed a *good man;* but there is a vast difference between that character, and the appellation of a *good fighter.* Gameness alone will not reach the top of the tree. SPRING, in one instance, behaved bravely to his opponent, and was much applauded. He had *Burns* at the ropes, in a defenceless state, but he saw the battle was his own, and he lifted up his hands, and walked away. If it be admitted that SPRING is not a *hard hitter*, it cannot be denied that he possesses a superior knowledge of fighting, and is also a very difficult man to be got at.

In consequence of some unpleasant rumours in circulation, respecting the forfeiture of SPRING, and also as to the cause of his illness previous to the above fight, the following letter appeared in the WEEKLY DISPATCH, addressed to the Editor :—

"SIR,—In consequence of its having been reported, that tricks had been played with THOMAS SPRING, who was to

have fought *Robert Burns*, on the 18th instant; and that a certain person, who has lately trained several of the fighting men, was concerned therein; several gentlemen belonging to the Fancy, assisted by some of the members of the Pugilistic Club, have, with a view of ascertaining the truth of such reports, inquired of SPRING whether he had any reason to believe that the reports were true; when he, with great candour, said, he did not believe they were; and that the person alluded to had not been with him, and, therefore, could not be concerned in any foul play, if any had been practised upon him. It had been also alleged, that the above person had also been giving something improper to SPRING; in consequence of which, a gentleman high in the Fancy, and a member of the Pugilistic Club, took SPRING to a very eminent surgeon, who immediately stated, "that there was not any truth in such reports," and explained the nature and cause of SPRING'S present illness. The gentlemen who have made the above inquiries, being fully satisfied that there is not any truth in the reports that have been circulated, are anxious to have them publicly contradicted, considering them as highly injurious to the pugilistic ring, and most unjust to the person before alluded to; and we are authorized to contradict them accordingly.

"We are also requested to inform the public, that the reports in circulation respecting Sampson having been 'poisoned,' are totally void of foundation.

"We understand, that these reports have been circulated by a pugilist who fought an unsuccessful battle, about the middle of last month; and have been made in consequence of a quarrel between him and the person above alluded to. We are concerned to add, that several of the best friends of this pugilist have withdrawn from him their future patronage, in consequence of his conduct in this business.

"From your humble Servants,

"SEVERAL MEMBERS OF THE PUGILISTIC CLUB.
"Feb. 24, 1820."

A match was near taking place between SPRING and *Sutton*; but it went off.

In consequence of some dispute about *impropriety* of conduct, between SPRING and *Josh. Hudson*, after the battle had taken place with *Cooper* and *Shelton*, at Moulsey Hurst, on Tuesday, June 27, 1820, a purse

of £20 was immediately subscribed by the amateurs for SPRING and *Hudson* to fight. Both of the combatants accepted the offer without the least hesitation; more especially as an amateur offered £5 to *Hudson*, if he would only fight *one* round with SPRING. Five or six rounds, however, were sharply contested, in which *Joshua drawed the cork* of his antagonist; but, on his getting the *worst of it*, *Hudson pocketed* the £5, and *Turner* took him out of the ring. This was the fourth battle on that day. SPRING also looked upon this £20 as a *sweetener* for his recent losses on *Shelton*. It was like a *sugar-plum* to SPRING. The dispute in question, it seems, was owing to the latter refusing to admit *Hudson* into the room where *Shelton* had been put to bed. *Hudson* quitted the ring with great reluctance.

During the time SPRING was at Norwich, when *Painter* fought with *Oliver*, five guineas a-side were deposited for a match between the *Gas-Light Man* and our hero. The backers of *Hickman*, however, did not come forward at the appointed time, in London, to make the stakes good, when the £5 was forfeited to SPRING.

The friends of *Oliver*, anxious to keep the *game* alive, made a match for £100 a-side with SPRING, to be decided on the 20th of February, 1821.

SPRING keeps a public-house in Little St. James's Street, the sign of the Catherine Wheel. He is a very well-behaved man; remarkably civil to all persons, genteel in his appearance, and seems anxious to give general satisfaction.

JOE PARISH,

THE WATERMAN.

THE above scientific pugilist, for a considerable time after his defeat by *Randall*, was, in consequence of a severe attack of the rheumatism in all his limbs, prevented from exhibiting in the Prize Ring. The fight between PARISH and *Holt* (see vol. ii. page 464,) has been pronounced, by the judges of pugilism, one of the finest specimens of the art of Self-Defence ever witnessed; and, in all probability, had PARISH not been so reduced from illness, he might have proved a *dangerous customer* to any opponent of his weight. The following ludicrous circumstance is worthy of record, merely to show that although PARISH did not consider himself well enough in health to contend against *scientific* boxers in the ring, yet *commoners* must not treat him with impunity.

HUNTING A DANDY—TURN-UP EXTRAORDINARY.—On Monday afternoon, Sept. 21, 1818, five coal-heavers, full of *heavy wet* and Booth's *brilliant*, were out upon a *spree*, near the Coal Exchange, Billingsgate, when a *Dandy* appeared in sight. The *outré* cut of this modern *Fribble* attracted their notice, producing a horse-laugh; and, *sans ceremonie*, they began to *lark* him very roughly. The *delicate* nerves of this *sprig* of a man were so *flurried*, that he faintly chid them for their shocking vulgarity and rudeness towards a *gentleman;* this increased the *row* among the *black diamond squad*, and the *Dandy* was ultimately thrown

into the kennel. His paraphernalia was so disordered, and wet through, in consequence of this treatment, that he found it necessary hastily to take off his coat, when the noise and laughter increased among the crowd, witnessing the *dandy dicky* and *collar* over a *shirt* that had once seen *cleaner* and better days, but now reduced to too *tender* a nature to endure the *lathering* elements of the washing-tub. The shame and confusion this circumstance created, compelled the *Dandy* to make a precipitate retreat. The coal-heavers, elated with their success, had another pot upon the strength of the fun; and, upon again sallying out, they met with PARISH, the late competitor of *Randall*, who was returning home from teaching a *Swell* the proper use of his *morleys;* and who, in imitation of his betters, was well *togged*, sporting his high shirt-collar, white cossack trowsers, &c. and *blading* it along. The *coalies*, not knowing who he was, thought they would give the *bounce* a turn, as they termed him, and, without any delay, commenced an attack. PARISH being rather *fly* to what sort of *customers* he had to deal with, put his back against the wall, and *floored* the first that approached—changing his *mug* in a twinkling; the second fared no better—his *upper-works* were *clareted*, and he measured his length in the mud, *instanter;* the third also got such a taste upon his *conque*, that his legs went from under him, and he found himself in the same situation as his companions—*sprawling*. The above electrifying shocks quite satisfied these three *chaps;* but the fourth, more jolly than the rest, showed fight for two or three rounds, when PARISH made such good use of his

time, that he was led from the scene of action, laughing on the other side of his mouth. The fifth was *disposed* of in good style, by *Nosworthy* (brother to the pugilist), who was accidentally passing. The coal-heavers, finding the tables turned upon them, were glad to *sneak* off, like the *Dandy*, amidst the shouts and laughter of the crowd. PARISH knocked up one of his knuckles in the row, but in other respects was not hurt; and he *showed* at the Fives Court, at *Oliver's* benefit, in order to be matched with *West-Country Dick*.

An opportunity at length offered to PARISH, which enabled him again to raise himself in the estimation of the amateurs. It was the *third* battle at Dagenham Beech, in Essex, near the Ship and Shovel, eleven miles from London, on Monday, March 13, 1820, immediately after *Green* and *Harris* had left it. This contest, it appears, was owing to an old grudge, and, notwithstanding PARISH had been in a bad state of health for the last six months, his *pluck* was so good, that he walked down to meet *Lashbrook*, and a purse of £10 was subscribed for the winner. PARISH was seconded by *Shelton* and *Harmer*, and *Lashbrook* by *Josh. Hudson* and *Samson*. PARISH had to contend against strength, length, and health; but he was the best fighter. *Lashbrook* is a very *game* man.

First round.—On setting to, Lashbrook lost no time in attacking his opponent; and his boring qualities operated so strongly on Parish, that notwithstanding the latter endeavoured to stop him, and exchange some hits with Lashbrook, he was nevertheless run down, as it were, at the ropes.—7 to 4 on Lashbrook.

Second.—Some sparring occurred, and also some exchanges

took place, when Parish put in a clean *nobber;* but the fury of his adversary again had him down.

Third.—Lashbrook, *sans ceremonie,* bored Parish again to the ropes, and a sharp struggle ensued. The combatants, however, separated, and some sharp blows passed between them, till another *pully-haully* encounter took place on the ropes, and Parish was sent down.

Fourth.—From the rushing qualities displayed by Lashbrook, it seemed as if Parish could make no resistance against his adversary. He, however, put in a trifling *stopper;* but Lashbrook was so gay, that he would not denied, till he got Parish down. *Two to one on Lashbrook; and it was thought the strength of Parish would soon be exhausted.*

Fifth.—The coolness and science manifested by Parish now had rather a turn, and, after some sharp exchanges, Lashbrook was hit down. *"Well done, Parish; try it on again, and you'll do some good."*

Sixth.—This was a most excellent round, and completely satisfied the spectators of the *gas-like* qualities of Lashbrook. Some *hard work* passed between the combatants, when Parish hit down Lashbrook; but the latter was so *prime,* that he instantly got up, instead of letting it finish a round, and bored in on Parish till he went down.

Seventh.—After a severe struggle, Lashbrook was thrown.

Eighth and Ninth were similar rounds; but Parish had the best of the hitting.

Tenth to Twelfth.—These were well-contested rounds; in the latter, Parish *faced* his opponent as he was coming in, and also hit him over the ring; but his strength gave way, and he was sent down.

Thirteenth.—The struggle for the *best of it* at the ropes was terrific. "Separate them!" was the cry; when, after reciprocal *punishment,* both went down.

Fourteenth.—The round hitting of Lashbrook did not prove effective, although he used his fist like a *thrasher,* at times, upon the body and nob of his opponent. On the rushing system, he again sent Parish down.

Fifteenth.—Ditto.

Sixteenth.—Parish took the lead in this round, from his superior fighting, and not only gave repeated *facers,* but in the struggle threw his opponent quite away from him.

Seventeenth.—Parish went down.

Eighteenth.—In struggling, Lashbrook put in a severe blow on one of Parish's *peepers*, and also got him down. The combatants were not at all out of temper with each other, and Parish patted Lashbrook on the back as they were lying on the ground.

Nineteenth and Twentieth.—The brave and generous conduct of Parish in this round obtained him tumultuous applause from all parts of the ring. Lashbrook was hanging in a defenceless state on the ropes, when Parish might have terminated the battle; but he held up his hands and walked away.

Twenty-first and Twenty-second.—Bravely fought rounds; and the *mug* of Lashbrook not only exhibited severe punishment, but one of his *ogles* was in complete darkness.

Twenty-third.—Lashbrook, as he was rushing in to *mill* his opponent, met with such a *flooring* hit on his nose, that he went down as if shot. "*Bravo, Parish; another like it, and the battle is your own.*"

Twenty-fourth to Twenty-eighth.—The superior *science* of Parish gave him the advantage in all these rounds; and the *nob* of his opponent received *pepper* in all of them; but in the latter, Parish again behaved most generously.

Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth.—Two severe rounds; but Parish was getting extremely weak.

Thirty-first.—This was decidedly in favour of Lashbrook, who sent Parish down.—*Hudson now cheered him, by observing "That if he did as well the next round, he should have a new boat, with Cribb's sign of the Union Arms upon it; and that he (Josh.) would be a customer to him."*

Thirty-second to Thirty-fourth.—In all these rounds, Parish showed himself the best fighter; but Lashbrook was now recovering himself; and at the ropes, when Parish was in a defenceless state, he *milled* him with all the *tenderness* of a blacksmith *hammering* at an anvil. Parish was almost finished, and 2 and 3 to 1 was now offered on Lashbrook.

Thirty-fifth to Thirty-seventh.—All in favour of Lashbrook; and it was thought he must now win, as Parish appeared nearly done up, and was seen showing his hand, which was gone, to his second.

Thirty-eighth.—The invigorating aid of a small *taste of brandy* positively made a new man of Parish; and he now took the lead so decidedly, from the severe *nobbings* he

gave his opponent, that he again became the favourite at high odds.

Thirty-ninth.—Parish improved his chance so much, that 10 to 1 was freely sported upon him.

Fortieth.—Lashbrook, nearly blind, with a *mug* as chequered as a draught-board, and his frontispiece also as tender as a blister, still contended for victory like a trump. He *napped punishment* now in every direction; and at the ropes he went down quite exhausted. *A guinea to a shilling was offered, but no one would take it.*

Forty-first and last.—The fight was all out of Lashbrook, and in struggling he received so desperate a fall, that it seemed as if all the wind had been shaken out of his body. When "Time" was called, in leaving his second's knee, he fell down quite exhausted. Thirty-eight minutes had elapsed. Parish jumped up for joy, left the ring, and got up into a cart; while Lashbrook was supported out of the ring, quite blind, to the Ship and Shovel, and put to bed.

PARISH had one of his knuckles broken, or else the contest would have terminated much sooner. His fine fighting also secured him the victory.

PUGILISM IN IRELAND.

Great Pugilistic Combat, at the Curragh of Kildare, between LANGAN *and* M'GOWRAN.

On Wednesday, May 20th, 1819, the Grand Match which had been so much talked of among the Irish *Fancy*, and that had, in no small degree, interested the amateurs of pugilism in Dublin, took place at the Curragh of Kildare; it was kept rather in the background, and the public were not well acquainted with it, as the *Fancy* dreaded that the Magistrates might be *crusty*, and, by their interference, give a *blow up* to the meeting. This match, which was for something

less than 100 guineas a-side, was between *Langan*, a noted bruiser from Ballybough Bridge, and *Owen M'Gowran*, a native of Donnybrook, who had often displayed his prowess at their annual Fair of fight, fun, and frolic.

The crowds who assembled were very numerous; vehicles of every kind were put in requisition, and, by twelve o'clock, the Curragh exhibited as motley a group as could be well imagined. The country boys from the adjacent counties, Wicklow and Kildare, who love a *bit of sport* of this kind as well as the best of the *Fancy*, were assembled in great numbers, and all repaired to take their places at that natural and beautiful amphitheatre, now only known by the name of "*Belcher's Valley*:"* in the centre flat, surrounded entirely by rising hills, a 24-feet ring was erected, well corded in, the amateurs paying five shillings for front seats, while the uplands were covered with spectators. About twenty-five minutes before one o'clock, *Langan* entered the ring, attended by his second, *Halton*, with *Norman* as his bottle-holder; immediately after, *Owen M'Gowran*, attended by *Kearney*, the bricklayer, as his second, with his bottle-holder, advanced into the scene of action. The combatants stripped, and both appeared in good condition; they shook hands with the greatest *cordiality;* and at 18 minutes before one o'clock the fight commenced, at minute time—betting 5 to 4 on *Langan*, the favourite.

First round commenced with cautious sparring, each man waiting for his adversary; both made play right and left,

* The place were Tom Belcher defeated Dogherty, and which has ever since been called after the former celebrated pugilist.

then closed, and, after some *hugging*, both fell, M'Gowran under.—Betting in favour of Langan.

Second.—Each *lad* advanced cautiously to meet his adversary—warily sparring: at last Langan made a feint, which gave him an opening, and he hit M'Gowran a *chopper* over his right eye, which not only drew first blood, but let the *curtain-drapery of his eye-brow fall over the eye.* This blow had a great effect throughout the fight; they closed, and fell together. —8 to 2 on Langan.

Third.---The combatants came in with much caution, and sparred *à la distance*, as the French say; some smart hitting then took place, but not severe; the hits were now followed up until they closed and fell, Langan under.

Fourth.—Much sparring; counter hits were exchanged, but no great *punishment.* M'Gowran staggered and fell.

Fifth.—Similar fighting. M'Gowran *grassed*, but not by a clean knock down.

Sixth.—Like the two former at the beginning: they both closed and fell—Langan under. Bets still the same.

Seventh.—This might be said to have commenced the fight in earnest; both came in determined, and desperate hard hitting took place; each stood well up, and received and paid in prime *bang-up* style—no flinching. After very severe hitting, they closed, and both fell together. Bets the same.

Eighth.—Both came in showing much *pluck*, stood fairly up, and fought hard.—Langan *grassed* his man again, although he seemed to have got much the worst of it. Bets even.

Ninth.—Both determined;—they *milled* away rapidly, and there was good in-fighting, when they closed with equal advantage, and both went down together.

Tenth.—The combatants seemed cautious, from the effects of the last round, and made much play, hitting at wide distance; at last they closed *more lovingly*, when Langan was hit down, but not cleanly.—(Cries of "*Owen* for ever!" from the surrounding heights.)

Eleventh.—Very severe fighting, in which M'Gowran was hit down.—(Cries of "Langan for ever!")

Twelfth.—A most desperate rally commenced, and any science that either had heretofore shown, was here out of the question; they stood close in, and hit as hard as they could; at last they closed; both fell, M'Gowran under.

Thirteenth.—Came to the ground more cautiously, making play; the effects of the last round very visible on both; some counter hitting, but weak: parted—but neither down.

Fourteenth.—Owen placed a most tremendous blow under the left kidney; Langan *grunted,* and, in a close, both fell—Langan under.—(Loud cheering for *Owen.*) Bets in favour of M'Gowran.

Fifteenth.—Some severe fighting, which ended in M'Gowran's falling. Bets again even.

Sixteenth.—Good play on both sides; closed, and parted; set-to again; much fighting, chiefly body blows. Langan hit over the ropes.

Seventeenth.—Langan stood to his man with spirit, placed in a dreadful facer, which again uncorked the *claret* from M'Gowran's mouth and nose; he then turned lapidary, and changed the cornelian round his eye to an amethyst! Both down, M'Gowran under.

Eighteenth.—Both very queer in the bellows; closed and parted—came in again—desperate rally—parted again—time counted.

Nineteenth.—Both came in refreshed—made play—desperate fighting—Langan hit over the ropes, and *grassed* the third time.—(Huzza, for Paddy M'Gowran!)

From the Twentieth to the Twenty-sixth round, similar fighting; both appeared much exhausted, and very little science displayed.

Twenty-seventh.—Much hard hitting; Langan hit over his adversary's right eye, as in the second round; M'Gowran's *claret* blinding him—fell much exhausted.—(A shout for Langan.)

The combatants fought to the Thirty-fifth round, during which time M'Gowran was much *punished.* He came in time to the Thirty-sixth round; but finding that he had so rum a customer to deal with, he gave up in a manly style. The fight lasted an hour and 47 minutes, and gave much satisfaction to the *Fancy.*

BOB PURCELL,

ONE OF THE GAMEST BOXERS OF THE GAME.

THE above *out-and-out* "BIT OF STUFF" was born at Shrewsbury, on the 16th of March, 1793. The fighting weight of BOB is about 11 stone 5 lbs., and in height he is 5 feet 9 inches ; but he is generally called a 12 stone man. His appearance does not indicate much strength; but his *nob* has some *milling* points about it. He has a great *penchant* for boxing ; though, in disposition, a quieter or a more inoffensive man does not exist than BOB PURCELL. In all the country towns where our hero has exhibited the Art of Self-Defence, his conduct has been so good, that he has not only met with great respect, but obtained numerous friends.

In the city of Norwich, PURCELL was so much an object of attraction in the sporting circles, that a purse of £50 was given by the Norwich P. C. for BOB to enter the lists with *Warkley*. The latter pugilist, who had left London, and taken up his residence at Norwich, is a fine athletic young man, weighing about 14 stone, and a pupil of *Oliver's*. The battle took place at Remburgh Green, on Thursday, April 1, 1819.

This contest, it seems, excited considerable interest among the Provincial Fancy, and no less than 10,000 persons assembled on the above spot to witness the battle. The place originally fixed upon was

Bungay Common, where *Painter* fought with *Sutton* the Black. An excellent ring was formed, and a great concourse of spectators began to assemble, when notice was sent by the Magistrates, who happened to be sitting at Bungay, stating they would not permit the battle to take place. A movement immediately took place to Remburgh Green, about six miles through Bungay, where the ring was formed, and the multitude assembled. A messenger was dispatched to Bungay for the combatants, and, at a little before three, *Warkley* entered the ring, attended by *Painter* and *Fuller*. PURCELL soon followed, and threw up his hat, as a signal for action, which was answered by *Warkley*. *Oliver* and *Scroggins* waited upon PURCELL. Betting 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on PURCELL.

First round.—After two minutes' cautious sparring, Purcell made play by a left-handed facer. Warkley, in return, hit short; a rally commenced, in which several blows were exchanged, when Warkley fell. 2 to 1 was now offered freely, but few takers.

Second.—Purcell made play with his left hand, but hit short; more sparring. Purcell put in a good body blow. Warkley retreated to the ropes, where some sharp fighting took place. Warkley thrown in a close. Purcell showed first blood, in this round.

Third.—Purcell's left eye appeared much damaged from the effects of the last round. A severe rally took place, and the men appeared to be got to work. Purcell bled freely from a cut over the left eye. The above three rounds were downright *milling*.

Fourth to Sixth.—In these rounds Warkley fell, and showed little disposition to fight till pent up in one corner of the ring.

Seventh.—This was a tremendous fighting round. Warkley made play with his left hand, which Purcell stopped. Warkley retreated to his old corner, where some desperate fighting took place. Warkley got Purcell's head under the rope, and

made some heavy hits with his right hand. Purcell's head appeared truly terrific, being one mass of blood. 8 to 2 on Warkley.

Eighth.—Purcell had a severe cut under the before-contused eye, which appeared closed, and bled profusely. Warkley showed good training, and hit with his right hand, but fell in a rally through the ropes.

Ninth.—A short rally, and Warkley down.

Tenth.—Warkley fell without a blow, which is attributed to an over-balance he had got in hitting. Some disapprobation was manifested by the spectators, and Oliver offered 30 to 20 it was not fair.

Eleventh to Sixteenth.—In all these rounds, Warkley fell without much punishment: he appeared to dislike Purcell's left-handers, and fought on the defensive, although strongly pressed by Painter to go in and fight.

Seventeenth.—This was another severe round in favour of Warkley. After retreating to his old corner, he fought most dreadfully; and no feature of Purcell's face could be distinguished, from the flowing of blood. Here Purcell's friends were rather *alarmed* for the event, and *hedging off* was done in several parts of the ring.

Eighteenth to Thirtieth.—Purcell appeared much distressed, and sparred cautiously; little mischief was done on either side, Warkley going down after making a hit.

Thirty-first to Fortieth.—Warkley appeared in good fighting trim, and had the best of the round; and it is the opinion of many, if he had gone in and fought for a few rounds, he could have beat Purcell; but Purcell's known bottom got him many backers.

Forty-first.—In favour of Warkley.

Forty-second.—Purcell, though apparently blind, got fresher, and went in most desperately right and left, and reduced the fight to a certainty. Warkley's head came very hard on the ground, and rebounded.

Forty-fifth and last.—Warkley came again in a tottering state; after attempting to hit, fell, and could come no more. Purcell was also nearly finished.

The battle lasted two hours and six minutes. A more determined and bloody battle was never known. Pur-

CELL fully maintained the character he earned in his former battles, of being one of the gamest men living. He was hit all to pieces; but nothing could check his courage. He had positively *a hole* made upon his head, and his forehead was terrific; the beating, severe as it was, when PURCELL fought with *M'Carthy*, was a mere nothing in comparison to the *punishment* he received from *Warkley*. PURCELL never fought any thing like so well before; he hit out strait, and did more execution than heretofore. Great credit is certainly due to *Warkley*, as being his first fight. He is a much harder hitter than PURCELL; and if he had fought as he had the power to do, when PURCELL was distressed, instead of acting on the defensive, he must have won the battle. He is greatly deficient in judging his distance, but practice in the ring will soon teach him that. Great clamour was excited by PURCELL falling twice deliberately on *Warkley*, and cries of "Foul!" but it was set off against *Warkley's* falling without being hit. The latter boxer keeps a public-house at Norwich.

Soon after PURCELL returned to London, a match was made for him, for 25 guineas a-side, with one *M'Dermot*, a man quite as big and heavy as his last opponent. On Tuesday, August 31st, 1819, near the spot where the late *Jem Belcher* defeated *Gamble* in such gallant style, on Wimbledon Common, the amateurs assembled to witness the above fight.

A noble Earl, distinguished in the *Fancy*, took his seat close to the ring, and the *Corinthians* rallied round him numerously. The *commoners* were also in abundance; and the *Patlander black diamonds*, from the

East-end of the town, were full of *pluck*, sporting their little *alls* upon *Paddy M'Dermot*, not only from his well-known gameness, but his numerous victories on the banks of the Thames.

At one o'clock, PURCELL, attended by *Richmond* and *Shelton*, as his seconds, threw his *castor* into the ring: and the Irish *black diamond* shortly after repeated this sort of defiance, followed by *Paddington Jones* and *Tom Reynolds*. Two to one was offered upon PURCELL.

First round.—On stripping, M'Dermot, in appearance, was not unlike the figure of the renowned Tom Johnson, and the tremendous *Big Ben;* but, upon putting up his hands, any comparison in respect to their scientific acquirements was completely obliterated. Purcell was not long before he felt for Paddy's *nob*, but it was a tremendous hitting round. The exchanges were numerous; it was all fighting: the strength and boxing qualities of the Irishman were not to be *stayed;* and not till after two minutes had been occupied in desperate *milling*, hit for hit, both became quite exhausted, and Purcell fell from a slight hit.—Loud shouts of approbation from the patronizers of M'Dermot.

Second.—It was evident M'Dermot was doomed to be a *Receiver-General;* although he had *nobbed* Purcell over the right eye, and drawn the first *claret*. Purcell had the best of it; put in some facers without return; but still the strength of the Irishman was of that nature, that it appeared to require heavier *punishment* than Purcell was able to administer, to render victory perfectly secure. Both down, and 3 to 1 offered on the *game* Purcell.

Third.—Here the *game* of the *Fancy* was put to the test. Since the memorable day at Copthorne, when Cribb fought Molineux, such an *out-and-out* shower had not been experienced; it operated upon the frames of the spectators with that sort of deluge, as if one of the dykes had given way in Holland. It was almost impossible to withstand its driving qualities, and many *bolted* and took shelter under the heavy drags and post-chaises; but the combatants, with hearts like lions, unmindful of the "pelting pitiless storm," stood up to each other with as much gaiety as if they were promenading the

walks of Vauxhall. Purcell was bored over the ring, but he got away; till, in closing, they both went down.

Fourth.—The appearance of the spectators was now like drowned men; and not a drop of *daffy* was to be obtained at any price, to raise their spirits. Indeed, the ground was one sheet of water. But the seconds, and Purcell and M'Dermot, seemed as insensible to the rudeness of the elements as bricks and mortar, except in serving each other out. Purcell ultimately was sent down. The *Patlanders* were now in high glee; the exultation was loud indeed; numerous hats were thrown up, and a ray of hope seemed to appear for the *Easteinders*.

Fifth to Seventh.—The *potato-trap* of poor *Paddy* had now been played upon, as *clowns* operate upon a salt-box at Bartholomew Fair. Purcell, it is true, had the best of these rounds; but, nevertheless, the heavy hits of the Irishman, when they went home, did some execution upon the body.—M'Dermot could not fight, but he could receive equal to any *glutton* that ever entered a ring.

Eighth.—It was now seen that the Irishman, notwithstanding his strength and goodness, could not take the lead; and Purcell, from his superior science, was enabled to break away and *jib* his opponent till both went down.

Ninth.—Purcell *nobbed* the Irishman with great ease, and the *claret* most copiously followed each touch. Paddy staggered from each hit, but he would not fall. They fought all over the ring, till M'Dermot, quite exhausted, went down.

Tenth.—This was a good round; and it was the old school of fighting revived. Shifting was out of the question; but the *mug* of Paddy was hit all to pieces; yet he would not be denied, and ultimately got Purcell down. Loud shouting; and his countrymen vociferating, "Where's your 2 to 1?"

Eleventh.—This round was a complete *Chancery suit*, and Paddy's head did not belong to him—at least, he could not protect it from the *rude liberties* his adversary took with it. No less than fifteen *facers* did Purcell plant with success. The Irishman was often hit staggering away, and sometimes to a *stand still*. Both his *ogles* were nearly in a state of darkness; his *frontispiece* all vermilion; but his *gluttony* would have beat all the Aldermen of London in a canter.—4 to 1 loudly offered.

Twelfth.—Sparring for wind; and the general observation that Purcell never fought any thing like so well before. The

latter broke away, and most successfully *nobbed* his already *punished* opponent till both went down.

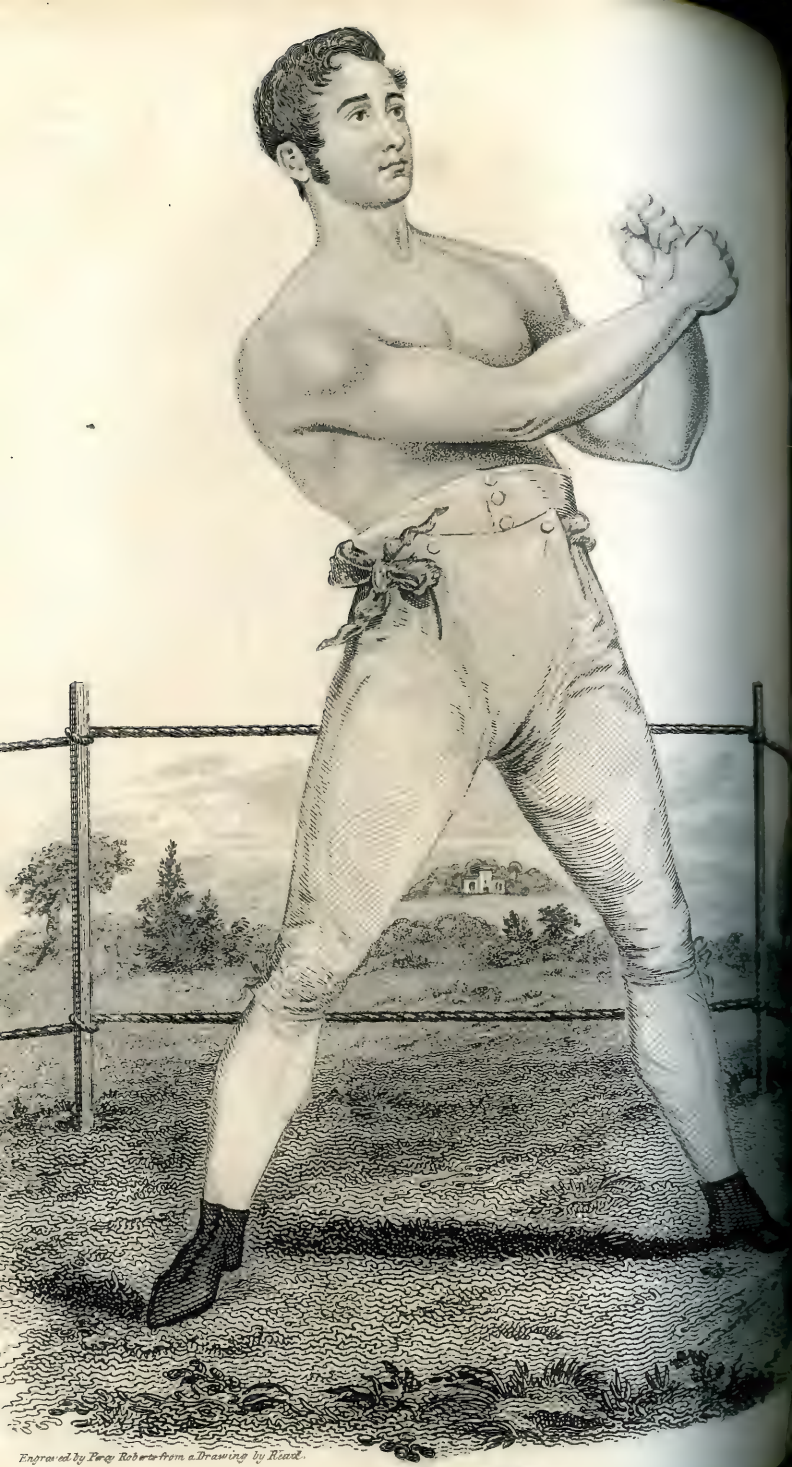
Thirteenth.—The *gameness* of the Irishman was the theme of all the spectators; and although his *nob* was so *Chanceried*, it seemed as if Purcell's strength would scarcely last to *finish* him. Although hit staggering away, yet he repeatedly returned to his work.—Both down.

Fourteenth.—The storm had not subsided; all were in it—wet through—and the *mill* going on with all the regularity of a court of law. Purcell was severely punished, and his body had been strongly marked; but his *game* was so well known, that it was *poundable* to a farthing, "No" would not escape his lips. This round was all his own, and he appeared a most able practitioner in *Chancery*. "He will not fight another round," was the cry. "M'Dermot is done up; his face is quite changed, and he's all abroad."—Any odds.

Fifteenth and last.—The frame of the Irishman was so good, that he was determined to *try it on* to the last moment. Purcell, however, *finished* poor Paddy in prime style. He put in a tremendous *nobber*, and also seconded it by a heavy body hit, that not only deprived him of his wind, but his recollection. In fact, he was *floored*, and hit out of time. Twenty-five minutes was the time of the battle.

PURCELL, always *game*, but never considered a decisive hitter, displayed his usual qualities; he was not in *condition*. The Irishman cannot fight; but as a *taker* he stands conspicuous. PURCELL, although victorious, was the most *punished*, and was carried out of the ring; while, on the contrary, *M'Dermot* walked to his vehicle.

The *President of the Daffies* was the time-keeper upon this occasion; and although the fury of the storm had nearly washed him and his *tatler* off the ground, yet his *gameness* would not let him flinch a peg from his post, and "Time" was called with as much regularity and accuracy as could have been observed on the *serenest* day.



Engraved by Percy Roberts from a Drawing by Reed.

CY. DAVIS.

On Friday, June 2, 1820, the last day of Ascot Races, by way of giving an *elegant* FINISH to the thing, the *Swells* made a subscription purse of 15 guineas for a *mill*. PURCELL, always ready, turned to with as much *appetite* as a hungry man attacks a pleasant joint; and *Davis* (better known as *Bob* the wheeler, who fought a most desperate battle with *Crockey*, and broke his jaw) was equally anxious for a *turn-up*. It was a determined battle, and, with all the *gluttony* of PURCELL, he had nearly more than his stomach could take, without being *sick;* and, in the middle of the fight, it was ten to one on *Davis*. But, after 40 minutes had elapsed, and 12 rounds occurred, PURCELL was declared the conqueror. He, however, never *napt* it in such heavy style before; and it was only his *out-and-out* GAME that brought him through the piece.

PURCELL not wishing to remain idle, his friends have made a match for him for £100 a-side, to fight with *Martin*, on the 20th of February, 1821.

CYRUS DAVIS,

The Gay BRISTOL BOY; *and also pronounced the* BEAU IDEAL *of the* PRIZE RING.

THE above active hero of the fist was born in the Broadway, Bristol, on the 27th of November, 1795, and was by trade a butcher. In a place like Bristol, which has produced so many fighting men, and which has also been termed the *nursery* for pugilists, it would be in vain to attempt a recital of the numerous skirmishes

(in the way of practice) in which DAVIS had been engaged during his boyhood. CYRUS is in height about 5 feet 9 inches; and in weight about 11 stone. His appearance is extremely prepossessing; and, when stripped in the ring, his frame has a great portion of anatomical beauty about it. DAVIS was a pupil of the celebrated *George Nicholls*, who obtained a conquest over *Cribb;* and he is also a cousin of *Bill Neat*, who defeated *Oliver*. CY, it is said, was rather a *fancy* article in the *milling* circles at *Bristol*.

DAVIS first exhibited his boxing requisites on Durdham Downs, in a turn-up with *Britton* (related to that boxer who fought with *Jem Belcher* and *Dutch Sam)*. In the short space of nine minutes, CY was pronounced the conqueror.

Bill Davies, the Bath butcher, a man who was considered a very *troublesome customer* to most of his opponents, surrendered to CY in a quarter of an hour, in Charles Hayes's parlour, in Red Cross Street, Bristol.

On the first appearance of DAVIS in the London Prize Ring (into which he was ushered under the patronage of *Tom Belcher)*, CY. positively *electrified* the amateurs with the activity he displayed on his legs, and also with his decisive mode of hitting. It seems, CY left Bristol to witness the combat between *Neat* and *Oliver*, at Rickmansworth, on Friday, July 10th, 1818. Immediately after the above "*big ones*" had decided their battle, DAVIS entered the ring, at about 25 minutes past five in the afternoon, to contend with *Abraham Belasco*, for a purse of 20 guineas: five for the loser. DAVIS was seconded by *Cribb* and

Belcher; and *Belasco* by *Tom Jones* and *Cropley*.—20 to 10 was offered on DAVIS.

First round.—The style of fighting exhibited by Cy was something after the manner of Tom Belcher, when that pugilist first entered the London ring. Davis went immediately to work, regardless of the fine science of his opponent. It was a sharp round altogether; but Davis took the lead, and sent Belasco down. Great applause, and "Well done, Cy," from his countrymen and the London amateurs.

Second.—One of Davis's eyes was a little touched; but he again went sharply to work. The Jew, in closing, endeavoured to *fib* his opponent, and he also threw him.

Third.—This was a short round. Davis went down from a slight hit, or rather a slip; but instantly jumped up laughing, ready to renew the attack.

Fourth.—The liveliness of Davis was the admiration of the whole ring. He had it all his own way this round; and with a tremendous right-handed hit, he *floored* Belasco. Tumultuous applause, and 5 to 2 on Davis.

Fifth.—Cy endeavoured to repeat the dose, but without the desired effect. The Jew received some sharp facers; but, in return, he got Davis down.

Sixth.—In this round, the fine science displayed by Belasco was much praised. He stopped six blows in succession of his opponent; yet, nevertheless, Belasco was sent down.

Seventh.—Some sharp work, till Belasco, in closing, *fibbed* Davis severely till he went down.

Eighth.—The milling talents of Davis in this round were truly conspicuous; he dealt out much severe *punishment* to Belasco with his right hand, and also with great quickness gave the Jew a back-hander, when he went down like a shot. Tumultuous applause, and "It's all your own, Davis."

Ninth.—Belasco looked rather *queerish* on arriving at the *scratch;* when Davis soon finished him with a right handed *flooring* hit. It was all over in *ten minutes*. Belasco would not fight any more.

DAVIS throughout the above battle was as *gay* as a dancing-master. His appearance and mode of *hitting* prepossessed the amateurs highly in his favour.

The quickness of DAVIS was truly astonishing;—undressing himself, getting into the ring, and winning the battle, only occupied our hero FIFTEEN MINUTES. *Belasco*, it was urged by his own *peoplish*, was not in *condition;* and therefore the £5 had some charms for him as a losing man. However, he could not have won it.

DAVIS, soon after the above battle, returned to follow his business at Bristol; but he had made so strong an impression on the feelings of the amateurs, respecting his decisive *milling* capabilities, that CY was immediately brought to Town, and he was matched against *Ned Turner*, for 100 guineas a-side, at Wallingham Common, Surrey, on Friday, June 18, 1819.—DAVIS was defeated in the above contest.—(See page 216.)

Moulsey Hurst, so much the delight of the *Fancy*, from its picturesque appearance and velvet turf, was, on Tuesday, August 24, 1819, again selected for another British and Irish pugilistic display of manhood. *Boshell* was recently imported from *Paddy's Land*, slightly known on the *Curragh*, from a spirited *turn-up* there, but an entire stranger to the London Prize Ring, excepting from a good character given of him by *Randall*, in a trial set-to with the latter; when it was thought, by some of his *warm-hearted* countrymen, that he might establish himself among the light weights; and therefore, without farther consideration, he was backed for fifty guineas a-side. DAVIS'S recent defeat with *Turner* had placed him rather in the back ground; but still the *good judges* viewed it as an *easy thing* for the

Bristol Boy, and two to one was offered on the preceding evening at the Sporting Houses. The "Old Ring goers," and a *sprinkling* of the *Corinthians*, were present; such as cannot miss any *mill*, bad or good, sunshine or rain; but, generally speaking, it was a thin muster: indeed, the heads of the *Fancy* were rusticating; and Egham Races being only a few miles farther on the road, operated as a sort of drawback On the *Commander-in-Chief* and his party crossing the water, the combatants were ordered to prepare for action; and *Boshell*, with much confidence, threw his hat into the ring, attended by *Tom Jones* and *Larkins*; and DAVIS, waited upon by *Harmer* and *Shelton*, as his seconds, answered the challenge: the hands were crossed in friendship, and the men set to.

First round.—Boshell looked compact and well; but the remains of a small blister appeared on his stomach; and it was generally known he had had little if any training: indeed, he was without a patron. Davis was as fine as could be wished, and smiled as if confident of success. The attitude and manner of Boshell soon convinced the amateurs that science was not his *forte*. Davis tapped him on the arm, and got away; ditto and ditto; some little sparring; when Davis let fly, and a sharp *facer* was the result. Two or three dodging, awkward exchanges occurred, and Boshell planted a heavy body hit; they fought into a close, and, after some little struggling, Davis was thrown, and undermost. "Well done, Boshell;" "That's right, Davis," &c.; but 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 was loudly offered on the latter.

Second.—The *Bristol Boy* soon put in a *conker*, that not only drew the *pink*, but seemed like an *electric shock* on the *upper works* of poor *Paddy*: in fact, it *boddered* him a little; but he had too much of the *Teddy Tay* spirit about him to *wince* or *shy* it; and some awkward blows were again passed; yet the *Irish trump* again got the throw.—15 to 5 upon Davis.

Third.—Davis stood over Boshell, and, with his left hand, put one of Paddy's *sparklers* into mourning. Boshell, how-

ever, made some good stops; but he had not a single *point* about him towards finishing a round well, or milling his opponent. Davis was again undermost.—All betters; and "It will soon be over," was the cry. "Be *asy*, Honey; it's not so certain yet," said an old Hibernian fancier.

Fourth.—Boshell showed himself as good a *bit of stuff* as ever *peeled*, in this round. The hitting was sharp on both sides, but Davis got away; and Boshell, in following him, received one of the Bristol Boy's lunging hits on the nose, and he instantly fell on his face, the *claret* flowing in rapidity, like the cork taken out of a bottle turned upside down. "It's all up now: he can't fight two more rounds." Oliver offered 5 to 1 on the last event, and 20 to 1 he lost the battle.

Fifth.—Boshell came up rather distressed, but as *game* as a Purcell, and endeavoured to *slash out*. He was, however, *milled* all over the ring; almost *finished* at the ropes, when he fell down, and rolled over on his face exhausted.

Sixth.—The *mug* of Paddy was a picture of punishment; both his *ogles* damaged, and his *index* altogether changed. Fresh *milling* was added to it, but he nevertheless threw Davis.

Seventh.—This was a sharp round; but Boshell went down quite exhausted.—"It's poundable—take him away."

Eighth.—The *claret* was now trickling down the nose of Davis, and this was the best round in the fight. After some heavy exchanges, they broke from a close, and Boshell fought till he fell down on his knees, and caught hold of the ropes quite distressed.

Ninth.—Davis *winked* to his friends that it was all right, and planted three *facers* in succession. Boshell, however, showed the fight was not taken out of him, and again threw his opponent a heavy fall.—"Bravo, Boshell! you are a game fellow, and fight like a man."

Tenth.—The face of the Irishman was piteous. He was hit all to pieces; indeed, it was like a *forlorn hope* for him to continue the battle. Boshell went down.

Eleventh.—In struggling for the throw, Davis slipped down on his knees. This was thought rather unhandsome; but Boshell held up his hands, not to hit him foul. "Bravo!" from all parts of the ring; "you are a trump indeed."

Twelfth.—Boshell endeavoured to make some hits, but went down quite exhausted.

Thirteenth.—Boshell was *floored* like a shot, from a tremendous lunging blow on his *nob*.—Any odds.

Fourteenth.—Boshell was now as *groggy* as any *whiskey back* that had been keeping it up for a week, and was hit down; but in falling he caught hold of the ropes. "By de Powers," said a Patlander who had backed Boshell, with a face as long as a maypole, "it's St. Stephen's-green to a mud-cabin."

Fifteenth.—Boshell came up staggering, but went down. Time was called; and he not coming up to the scratch instantly, it was thought he had given it up. Davis's hat was thrown into the air, and the outer ring was broken.

Sixteenth.—Boshell said he was not done, and another round took place, but he was hit down. *Paddy* was, however, so *game*, he declared he would not say "No." He had no chance, and was taken away. Davis, elated with his success, jumped over the ropes out of the ring, without a scratch upon him. It was over in 15 minutes and 10 seconds.

If any remarks can be made, a few words will suffice. *Boshell* is a *game*, a very *game* man, and his courage was the admiration of the ring; but as a prize-fighter he has no pretensions—he appeared quite a *novice*. Indeed, *Boshell* was little more than a *plaything* in the scientific hands of DAVIS.

At *Spring's* benefit, at the Fives Court, on Tuesday, November 2, 1819, our hero made a considerable impression upon the minds of the amateurs respecting his knowledge of the *science*, in the following combat with the NONPAREIL. Upon the appearance of *Randall*, followed by CY DAVIS, the audience seemed extremely anxious for the commencement of the *set-to*. The confidence of the *Bristol Boy* astonished all present, and he exhibited considerable traits of improvement. In fact, with the *gloves*, the *Nonpareil* never met with such a successful opposition before. DAVIS did not go without a good *receipt* of *Randall's* talents;

but, nevertheless, the former put in two or three dexterous *facers*, and also made some fine stops. The *fanciers* were all alive—the Court rang with applause—and "Well done, both," was the universal cry. It was generally admitted, that the advantage was on the side of DAVIS. Upon pulling off the *gloves*, another round was called for, and complied with. Both of the combatants were now upon the alert; and it was a fine specimen of skill and courage. A well-contested long rally occurred; and DAVIS again acquitted himself in so good a style, as to raise his character in the Sporting World.

DAVIS is distinguished for his activity on his legs. Few men can jump higher than CY; and, as a runner, he is by no means an inferior pedestrian.

Notwithstanding his defeat by *Turner*, he yet stands well in the opinion of several of the amateurs, and who still calculate upon his signalizing himself in some future contest in the Prize Ring. He does not want for backers.

At the present period (Jan. 1821) he is actively employed in *serving* his numerous customers at the Bear and Ragged Staff *Tap*, in Smithfield. In the capacity of landlord, his attention, civility, and good conduct, have produced him many friends. The connexions of DAVIS are extremely respectable at Bristol. He is a most tremendous hitter with his right hand.

JACK SCROGGINS.

It is an old saying, that "*when a man is* DOWN, DOWN *with him;*" and so it should seem with SCROGGINS. Once the dazzling object of victory, and the terror of his opponents; but more conspicuous now for *defeat.* Such are the vicissitudes of generals and boxers. Since SCROGGINS lost his fame and his fortune with *Turner*, *good luck* has completely turned her back upon our hero. The *Master of the Rolls* also obtained a conquest over him. SCROGGINS likewise surrendered to *Josh. Hudson;* and *David*, brother to the latter, has *twice* had the best of SCROGGY. But, nevertheless, his *penchant* for *milling* has not been altered by his defeats; but, on the contrary, he has risen superior to his misfortunes. He has kept up his spirits—full of fun, and always ready for a *mill.* In company, every person knows when SCROGGINS is present, from the mirth he creates; and the *anecdotes* he relates of his own life are interesting and laughable. He possesses more confidence in telling a story than many persons who have finished their educations at a University. SCROGGINS is well *read* in the movements of mankind, though he does not know the top of a page from the bottom. His BOOK is real life, and all his *knowledge* has been derived from observation. Take him altogether, SCROGGINS is a most extraordinary little fellow; and, in the Sporting World, it should be remembered, that he has afforded great amusement to the Prize Ring, and that the amateurs

have won considerable sums by his *pluck* and exertions. It ought, also, to have some weight, that he has fought FIFTEEN PRIZE BATTLES, and, after all, has an *empty pocket*, and contending against the *frowns* of defeat. The FANCY are too generous not to bear this in mind; and also, by their aid, to prevent the *Old Chopping Block* from being entirely *chipped* all to pieces. SCROGGINS defeated, in succession, *Boots*, *Dolly Smith*, *Nosworthy*, *Eales*, *Church*, *Whittaker*, and *Fisher*. From such repeated conquests SCROGGINS became the terror of the ring; indeed, the most numerous part of the *Fancy* thought him almost INVULNERABLE; and SCROGGINS had flattered himself into a similar error. It should, however, he remembered, that, throughout the whole of his pugilistic career, not the slightest *hint* has ever been levelled at his character respecting a ⋈. SCROGGINS always endeavoured to win; but the day he lost with *Turner* proved his complete ruin. However, the smiles of victory have once more crowned his exertions. SCROGGINS entered the lists with *Harry Holt* for a purse of 10 guineas, at half-past eleven o'clock at night. The above match was *knocked up* in less than five minutes' consideration, under the following circumstances:—A NONPAREIL, in the neighbourhood of Chancery Lane, attached to the sporting circles, gave a dinner, on Thursday, November 30, 1820, to several of the amateurs, admirers of scientific pugilism. Among the party who *looked* in, by invitation, to take a glass of wine, and to *talk* over *new* subjects for the ring, were *Spring*, *Purcell*, *Randall*, *Turner*, *Martin*, the *Birmingham Youth*, *Holt*, and SCROGGINS. A match was

proposed for the two latter heroes to meet in six weeks. "*Why, as to that there matter,*" says SCROGGINS, "*it is no match between me and Holt; I can lick him like a baby. I never was so ill with a cold in my life; but I will fight him any time you like, even now, bad as I am. Holt* returned SCROGGINS thanks for his candour; but he, in return, thought SCROGGINS would have no chance to win with him. But the best way would be to decide it instantly. "*I am ready,*" says SCROGGINS; "*but the winner shall have the whole of the purse.*" "*I am agreeable,*" replied *Holt.* The usual preparations were made for the contest, and *Turner* and *Martin* seconded SCROGGINS, and *Purcell* and *Sampson* were for *Holt. Spring* was the time-keeper. Five to four on SCROGGINS, on one side of the room; and five to four on *Holt*, among the other party.

First round.—The attitude of Holt was elegant, and he appeared also difficult to be got at. Scroggins was not long in commencing his favourite *rush*, and he bored in upon his opponent, till he absolutely ran down Holt in the corner, and fell upon him.

Second.—This round was all fighting; and the *wisty-castors* flew about till both went down, but Holt undermost.

Third.—The fine science of Holt here told; and he planted two nobbers with his left hand, without any return. Scroggins, however, went in upon the old tack, when, after some exchanges, Holt got him down.

Fourth.—After some exchanges of blows upon their nobs, the combatants closed, and Holt *weaved* his opponent in the Randall style. Scroggins got the throw, and Holt was undermost.

Fifth.—The left hand of Holt told severely, and Scroggins went away with the force of the hits.—Both down.

Sixth.—Scroggins rushed in upon Holt, and, in making a

hit, he missed his opponent and fell. He immediately got up, and said, "Gentlemen, I beg your pardon; I could not help it."

Seventh and Eighth.—Nothing else but fighting—giving and taking without flinching, till both went down. "Bravo," from the *Pinks*, "it's an excellent fight. Both are good men; and Jack's as good as his master." Scroggins seemed rather touched in the wind, and he gave a loud *hem*.

Ninth.—Holt, in this round, was every thing. He gave Scroggy three *facers* without any return, and also hit him down. "Scroggy, he'll spoil your beautiful mug, if you don't take care."

Tenth and Eleventh.—Two slashing rounds. In the last, Scroggy went down from a slip. Ten minutes had elapsed.

Twelfth.—Holt, after making a slight blow, slipped down. Six to four on Holt.

Thirteenth to Fifteenth.—The blows of Holt were not effective, so as to take the fight out of Scroggins. It was hard *milling* in all these rounds. Scroggins said to his seconds, "Don't water me so much; it's all right; I can't lose it."

Sixteenth.—Holt's left eye was rather damaged, and the *claret* had made its appearance on his mug. This was a tremendous round, and Scroggins threw Holt; but he behaved handsomely to his fallen opponent,—instead of falling upon him, as he might have done, he walked away. "Bravo; you are a good little fellow."

Seventeenth.—Scroggins's *nob* was a little changed, and he again received two *facers*. Scroggins also went down.

Eighteenth.—After an exchange of blows, Scroggins laughingly observed to Holt, "If you don't hit harder, my boy, you can never win it." Both down.—Twenty minutes.

Nineteenth.—Sharp fighting, but Scroggins went down. Here Randall took some brandy to Holt, and gave him advice. "How many seconds are there to be?" said an amateur. "If there are forty, it will make no odds," observed Scroggins.

Twentieth.—In this round, Scroggins received a severe hit on his throat; two facers were also added to it; but he would not be denied, and scrambled his way in, till they both went down.

Twenty-first.—Scroggins now began to wink, and he was as much distressed as an old, worn-out, broken-winded post *prad*; he, however, got Holt down.

Twenty-second and Twenty-third.—"Go along, Harry, it's all your own; he'll not come above two more rounds." The left hand of Holt did some execution, and Scroggins had now the worst of it.

Twenty-fourth.—This was a tremendous round. Scroggins went to work like a blacksmith hammering at a forge, and bored Holt into a corner. Hit for hit was exchanged, till they both went down; but Holt was undermost, and the back part of his head came in contact with the window-seat. "It's all up;" and Martin offered 15 to 10.

Twenty-fifth.—Holt was quite an altered man, and he seemed stupified from the effects of the fall. The whole of the falls throughout the fight were heavy indeed. When time was called, Holt came to the scratch with great difficulty. Scroggins down, and undermost.

Twenty-sixth.—The science of Holt was much admired; and, although terribly distressed, he put in two *facers*. Before he went down, "He's nothing else but a game man," from all the *Swells*.

Twenty-seventh.—Holt got better, and Scroggins, in going down, was undermost.

Twenty-eighth.—It was not yet safe to Scroggins. Both down.

Twenty-ninth.—This round was severely contested; but the heavy fall Holt received shook him all to pieces. 10 to 5 on Scroggins.

Thirtieth.—Holt was *game* to the last, and he exerted himself, and got Scroggins down.

Thirty-first.—Scroggins was very much exhausted, but the fight was not out of him, and he came up first to the scratch. Both down. 10 to 3.

Thirty-second.—It was evident Holt could not win, and he was sent down in an instant. 10 to 1.

Thirty-third and last.—Holt was sent down, and his second could scarcely get him on his knee. When time was called, the Birmingham Youth said he should not fight any more. Scroggins immediately came up to Holt, and said, "Harry, give us your hand; you are a good fellow, and here's a guinea for you!" Great applause from all the *Swells*, and "Jack, you shall lose nothing by your generosity and feeling."

For two men *out of condition*, nay, both unwell, particularly SCROGGINS, it was a much better fight than has frequently been seen when boxers have been in *training* for six weeks. SCROGGINS has still some *tremendous* points about him; and those pugilists who are under his weight must not meddle with him. It was a most gallant battle on both sides; but the blows of *Holt* were not hard enough to stop the *rush* of SCROGGINS. The accident *Holt* received in the 24th round, perhaps, lost him the fight; and he also complained of a sprained thumb before he commenced the battle. In a ring, some of the amateurs think *Holt* might have a better *chance*. The smiles of victory, which have not been familiar to SCROGGINS in his last *six* battles, now seemed to give him new life. He was, however, in the most exhausted state. It was an *out-and-out* concern altogether; and the patrons of the science, manliness, and true game, lost a treat.

Both of the above heroes having been losers in several battles, the event of *victory* was looked to with an uncommon deal of anxiety, by the partizans of *Holt* and SCROGGINS. Indeed, all the amateurs present wished, if it had been possible, that both of them could have proved victorious: so high do they stand in the estimation of the *Fancy*.

HENRY JOSIAH HOLT,

THE "INTERESTING" PUGILIST.

HOLT was born at Islington, in May, 1792. HARRY, it seems, was placed out very early in life to an eminent

surveyor; but, in consequence of his master's failure, he was turned over for the remainder of his apprenticeship to a builder in St. Martin's Lane. It was in this situation that young *Chip* first began to *cut* away among his brethren of the *chisel;* indeed, he made so good a *hand* of it, that HARRY was ultimately considered the best *bit of stuff* about his master's premises. Several of the above men, who had tried to take the *conceit* out of "*the boy*," as he was termed, not only got their NOBS *measured* for a suit of mourning, but their *frames* terribly bruised into the bargain; and he gave them a *practical* knowledge, or, more properly speaking, he introduced among his brother *chips* a new method of FLOORING!

The first regular combat in which HOLT exhibited himself, it appears, was with a bricklayer, in the Five Fields, Chelsea. The *hero of the trowel* was well known in that neighbourhood, from the numerous *quiltings* he had given to his opponents; and he flattered himself that he could dispose of HARRY without giving him a shadow of a chance. However, the *science* displayed by HOLT not only *astonished* the bricklayer, but the severity of his hitting gained the conquest for HARRY in good style.

His next fight was with a *Life Guardsman*. In this battle, the spectators were afraid that HOLT would be *smashed* all to pieces, from the disparity of size; but the good fighting of HARRY soon enabled him to bring the *Man of Powder* to his own weight, when smiling victory again crowned his pugilistic efforts.

In Dover Street, Blackfriars Road, HOLT raised his fame among the boxing blades, from the severe *milling*

he gave a *chap*, in twenty minutes, who was a "word and a blow" man, and a kind of terror to all the *lads of the Fancy* in that quarter of the world.

One of the under *Screws* belonging to Horsemonger Lane, who was upon most "excellent terms" with himself respecting a knowledge of *milling*, and who had also threatened to *serve out* HOLT in a canter, was also terribly deceived in his calculation upon the subject, and compelled to acknowledge, in a very short time, that HARRY was by far the best man.

A jolly coal-heaver, at the foot of Blackfriars Bridge, who *talked* about throwing HOLT into the Thames, had the laugh so completely turned against him, in the course of a quarter of an hour, and his *nob* was so suddenly changed, from the *lots of pepper* he had received, that his companions could scarcely recognize the *Black Diamond*, on his return to the wharf.

The skirmishes of HOLT, between the age of 16 to manhood, are too numerous to insert.

In the Prize Ring, HOLT has not been so successful. In only one instance has victory crowned his efforts. (See his battle with *O'Donnel*, at Arlington Corner, vol. ii. p. 349.) In a most gallant and determined contest with *David Hudson*, he experienced defeat; and also with *Scroggins*, in a brave and hard-fought battle, he was compelled to surrender. In both of the above contests, the science and courage HOLT displayed astonished the spectators. With *David Hudson*, the amateurs insisted that HOLT should be taken out of the ring, as he would not say, "No." He is a remarkably well-behaved young man, a cheerful companion, and sings a good song.

JOSHUA HUDSON,

A TRUE ENGLISH BOXER.

'Longside of an enemy, boldly and brave,
He'll with broadside for broadside regale her;
Yet he'll sigh to the soul o'er that enemy's grave,—
So noble's the mind of a sailor.

Let cannons roar loud, burst their sides let the bombs,
Let the winds a dread hurricane rattle;
The rough and the pleasant he takes as it comes,
And laughs at the storm and the battle.

Though careless and headlong if danger should press,
And rank'd 'mongst the free list of rovers;
Yet he'll melt into tears at a tale of distress,
And prove the most constant of lovers.

THE above *handy* hero with his "*bunch of fives*," first fought his way into the world at Rotherhithe, on the 21st of April, 1797. He was a *gay* boy almost from his cradle; and has had as many *turn-ups* and street *wets-to*, by way of *practice*, as any of the fighting men on the list. In the neighbourhood of Rotherhithe, and down the road, were the principal scenes of action in which JOSH. obtained much *notoriety*. Yet, although fond of *milling* to the echo, and always ready to be *matched*, there is a great deal of the Englishman about his character for *humanity*. *Ferocity* does not belong to his composition: but in the fight he is *terrific*. HUDSON will not be denied; and he is a *glutton* of the first appetite. He has an open, nay, a

good-natured, countenance. He is fond of what the sailors term "*a shindy;*" and, indeed, the most prominent traits of a Jack Tar are to be witnessed about JOSHUA HUDSON. He does not want for information; and when the *grog* is not on board, he is truly inoffensive in his disposition. He is in weight from 11 stone 8 lbs. to 12 stone; in height about 5 feet 8 inches. JOSH., if not a first-rate scientific fighter, does not want for excellent skill. He is a hard hitter with both hands, but he uses the right to the most advantage. He is cool and steady when in battle. HUDSON is a pupil of *Tom Owen;* and, under his guidance, he has fought all his contests of note.

The first regular contest in which JOSH. displayed his *milling talent* for a prize, was with *Jack the Butcher*, at Dartford Brim, on October 22, 1816, for 10 guineas a-side. *Jack*, if he *liked* it, could fight well and hit hard; more especially, if he thought victory was within his grasp; but, if he lost the *lead*, his PLUCK evaporated, as it were, and he did not care how soon the battle was over. However, *Jack* thought he could take the *shine* out of his opponent in this contest, and fought tolerably well: but HUDSON was too gay and too *game* for his adversary; and, in 35 minutes, JOSH. was declared the conqueror. *Johnson* and *Tomkins* waited upon HUDSON.

Our hero now entered the lists with *Abraham Belasco*, the Jew, at Barge House, Woolwich. (See vol. ii. p. 450.) It was a most determined battle for one hour and thirty minutes. It, however, ended in a *wrangle;* both of the combatants claiming the money. *Clark* and *Warren* seconded JOSH.

HUDSON'S next battle was with *Street*, April 5, 1817—(See vol. ii. p. 477.) This latter boxer, by mistake, is there called *Connelly*. JOSH. won this fight in one hour and ten minutes. *Oliver* and *Clark* looked after HUDSON on this occasion.

The smiles of victory again crowned the efforts of JOSH. for a purse of 10 guineas, in his battle with *Charley Martin*, at Sawbridgeworth, on June 10, 1817, in half an hour. *Richmond* and *Holt* were his seconds. HUDSON, who, it appears, had a great aversion to be idle, was matched with one *Thompson*, for 10 guineas a-side, in less than six weeks after the above contest. JOSH. was seconded by *Sutton* and *Cockburn*. It was considered a good battle; but HUDSON won it in prime style, in the short space of 25 minutes.

The lively disposition of our hero has led him into too many *freaks*; and, owing to some row, he was bound over to keep the peace, in a heavy bond, for 12 months. His friends, to render this "*peace keeping*" more certain on the part of JOSH. prevailed on him to take a voyage to the East Indies. HUDSON embraced the idea with great pleasure, and he accordingly went on board the *Surat Castle*, Indiaman, for Bombay, in the capacity of the ship butcher. But having too great an allowance of *grog*, and not *relishing* the *chaffing* of the second mate, Mr. *Bishop*, JOSH., in an intemperate moment, made use of his *morleys* upon the *nob* of the mate; and our hero was, in consequence, put in irons for three weeks, and his legs stapled to the deck, as a punishment for his offence, and a sentinel ordered to do duty over him.

HUDSON, to keep his *hand* in, took a turn with one *M'Carthy,* between decks, at Gravesend. The latter could fight a "little bit," and backed himself for two months' advance. In the course of three rounds, poor *M'Carthy napt* it so severely, as to be glad to *sing* out for quarter.

During the time HUDSON was at Bombay, he had a "few words" with *Tom Bryant,* who was viewed as the terror of the crew, on board the *Surat.* In the cable tier, HUDSON and *Bryant* had a most determined fight; but, in the course of a quarter of an hour, the latter boxer was so severely *punished,* that he admitted JOSH. was the best man. *Bryant* and HUDSON were sworn friends ever afterwards.

Our hero had not long returned to Old England, when, it should seem, under the idea that he might lose the proper use of his *hands,* if he did not have plenty of practice, JOSH., without any consideration or hesitation on the subject, agreed to fight *Bowen,* a caulker, 6 feet 2 inches in height, and weighing 13 stone 6 lbs. on March 25, 1819. This man was denominated the Champion of Chatham. Indeed, it was a *horse* to a *hen;* HUDSON only weighing 10 stone 7 lbs. But, notwithstanding this great disparagement of size and weight, JOSH. fought like a *trump,* and contended for the victory for 35 minutes, till he had not a leg to stand upon. *Crawley* and *O'Donnel* were the seconds for HUDSON.

It will be seen, that JOSH. lost no time in endeavouring to recover from the chilling effects of his late defeat, and was matched, on Tuesday, April 27, 1819, against *Williams,* a waterman, for 10 guineas

a-side, near the sign of the Prince Regent, in Essex, opposite to Woolwich Warren. The day proving fine, upwards of 5000 persons were present; but the majority were *country folks*. HUDSON stood high with the amateurs as a *good one;* and he was the favourite 5 to 4. At thirteen minutes past one o'clock, HUDSON entered the ring, attended by his seconds, *Owen* and *Donnelly;* and *Williams* was also followed by *Oliver* and *Holt*. The first three rounds were in favour of the *Waterman*, and in closing both down. But, from the activity and superior hitting of HUDSON, a change was soon effected; and, towards the end of the battle, the *Waterman* had not a *chance*. He was, on quitting the ring, completely in the *dark;* punished terribly; and his chief merit consisted in his *gluttony;* in fact, he was a second *Purcell* for displaying *game*. There was too much *wood work* in his composition; however, HUDSON did not get off without *napping* heavily. It was, upon the whole, a very manly fight; and the amateurs seemed to think that HUDSON was entitled, from the *tactics* he displayed, to *look out* for a *customer* of higher rank on the list than those he had yet been opposed to.

In consequence of *Boone* not appearing to fight *Kendrick*, the Black, according to a previous agreement, to make the second fight at Moulsey Hurst, on Tuesday, August 24, 1819, after *Cy. Davis* and *Boshell* had left the ring, a purse of 25 guineas was made up on the ground, and *Scroggins* and JOSH. HUDSON agreed to fight for the same. *Harmer* and *Shelton* were for the former, and *Owen* and *Sutton* for HUDSON. *Scroggins* rather hesitated, on account of his

bad condition, asserting he had been up all night, his time also been amorously employed, and full of *lush*; but said, win or lose, he would have a *shy* for it. Eleven rounds were contested, occupying about 18 minutes; but a short description will prove quite sufficient. *Scroggins* rushed headlong at his opponent, his eyes appearing shut, frequently running by him, scrambling to make a hit, and fell off his balance; while, on the contrary, HUDSON was cool and collected, and *nobbed* this once *great little hero*, with *punishing* and *stupifying* effect. In the first round it was 2 to 1 on HUDSON; in the sixth it was 15 to 5; and *Tom Owen* observed to his man, "It's all your own; you do not want any second. A few more hits, my boy, and you shall have the *pence*." It was a complete bull-dog fight, and *Scroggins* was *reeling* from the *nobbing* he had received. In the eleventh and last round, he was hit after he had fallen on his knees. "Foul, foul!" "Fair, fair!" Time was called, but *Scroggins* said, he had been hit unfair. The umpire was appealed to, who decided the circumstance as fair. *Scroggins* was then asked if he would fight any more? He said, "No! if they called such *usage* as he had received FAIR." The purse was then declared to be the property of HUDSON. *Scroggins*, in the first three or four rounds of the fight, was as full of *antics* as if he had been performing the part of a clown in a pantomime. HUDSON was rather *distressed* in the ninth round, owing to the furious attacks of his opponent.

In consequence of a quarrel between JOSH. HUDSON and *Sampson*, the *Birmingham Youth*, who had been previously great friends, but, at this period, im-

placable enemies, they met together at Wallingham Common, Surrey, on Tuesday, October 26, 1819; and, after *Turner* and *Martin* had left the ring, they entered it for 10 guineas a-side, and also a purse of 10 guineas, given by the P. C. *Tom Owen* and *Purcell* waited upon HUDSON; and *Shelton* and *Harmer* seconded the *Birmingham Youth*. Betting 2 and 3 to 1 on HUDSON. On stripping, *Owen* said to JOSH. "Now, my boy, recollect *Multum in Parvo!*" "Is that a *new* hit?" said HUDSON. "No, no," exclaimed *Owen;* "it is what the *larned* call doing a *great deal of work* in a little time." "Oh, I am awake," cried JOSH., "and here goes." If ever the *out-and-out* courage of an English bull-dog was witnessed, the *game* displayed by HUDSON in some of the rounds was equal to it. In fact, his *bottom* astonished all present. And it is only common justice to assert, that *Sampson* was also a brave rival in this respect.

First round.—The combatants had scarcely shaken hands together, when they appeared determined not to *spare* each other. The Birmingham Youth let fly, and put in a tremendous *teazer* on the mouth of his opponent. Some terrible exchanges occurred, when Hudson was *nobbed* staggering away; but he returned to the attack like a lion, till he was hit down. Tumultuous applause for Sampson; and the cry was, "This *chap* is an active one indeed."

Second.—Sampson *nobbed* his opponent away from him, by three successive terrific hits, and Josh. was nearly *floored;* but still the latter came up as fresh as a four-year old, and the hitting on both sides was terrific; till Hudson and Sampson went down covered with *claret*.

Twenty-five rounds occurred, occupying 40 minutes, all of which were distinguished for tremendous fighting. HUDSON received three or four *flooring* hits.

In one instance, HUDSON, in the struggle, fell with his knee on the private parts of *Sampson*, when the latter observed, "*Is that the way you mean to win it*, JOSH.?" "I could not help it—it was an accident," replied HUDSON. "Well, I believe it was," said *Sampson*. This small trait of characteristic feeling towards each other, although during the rage of battle, is a fine proof of the generosity of Englishmen. Such a good fight was not often witnessed, and victory was declared in favour of HUDSON. It was a *nice* thing, and also dearly bought, as HUDSON fainted on his second's knee, almost the instant after he was proclaimed the conqueror.

HUDSON, from the *game* and milling talents he had displayed, was matched against *Martin* for 50 guineas a-side, which took place at Colnbrook, on Tuesday, December 14, 1819, when, in the second round, HUDSON'S shoulder was dislocated, and, of course, he lost the battle. (See page 247.)

In the course of the next evening after the above battle, HUDSON, in company with a friend, called at the house of *Little Puss*, near the Royalty Theatre, to take a glass of liquor. One *Guyly*, a costermonger, weighing about 14 stone, took up some money, which was upon the tap-room table, belonging to HUDSON, and refused to give it back again. The courage of JOSH. made him forget the defenceless state of his shoulder for the instant, and he let fly so tremendously upon the *nob* of *Guyly*, that the saucy costermonger soon returned the money to JOSH. It was owing to this circumstance, that a report got into circulation

respecting HUDSON'S shoulder never having been "*hit out*" by *Martin*.

An *off-hand* match was made for HUDSON against *Rasher*, a determined Welshman, a butcher belonging to Whitechapel market. The latter boxer had the weight of JOSH.; but, nevertheless, he fought *Rasher* ten guineas to eight. This contest took place at Plaistow, in Essex, on Tuesday, January 11, 1820. HUDSON was seconded by *Owen* and his brother *David;* and *Rasher* by *Mendoza* and *Cy. Davis.* It occupied 29 minutes and a half, and 15 rounds. After the first round, which was tremendously contested, HUDSON had it all his own way. The science displayed by the latter boxer was much admired; and he made feints with his left hand, to get the right well into play. *Rasher* was covered with *claret:* his *gameness* astonished every person present; but he was too *slow* in his movements. He was *floored* quite senseless in the last round; but, on coming to himself, *Rasher* wanted again to renew the fight.

HUDSON, still continuing to rise in the estimation of his friends, was backed, without any fear or hesitation, against *Benniworth*, the Essex Foulness Island Champion, the terror of the country for several miles round, for 50 guineas a-side. *Benniworth* is about 6 feet in height, weighing 14 stone; but, nevertheless, HUDSON was the favourite. This contest took place on Tuesday, April 4, 1820, on a Common, near Billericay, in Essex. HUDSON was seconded by *Owen* and *Purcell;* and *Benniworth* was attended by his brother and another *Yokel.*

First round.—About a minute elapsed in sparring; Benni-

worth making numerous awkward feints, and dancing about like a Merry Andrew; sometimes standing wish his right leg first, then changing it to his left. He, however, made three hits, but they proved short. At length, Benniworth hit a slight blow with his right hand on Hudson's body. Josh. now seeing what sort of a customer he had before him, made play, and let fly right and left, in the middle of Benniworth's *nob*, both of which told, and the claret flowed copiously. Benniworth's left eye was much damaged. He rushed in to his opponent, when, in getting away, Hudson's heel hung in the grass, and Benniworth made a slight half-round hit on the neck with his left hand. *Great rejoicings from the Yokels.*

Second.—Hudson, with much dexterity, in a sort of half-arm rally, placed three straight hits on Benniworth's *nob*. Josh. also drew backwards, and avoided all Benniworth's half-round blows. Hudson now made himself well up, and planted a most tremendous right-handed blow on the nose of his opponent, that *floored* him like a shot. Any odds, but no takers; and the *Johnny Raws* all turned *blue*.

Any more description is useless. HUDSON had it now all his own way. He laughed at *Benniworth*, and *nobbed* him at pleasure. The Essex Champion had now lost his temper, rushed in, and followed HUDSON all over the ring, with his head leaning forward, and both his hands sprawling open. HUDSON all the time kept retreating, and jobbing his adversary on the head with his left hand. *Benniworth* was a complete receiver-general; but, nevertheless, he succeeded in driving HUDSON to the ropes. But here he had the worst of it, a guinea to a shilling. JOSH. *nobbed* him terribly away; and, also, in following *Benniworth*, JOSH. *floored* him with a terrific right-handed hit on his nose. The chancery suit was now complete; and *Benniworth*, when "TIME" was called, was in such a state of stupor, that he could not leave the knee of his second; when HUDSON was declared the conqueror.

Thus was this mighty Essex Champion disposed of in the short space of *seven minutes*. But, as a scientific pugilist, *Benniworth* does not appear to possess a single point. He has no idea of fighting. From the moment he entered the ring, HUDSON kept laughing at him; and beat him without a *scratch* upon his face. It most certainly was a very laughable, but not an interesting, contest; and it was a matter of great astonishment how *such* a boxer could have obtained so terrific a character, for miles round his native place.

Upon the Essex Champion coming to himself, he exclaimed, with great surprise, "*Be I licked?*" "*You are indeed,*" replied JOSH. laughing; "*but you may have a round or two for* FUN, *if you like it so best, Benny.*" "NOA, NOA," said the Champion, "AS I HAVE LOST THE STAKES, THERE BE NO FUN IN THAT LIKE." *Benniworth*, it seems, had made so sure of conquest, that he invited his mother and sister to be present. The *Yokels* had also *booked* it, and provided themselves with *blue ribbons* to decorate their hats the instant victory had been declared in *Benniworth's* favour.

JOSH. was all of a sudden called into action with *Spring*, at Moulsey Hurst, on Tuesday, June 27, 1820, for a purse of £20; and, notwithstanding the disparity of size and weight between the combatants, HUDSON showed himself a good man, and a boxer of talent. (See page 341.)

HUDSON, during the time he was at Norwich, had a battle with *Abraham Belasco*, in the long room, at Gurney's Bowling Green. In this contest, which

might be termed for honour, JOSH.'s shoulder went *in* and *out* three times. (See page 155.)

Moulsey Hurst, on Tuesday, Dec. 5, 1820, was again the favourite "bit of turf" for a genteel *mill* between a *Swell* of the name of *Williams* and JOSH. HUDSON. *Williams* was perfectly unknown to the mass of amateurs; but those persons who knew him, or *pretended* to be acquainted with his prime fighting qualities, *chaffed* all the *ould* ring goers out of conceit of their own judgment, and *Williams* was the favourite, 6 and 5 to 4. This sort of "*whisper*" importance was also kept up at friendly *Bob Lawrence's*, the Red Lion, at Hampton, where the *Fancy* all meet to take a "*bit of a snack*" before they cross the water; shake the *morleys* of *ould Pals;* toss off a *drain* to *get the best* of rude Boreas; pick up with a *Catolla*, as to a 7 to 4 or 2 to 1 bet; and also to make their *Books* complete. *Richmond*, who is as *downy* as a hammer, spoke of the *Swell* in raptures as to his superior *science* with the *gloves*. *Bill Eales*, who had stood before *Williams* many times, nay, and had given him instructions several years back, pronounced him "a downright *slaughterer!*" The *Master of the Rolls* was quite infatuated with this *Pink of the Gloves*. *Martin* had tried him again and again; and not having found *Williams* "wanting," it seems, was £50 the worse for his opinion. *Tom Shelton* was also led away by the stream; and *Spring* was mistaken upon the same *suit*. *Oliver*, too, was out of his *know*. *Cocker* had had nothing to do with the fight in question; indeed, who could make any *calculation* about an unknown man? *Randall* and *Belcher* were, somehow or other,

likewise *persuaded* into the good *milling* qualities of their hero; in short, there was a sort of *fashion* attached to the betting. The *Swell* was supported and brought forward by the *Swells*. *Judgment* was shoved, as it were, into the back ground; or else a *novice* in the ring would never have been backed, at high odds, against a well-known high-couraged man—one who had often been put to the test—and also a boxer of some talent. But then the *shoulder* of *Hudson* was *ricketty*, and no dependence could be placed upon it. This is the only hole to creep out of for the bad judgment that has been displayed. However, it must be admitted, the *excuse* is not without some weight. Things went on in this manner till about a few minutes before one o'clock, when *Williams* appeared, and threw his hat into the ring, followed by *Belcher* and *Randall*, as his seconds. The *look* of *Williams* was *swellish* in the extreme, and he was *togged* out accordingly. He bowed in the most graceful manner; and there was a superior air about him altogether. He paced the ring up and down for about eight minutes; when JOSH. HUDSON, with his white topper on, a prime fancy upper benjamin, and a blue bird's eye *fogle* round his *squeeze*, came brushing along, and threw his *castor* into the ring. He immediately went up to *Williams*, and shook hands with him in the true open-hearted English style. To have witnessed this manly act—this characteristic trait of Britons—in point of operating upon the feelings of individuals, is worth more, as to its importance upon society in general, than the perusal of a thousand *canting* essays, tending to *fritter* down the *courage* of

Englishmen. Three words decides the point,—WATERLOO *to wit.* *Williams* observed to HUDSON, "that he hoped there was no animosity between them." "Not in the least," said he; "we are going to fight for a prize, and to see which is the best man." *Tom Owen* and *Ned Turner* were the seconds for JOSH. HUDSON. The latter tied his colours (yellow) to the stakes; and *Randall* covered them with the blue of *Williams*. *Owen*, who had never seen the *Swell* till he entered the ring with "his boy" JOSH., observed to the latter, "Why, my *chaff-cutter*, if you don't go and *lick* this remnant of a Bond Street blade in a *jeffy*, the *white topper* shall never more be placed on your *nob*. It is the Tower to a cobbler's stall in your favour. My dear boy, the *East* against the *West End* for *milling*."

First round.—On stripping, Williams displayed a fine muscular frame, and also good legs; but his face was very pale. His countenance bespoke that of a man between forty and fifty years of age. Josh. was in high trim, and he seemed confident of winning. Some time elapsed after the combatants had placed themselves in attitudes, when Williams let fly; but Hudson got away. Counter hits occurred, when Josh.'s right eye showed blood, and the nose of the *Swell* looked a little red. Williams made a right-handed hit, which Hudson stopped prettily, and then went to work, and the exchanges were sharp and hard; but the *wisty-castors* of Josh. were so tremendous, that he spoilt the gentility of the *Swell*, and *milled* him down. Great applause from the plebeians; and Tom Owen smilingly said to Josh., "I told you so, my boy. Why, that's the way to clear Regent Street of all the *Swells*, in a brace of shakes."—7 to 4.

Second.—Josh.'s eye was bleeding when he came up to the scratch. The *Swell* was rather puzzled; but he touched Hudson's other *peeper* so severely, that his *nob* was *chanceried* for an instant. Hudson made a plunge with his right hand upon his opponent's face, that produced the *claret*; followed

him up to the ropes, and punished him down. 3 to 1, and "It's poundable," was the cry. Here the Welchman told Josh. he had "done the trick, and *lots of Daffy* were in store for him."

Third.—The hitherto genteel appearance of the Swell had left him, and his *mug*, it was chaffed, had paid a visit to *Pepper Alley*. Williams showed game, but he had no chance to win. He, however, made some sharp hits; but the *pepper-box* was again administered, and Williams went down quite distressed.—10 to 1.

Fourth.—This round was the *quietus* as to the side of winning, and the *Swell* was hit out of the ring. It was *Cayenne* at every hit. Williams was completely *smashed*, and his seconds dragged him up all but gone!

Fifth.—The *claret* was running down in torrents, and Williams was brought up to the scratch in a most distressed state. He, however, showed fight, and with his right hand put in a tremendous body blow; but it was his last effort. Josh. now went in right and left, and punished the Swell so terribly, that he staggered and fell against the ropes; but on recovering himself a little, Tom Owen said to Josh., "Don't give a chance away; a *finisher* is only wanting." The *finisher* was applied, and Williams was down and all abroad. The *Swells* looked *blue;* and Josh. received thunders of applause. "Take him away!" was the general cry. Josh., in this round, did not like to hit the *Swell* when he had "*got him*" at the ropes; something after the manner of the heart of a British sailor, so finely described by the late Charles Dibdin—

"In me let the foe feel the paw of a lion;
But the battle once ended, the heart of a lamb!"

It perhaps may not be generally known to the amateurs, that Hudson has been a seaman.

Sixth.—Williams came to the scratch in the most piteous state, and he was *floored sans ceremonie*. When time was called, he could not leave his second's knee.

One pill is a dose; and the *Swell* ought not to fight any more. In the short space of nine minutes he was hit all to pieces; and after remaining a short time in a state of stupor, on coming to his recollection, he

asked "if he was licked." The flash side have been completely *floored*, in consequence of their calculating upon JOSH.'s shoulder giving way. The latter fought in fine style, and scarcely used his defective shoulder. The *Swell* also showed great steadiness in the first round, which occupied upwards of three minutes; but afterwards he had no chance, and found out the great difference between *sparring* and fighting. Instead of his losing so much time in *sparring* in the first round, and rendering himself *weak*, he ought to have *gone to work*. A different account might then have been given of the battle. He can hit hard; and most certainly does not want for a good knowledge of the science. But he is too *old* to *take;* his MIND may be *game* enough to endure *punishment*, but his *frame* cannot stand it. At all events, he should have commenced pugilism (if he wished to obtain a high place in the prize ring) some 17 or 18 years ago. Drummers and boxers, to acquire excellence, must begin young. There is a peculiar *nimbleness* of the *wrist* and exercise of the shoulder required, that is only obtained from growth and practice. Lindley, the celebrated violoncello performer, never rehearses less than six hours, sometimes eight, each day, to realize this perfection in the movement of the arm. Youth and strength, however, are ingredients in a pugilist that are great points towards victory. The backers of *Williams*, *i. e.* those amateurs who made the match for him, have no right to complain of his conduct. There was nothing of the *cur* about him; on the contrary, he fought like a *game* man: he never said—NO. He tried to win the battle till he lost sight of his opponent and friends. Indeed,

he ought not to have been brought to the *scratch* in the last round. Williams might have exclaimed—

> "I dare do all that may become a man;
> Who dares do more, is none."

MORE WONDERS.—*A fight for Love between two distinguished heroes of the Prize Ring; perhaps, it might be more correct to say, "for honour."*—JOSH. HUDSON, who so recently disposed of the *Swell* in such a *swellish* manner (see the preceding pages), and who, in consequence, had been making "*too free*" for a few days, when almost as *groggy* as a sailor three sheets in the wind, being in company with *Turner*, *Shelton*, *Randall*, *Martin*, and *Purcell*, at the house of a *Swell*, near Lincoln's-Inn Fields, on Thursday evening, December 14, 1820, JOSH. *talked* of thrashing the *Welshman*, *Shelton*, &c. at which they only smiled in the most perfect good humour. JOSH., however, would not be denied; fight he would, observing, at the same time, that he could *beat* both the *Nonpareils*. *Turner* declared, over and over again, he had much rather not fight; but *Ned* was compelled to take a turn. The action immediately commenced. The *science* of *Turner* was fine and effective; and, in two instances, where he might have *punished* JOSH. in a severe manner, he *tapped* him on the shoulder, and said, "*Josh. I will not hit you.*" There was no *closing*. JOSH. went down heavily several times; and he was also *punished* sharply about the mouth. The *game* of JOSH. was excellent; but he had no *chance;* and *Turner* had not a scratch. After fighting about a quarter of an hour, it was observed to the combatants, "they

were not fighting for a prize, and it was better to *tie it* up." JOSH. was taken away, and shed *tears* on being defeated. He, however, talked about fighting another day. It was the *Daffy* in JOSH. that *kicked* up all the row. It was not HUDSON that fought: and *Tom Owen* was seen to pull out his *wipe*, and apply it to his *ogles*, on witnessing this *foolish* row between his two boys—two *game* cocks of his own rearing.

Notwithstanding the above ridiculous combat, JOSH. HUDSON stands well in the opinion of the *Fancy*. He is always ready to take the field; he makes no objection when any match is proposed to him, although his *shoulder* might be considered as a great drawback to his confidence: and his courage is of such high quality, that he looks forward to victory in all his contests with the utmost certainty. Such a pugilist, therefore, as HUDSON, is not likely to remain idle. He is so anxious upon all occasions to exhibit his prowess in the Prize Ring, that he will not refuse a challenge, however much above his weight.

PHILIP SAMPSON;

DENOMINATED THE BIRMINGHAM YOUTH.

THE above hero of the fist was born on the 27th of September, 1800, at a place called Snaith, in Yorkshire; but, when he was only two months old, his parents left Snaith for Birmingham, and carried little SAMPSON along with them. It is singular, yet true, that SAMPSON was originally intended for a *parson*; but, it seems, he preferred *thumping* NOBS to the *cushion*; and also flattered himself that he should ob-

tain more notoriety from his *exhibitions* in the *Prize Ring*, than in displaying his *talents* in the *Pulpit*. SAMPSON, it must be admitted, is a good *milling* name; and he commenced boxing when he was only fourteen years of age, in having a sharp battle with *Pug*, in Worcester Street, Birmingham, which continued for three quarters of an hour. In consequence of victory having been declared in favour of SAMPSON, he became quite attached to pugilism.

When SAMPSON was about seventeen years of age, he fought a most severe battle, in Shoulder of Mutton Field, Birmingham, with a *chap*, denominated *milling Camp*, a maltster. In 25 minutes, conquest again crowned his efforts.

On the Monday following, in the same field, SAMPSON also entered the lists with *Thay Harrison*, who was looked up to as a good man; but, in the course of 35 minutes, SAMPSON won it.

As SAMPSON advanced in growth, he was matched against a man of the name of *Graves*, for five guineas a-side, at Hales Owen. The latter boxer was a strong man, and weighed twelve stone and a half. This was a terrible battle; and, after contending *one hour and thirty-six minutes*, against superior strength and weight, SAMPSON was so exhausted, that he could not come to the *scratch* when time was called.

When *Gregson* was on one of his sparring tours, he took a benefit at Birmingham; and it was at that exhibition of the art of Self-Defence, that SAMPSON so distinguished himself with the gloves, as to attract the attention of *Bob*. Three strong *Johnny Raws* were completely *milled* in succession, by SAMP-

SON; when *Gregson* observed to him, "I think thee hadst better come and try thy fortune in London, lad, amongst some of the light weights." SAMPSON, at that time, had considerable scruples in his mind about fighting for a prize, although he was very fond of boxing; and declined the offer of *Gregson*. But, on his trade (a button maker) becoming bad, and being in want of employ, he was determined to come to London to see his friend *Bob*. He found a hearty welcome from the latter, at the Mare and Magpie, St. Catherine's; but, before *Gregson* could bring his *protégé* into the ring, he left London for Dublin. SAMPSON was now quite adrift; but owing to the good services of Mr. *Baxter* (brother to *Ned Turner*), he found a friend, which enabled him to take a turn among the *milling* heroes of the Metropolis.

SAMPSON is in height about 5 feet 10 inches, and in weight 11 stone 8 lbs.; but he bids fair to become, in the course of a year or two from the present period (Jan. 1821), a 13 stone man. He does not want for information. SAMPSON is a very active, lively fighter, and does not want for confidence.

SAMPSON'S first appearance in the London Prize Ring might be termed little more than a mere *turn-up*. Our hero had been witnessing the battle, at Moulsey Hurst, on Tuesday, August 24, 1819, between *Cy. Davis* and *Boshell*, and also *Scroggins* and *Josh. Hudson;* and had crossed the water, and was on the point of returned to town, when he was brought into action, rather unexpectedly, owing to the following circumstance. Among the conversation which took place during the dinner time of several of the ama-

tours, at *Lawrence's*, the Red Lion, Hampton, it was mentioned, that a youth from Birmingham, a light weight, had been on the Hurst to offer himself as a *customer*, but none of the boxers having *fancied* him, he had felt very much disappointed; therefore, by way of a *desert*, the amateurs, on learning that *Dolly Smith* was ready to enter the ring with SAMPSON, immediately made up a purse of £10; but previously informed the combatants, that if any thing like *mixing it up* occurred, and it was not a fair fight—each doing his best to *win*—neither of them should have one single farthing. Moulsey Hurst was again resorted to by nearly fifty gentlemen, being the whole of the company that had not left Hampton for London. Indeed, it was quite a select thing. About six o'clock, *Smith* stripped, and was seconded by *Rolfe* and *Hopping Ned;* and SAMPSON was handled by *Josh. Hudson* and *Baxter*. After a sharp fight of about 15 minutes, *Dolly* was defeated, and most terribly *punished* all over the *nob*. The activity and slashing blows of SAMPSON attracted the attention of the amateurs. With his right hand he hit tremendously. *Smith* behaved extremely *game* and well, but he had no *chance* with SAMPSON. The former was not half quick enough for his opponent. SAMPSON, however, gained one great object by this conquest;—it brought him into notice with the supporters of the Prize Ring.

On Tuesday, October 26, 1819, at Wallingham Common, SAMPSON was again matched on the spur of the moment, after *Turner* and *Martin* had left the ring, with *Josh. Hudson*, for 10 guineas a-side, and a purse of 10 guineas from the P. C. This proved a

most tremendous fight; it was a very near thing; but SAMPSON was defeated. He, however, raised himself in the estimation of the Sporting World, from the true courage he displayed.

SAMPSON, after some little time had elapsed, was matched against *Abraham Belasco*, the *scientific* Jew, for 50 guineas a-side. The battle took place at Potter's Street, in Essex, 21 miles from London, on Tuesday, February 22, 1820. The badness of the day did not deter the *Fancy* from quitting the Metropolis at an early hour; and the combatants entered the ring, which was well covered with saw-dust, owing to the wetness of the ground, at one o'clock. *Belasco* appeared a few minutes before his opponent, attended by *Oliver* and *Josh. Hudson;* and the BIRMINGHAM YOUTH was waited upon by *Painter* and *Shelton*. *Belasco* was decidedly the favourite, 6 to 4.

First round.—Sparring; Belasco let fly, and was stopped. Sampson put in a sharp hit under the Jew's arm. Both went in. Exchanges. In struggling, Belasco went down. Hissing; and "Go along, my little youth."

Second.—Counter hits; pause; the Birmingham Youth rushed in, and got to the ropes. *Singular,* in the struggle to *fib* the Jew, he left off. 2 to 1 on Belasco.

Third.—The Birmingham Youth drew the first blood; and, in a struggle, the Jew went down from a sort of slip. Great shouting in favour of the Birmingham Youth.

Fourth.—Belasco stopped and hit well: a good rally; Sampson received a body blow heavy, and went down.

Fifth.—The Jew went to work, and bled his opponent, and sent him down on his rump, rather weak. The Jew also went down.

Sixth.—Sparring, and the Birmingham Youth *piping*. The Jew put in two good hits. Sampson returned, till he was got to the ropes, where he *napt*, and, in the struggle, went down; Belasco uppermost.

Seventh.—Belasco went down, and the Youth stood looking at him. *Hissing.*

Eighth.—This was a well-fought round, and Belasco hit Sampson away; but the latter, in *game* style, returned to the charge, and fought like a hero, till both went down—the Jew uppermost.

Ninth.—Sampson commenced this round in the most gallant style; but Belasco changed it by good fighting, and had Sampson down at the ropes.

Tenth.—After a few exchanges at the ropes, but a good round altogether, Sampson went down. "Well done, Belasco."

Eleventh.—After a hit or two, the Jew got Sampson at the ropes, and was *fibbing* him in good style, till he got down on one knee. The strength and skill of Belasco enabled him to hold up his opponent, and *weave* on, till he got Sampson down on both his knees.

In the last two rounds, SAMPSON was getting weak, and, to escape from severe *fibbing* in the eleventh, he fell down upon one knee, and *Belasco* kept holding him up, and *punishing* till he was down on both his knees. "Foul" and "Fair" were instantly cried out; when *Painter* and *Shelton* took SAMPSON out of the ring, put him into a post-chaise, and drove off, without appealing to the umpires upon the subject. This was certainly wrong; and it is owing to this circumstance that all the disputes have been created. No man should be taken out of the ring, till the umpires have decided upon the propriety of such a step. Both sides of the question may *quarrel* on the subject, but it is *only* the umpires that can set it right.

The superior *science* of the Jew prevented the hitherto *slashing hitting* of SAMPSON, which was so heavily experienced by *Josh. Hudson*, when in combat with the former boxer. *Belasco* stopped many blows

in good style, and gave the exertions of SAMPSON the appearance of being slow. It was by no means a decisive smashing fight, even while it continued; that is to say, such as "the *Ould Funciers*" are fond of witnessing; although 2 to 1 was betted, and even a point further, on the round previous to SAMPSON's being taken out of the ring, on *Belasco*. It was generally asserted, that the BIRMINGHAM YOUTH was the best man in point of *goodness;* but as to a knowledge of *milling*, *Belasco* had the advantage.

The above fight occasioned some difference of opinion, and even some *quarrelling* upon the subject, among the amateurs, respecting the decision of the umpires; and, in consequence, the matter in dispute was finally argued and determined before Mr. *Jackson*, in the presence of several persons of consequence in the *Fancy*. The *judgment* given was simply as follows:—*That as no objection had been made to the umpires on their being appointed to their situations; and, also, both of them uniting in one opinion, that Belasco's conduct was fair; likewise no interference of a referee having been called for, their decision must be considered* FINAL." This decided the paying of bets upon it; and, as the battle-money was given up to the Jew, it was insisted upon, in a sporting phrase, that no one could get away from their previous engagements. All bets were accordingly paid.

SECOND FIGHT BETWEEN BELASCO AND SAMPSON.—These lads were not very well pleased with each other, respecting the termination of the fight on the preceding day, and accidentally met at the house of a *Swell*, in Bond Street, where some friends were des-

canting upon the subject, when both of the heroes were asked if they would take a turn for a bellyfull; and, before an answer was given, they *peeled* and set-to. After fighting a few minutes, during which nothing was the matter, the friends of the Jew took him away, saying, "it was no fun to fight for nothing."

THIRD FIGHT BETWEEN BELASCO AND SAMPSON.—At *Richmond's* benefit, at the Royal Tennis Court, Windmill Street, Haymarket, on Tuesday, February 29, 1820, on the announcement of *Belasco* and the BIRMINGHAM YOUTH, curiosity was on the stretch to witness their exertions. It was a regular fight for nine rounds, and SAMPSON appeared so determined to get the better of the *Jew*, that he disdained allowing any time between the rounds, till he not only exhausted himself, but *distressed* his opponent to a *stand still*. The *Jew* seemed now satisfied, and, while in the act of bowing to the audience, and pulling off the gloves, SAMPSON said he should not leave off, and hit *Belasco* on the side of his head. The latter immediately returned the compliment, but had the worst of the round, and was thrown. In one instance SAMPSON was so angry, when *Belasco* offered him half of an orange to suck, during the interval of a round, that, although the YOUTH was terribly distressed, he refused to accept it. It was deemed necessary to part them; and *Cribb* took SAMPSON away. "*Well done*, SAMPSON," and "*Bravo*, *Belasco*," went all round the Court; and we do not remember to have seen so much diversity of opinion for a long time, as to *which had the best of it*; both sides claiming it.

SAMPSON, in consequence of a purse of £50 given

by the Pugilistic Club at Norwich, fought with *Martin*, at North Walsham, 16 miles from Norwich, on Monday, July 17, 1820. SAMPSON did not appear strong enough for his opponent, neither was his *condition* good. It is but common justice to state, that SAMPSON fought like a courageous man, although he experienced defeat. (See page 254.)

SAMPSON, at length, got a *turn* of *luck*, which not only placed a few pounds in his pocket, but also tended to raise his *milling* qualities in the estimation of the *Fancy*. *Di* (the *table lifter*), who can take from the ground a mahogany table, on which 14 persons may dine, with his teeth, and shake it with his mouth like a roll; also twist a pair of tongs round a man's neck, by way of a neckcloth, in a twinkling; and likewise break a large kitchen poker across his arm, with the utmost *sang froid;*—on Monday evening, December 4, 1820, in the neighbourhood of Gray's Inn, after taking a glass or two of cordial, *fancied* he could *serve out* the BIRMINGHAM YOUTH in quick time, and a purse of £5 was instantly collected by the *Swells* present to make it more *sweet*. It turned out a prime job for SAMPSON, who, in the course of eight minutes, occupying six rounds, put the *quilt* so completely on *Di*, that he could not come to the *scratch*. SAMPSON made quite a *picture* of him; indeed, it was an old friend in the *Fancy* with a *new face*. *Di* showed good *game;* but his friends advised him, at the conclusion of the fifth round, when *time* was called, to *give in*, as he had not a shadow of a *chance*. SAMPSON, however, very liberally, told *Di* to take his own time. After one minute and a half had elapsed, *Di*

again showed fight, when SAMPSON gave him such a receipt in full of all demands, that poor *Di* was in a *trance* for a few seconds, and quite forgot all about the tables and pokers. SAMPSON had not a *scratch;* and made *Di* a present of *ten bob* to get something to wash his *mug*. *Di* was seconded by *Richmond* and *Cy. Davis;* and SAMPSON by two swell amateurs.

FOURTH FIGHT BETWEEN SAMPSON AND BELASCO.—No two pugilists, it would seem, ever entertained so much hostility against each other as SAMPSON and *Belasco*. The latter hero, at *Tom Oliver's* benefit, at the Tennis Court, on Thursday, December 21, 1820, mounted the stage, and informed the audience, that he understood the BIRMINGHAM YOUTH had been round to several public-houses threatening to lick him. He would, however, fight SAMPSON for £100 or £50 a-side, whenever the YOUTH thought proper. And he was ready to spar with him immediately.—*(Great applause.)*

SAMPSON instantly mounted the stage, and addressed the spectators in the following words:—"Gentlemen,—I am quite ready to fight *Belasco*, if he can bring forward any gentleman, that is a gentleman, to hold the money. I am particularly anxious about this matter; as a great dispute occurred about our last fight. And I am also ready to set-to with him directly." "Bravo; hats off!" and thunders of approbation.

First round.—Both cautious, and eyeing each other; when Sampson plunged in, and some exchanges took place in the corner of the stage, till both down.

Second.—Sharp work; but, in closing, Belasco had got Sampson in a corner, held him, and *fibbed* him down.—*Hissing*

from some parts of the Court. "Nothing unfair," was the cry from the other. "Never mind," said Sampson, "it's all right, Belasco ; come along."

Third.—Milling without ceremony, till Sampson put in a most tremendous *nobber* on the Jew's temple, that completely stunned Belasco for the instant, accompanying it with "*Where are you now?*" If it had been in the ring, it must have proved a winning hit. Belasco caught hold of the rails to prevent his going down, and said, "Never mind, I'll soon be ready for you." The Birmingham Youth, however, scorned to take any advantage of his *distress*, and waited till the Jew was ready to commence another round. Thunders of applause ; and, "Such behaviour, though wrong to yourself, is most certainly handsome."

Fourth.—Very severe; and both down.

Fifth.—The Jew displayed good science; but the *rush* of the Youth was sharp in the extreme ; and *Pepper Alley* was the result, till they separated.

Sixth.—Both of the combatants appeared extremely anxious to have the "best of it." This was altogether a fine round: but, in closing, both down, and the Youth undermost. In separating, the Jew, on getting up, from the motions he made, seemed as if his shoulder was out, and he complained that he had hurt it. Belasco stretched his arm on the rail; and the Youth rubbed his shoulder.

Seventh.—Both down again; when the Jew made a similar complaint, and rubbed it. Here a surgeon stepped up, examined the shoulder, and said, it was not out.

Eighth.—Sampson had the best of it; but in struggling and going down, they both nearly fell through the rails of the stage into the Court.

Ninth.—The Jew said his shoulder was now so bad, that he could not use it; but, in order to prevent disappointment, he would continue the combat with one hand only, if Sampson would agree to it. The latter said, he had no objection; and each of them pulled off one glove, and commenced this *nouvelle* exhibition. Loud cries of "Leave off," "Go on," &c. Belasco received some *pepper*, and went down.

Tenth.—This round was well contested ; the Jew, however, used his arm in the rally ; indeed, neither of their hands were idle.

Eleventh.—Ditto; and Sampson endeavoured to serve out his opponent severely.

Twelfth.—This was the *quietus*. Belasco was hit down, after a well-contested round, and sat upon his *rump*, rather in a confused state; while thunders of applause crowned the success of Sampson.

Belasco immediately addressed the audience, and said he would fight SAMPSON that day six weeks, for £50. "Bravo!" and great applause. It was not only one of the greatest novelties ever witnessed at a sparring exhibition, but was a complete *game glove* fight.

SAMPSON entertains an idea, that he shall yet be able to *beat* all the men in turn to whom he has surrendered. When SAMPSON has attained his full growth and strength, it is not unlikely but he may be able to achieve some good victories. He does not want for confidence.

BILL RICHMOND.

THIS veteran pugilistic hero of colour, who is now fast approaching to three score years of age, has not exhibited in the Prize Ring (as might be anticipated) since the publication of the second volume of this work, although, in point of appearance, he looks as fresh as ever; and he still retains his distinguished quality — a most tremendous hitter with his right hand.

RICHMOND'S time, (except occasionally filling the office of a *second,*) is now occupied as a teacher of the art of Self-Defence, at his rooms, connected with

the Royal Tennis Court, Windmill Street, near the Haymarket. He does not want for the patronage of numerous *Swells;* and RICHMOND'S school possesses a good *character*, and is also well attended. Indeed, we know of no pugilist better calculated to teach the *science* than RICHMOND; not only from his superior knowledge of boxing, but from his acquaintance with men and manners, and civility of deportment on all occasions. He is full of anecdote: and the *milling* talents of the various professors of the art of boxing he is able to descant upon with considerable judgment. In short, *Old* BILL is justly entitled to the appellation of a very interesting feature in the Sporting World.

PUGILISM EXTRAORDINARY; *or, a* turn-up *between* RICHMOND *the Black,* and *Carter the Lancashire hero.*—The latter pugilist, who had lately returned from his tour on the Continent, it would seem, from the applause he had met with from the great *Swells* at Aix-la-Chapelle, and not being able to find a *customer* to enter the lists with him, had "crept so much into favour with himself," that, it is said, he annoyed several companies he went into with his vast prowess, and his challenge to fight *any* man in the World. This conduct, it appears, was carried to such an excess on Thursday evening, November 12, 1818, at a respectable tavern, in the neighbourhood of Chancery Lane, that the company rose in a body, and put him out of the room by force. This *degradation* upon his character, in being thus *ousted,* raised his *choler* so very high, (and being what is *slangly* termed *lushy,*) he roared out—"*Is there any among you that dare to face*

Jack Carter singly?" RICHMOND, who was present, answered in the affirmative, and the *turn-up* commenced *sans ceremonie* in the yard belonging to the house, and the three following bustling rounds took place:—

First round.—*Science* or *tactics* were not much displayed between the combatants. A few random hits, however, were made and exchanged; but in closing, Carter endeavoured to *heave* the man of colour, and, in both going down, Richmond had the worst of the fall. Carter held Richmond so fast, that his friends were obliged to pull the *man of colour* away, and in which struggle the *buttons* of Richmond's coat were *floored*. Upon the Lancashire hero getting up, the *claret* was seen trickling over his mouth.

Second.—This round was full of bustle; in fact, it was principally pummelling and hugging each other; but Richmond was not idle, and had the best of it till they went down.

Third and last.—This was the *quietus;* and the *man of Colour* was not long in putting in what the Mounseers call the *coup de grâce*. Carter seemed too confused to make play, when Richmond planted one of his desperate right-handed hits (for which he is so distinguished in the ring) upon Carter's *upper works*, that not only made *a dice box* of his swallow—produced the *claret—chanceried* him,—but *floored* like a shot the late hero of Aix-la-Chapelle. He laid stunned for a short period, and when once more feeling the use of his legs, he exclaimed, "I've been finely *served out* this evening."

Thus ended the above *skirmish;* and *Carter retired*, not covered with glory, but something more like *weeping* over the stupidity of the *fracas* and his fallen situation, and to repent the folly of his *intemperance*.

"O that a man will put an enemy into his mouth
To steal away his brains!"

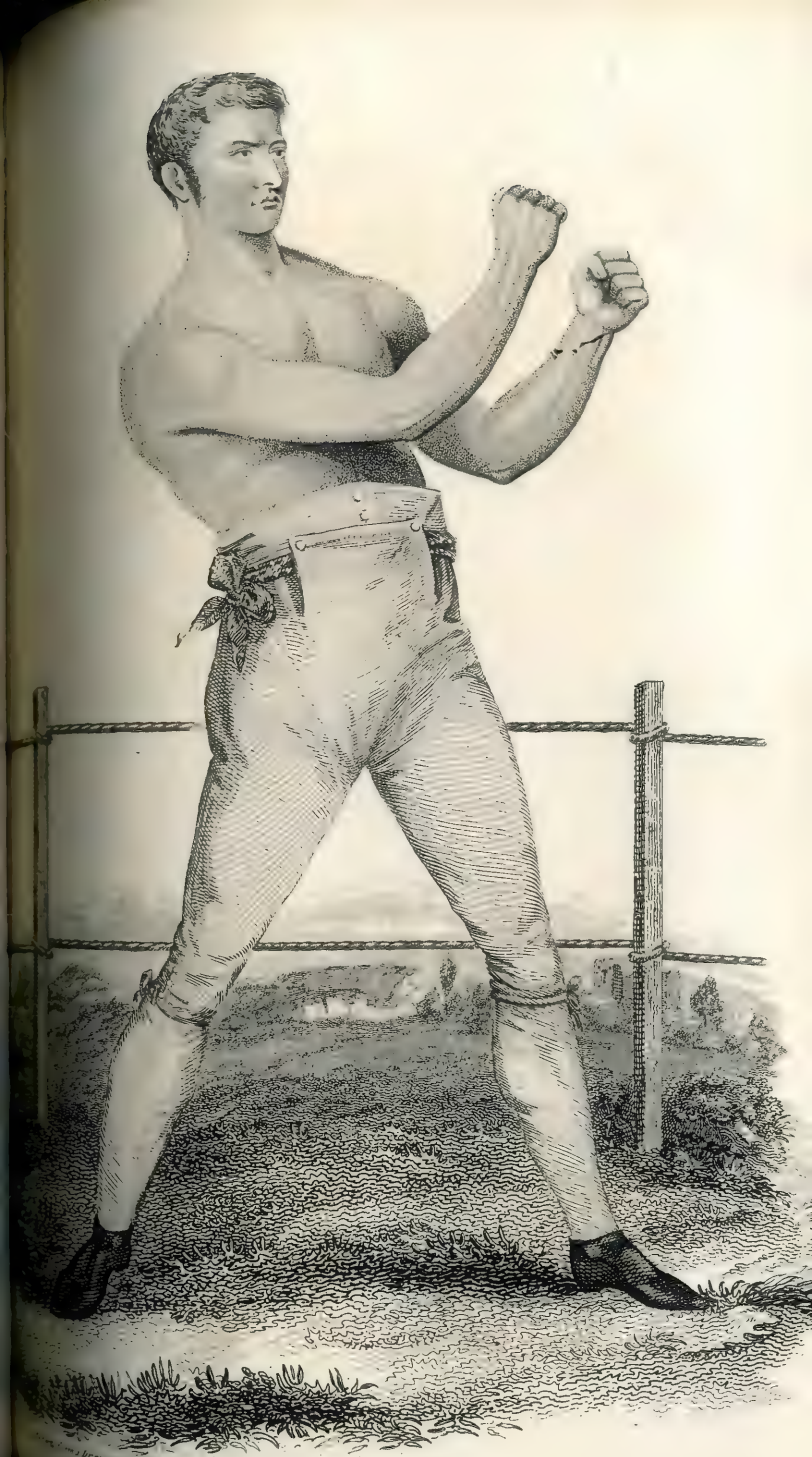
RICHMOND returned to his company to finish the evening with the utmost *nonchalance* possible over his sober *heavy wet*, with no other damage but knocking up his right hand a little. *Milling*, and the heroes of the ring, concluded the conversation for the night.

RICHARD CURTIS.

THE pedigree of this boxer cannot be questioned: he is the brother of the GAME *Jack Curtis*, that was defeated by *Ned Turner*. The appearance of *young* DICK, as a pugilist, is very prepossessing: and he possesses all the requisites which constitute a first-rate boxer. He is only 18 years of age; and *game* to the *back bone*. DICK displays fine *science;* indeed, he is termed by the amateurs a *pretty*, *interesting fighter*. He not only stops well, but is a good hitter with both his hands. He is under 9 stone; and in height about 5 feet 6 inches.

His first appearance in the Prize Ring was at Moulsey Hurst, on Tuesday, June 27, 1820, (when *Cooper* defeated *Shelton*,) for a trifling purse, to make up a third fight, with a Westminster *kid*, of the name of *Watson*, who proved himself a good man; but he had no *chance* whatever, and CURTIS proved the conqueror in the course of 25 minutes, without a *scratch* upon his face, and scarcely a mark up his body.

Previous to the *Swells* going out of town, in consequence of the shooting season commencing, or rather by way of a farewell to each other, they dropped their *blunt* to promote a fight between young *Brown* and CURTIS. On Monday, Aug. 28, 1820, at one o'clock, *Brown* (the *Sprig of Myrtle*), attended by *Martin* and *Paddington Jones*, threw up his hat in the ring, at Wimbledon Common, but the wind blew it out; and shortly afterwards CURTIS, followed by *Tom Belcher* and *Joshua Hudson*, entered the ropes, and repeated the token of defiance; but the wind also blew his *white*



DICK CURTIS.

topper out of the ring. This was a *tye* upon the bad omen. The betting was rather in favour of CURTIS. Both the men were in condition; but *Brown* had the advantage in this respect. CURTIS fought under the *yellowman*, which was tied to the stakes; and the blue bird's eye, belonging to *Brown*, was placed over it. It was for £20 a-side.

First round.—Brown, full of confidence, made an offer to hit, but Curtis was *awake*, and nothing was done. A long pause took place in endeavouring to have the best of it, when Brown rushed in to *work;* a sort of change took place in the struggle to *fib* each other, when both went down, but Brown undermost. Great shouting; and Curtis for a trifle.

Second.—This round occupied thirteen minutes, and the amateurs were delighted with the science and manliness displayed on both sides; but the length of Curtis gave him the superiority, and he *nobbed* Brown in great style. Both of these little ones displayed as much caution as if one million of money depended upon the event; and, to describe the stops, hits, and getting away, would occupy a page: suffice it to say, that Brown's right eye was nearly closed, and bleeding; and, after some desperate *milling*, Brown went down, and was undermost. The great length of this round now showed the *condition* of both of the combatants, and Curtis evidently appeared the weakest.

Third.—Brown proved himself a fine and *game* fighter; but Curtis out-fought him, put in *nobbers* with the utmost dexterity, and also damaged his other eye. Tom Owen sung out "Go it, my white topper; it's as right as the day." Both went down, but Brown undermost. 2 to 1 on Curtis.

Fourth.—This was a short round; and, in closing, Brown endeavoured to *fib* his opponent, till Curtis went down. Any odds, however, upon the latter.

Fifth.—Brown displayed good tactics, and at *in-fighting* he was the best. Curtis made some good *nobbing* hits, and Brown went staggering away; but the latter returned sharply to the charge, and, in struggling for the throw, Brown dragged Curtis all over the ring, and *downed* him. Brown for £20. Curtis was very weak.

Sixth.—This was rather a long round. *Fibbing* on both sides. Both down, and Brown undermost.

Seventh.—Curtis not only stopped in good style, but he *nobbed* Brown from him. After some exchanges at the ropes, Curtis dropped Brown by a blow on the side of the latter's head.

Eighth.—This was a famous round; and, in closing twice, Brown broke away with great activity. The *punishment* was severe upon both sides. Brown was ultimately hit down, as if shot, from a tremendous blow upon his forehead. Great shouting. The *Sprigs of Myrtle* all drooping; and the inhabitants connected with Caleb Baldwin's dominions all upon the *fret*, and the "*uneasiness*" visible upon every face. "It's all over."

Ninth.—However, Brown came first up to the scratch. A severe struggle took place at the ropes—both too *game* to go down. "Go down, Curtis," from all parts of the ring. Both at length fell, but Brown was undermost. Here a near relative of the latter came close to the ropes, and told the seconds they were not doing right by him, in not letting Brown "*go in.*"

Tenth.—Brown recovered a little, and the change was considered in his favour. Curtis went down.

Eleventh and Twelfth.—Upon the whole, both the combatants excited the admiration of the ring, from their fine fighting. In the last round, Brown was hit down from a severe hit in the ribs, that *screwed* out all his wind. 2 and 3 to 1.

Thirteenth to Fifteenth and last.—Brown was *floored* in all these rounds, on his coming to the *scratch*: he was terribly *punished*; but the game he displayed was of the first quality. Here the patron of Brown stepped forward—(a more gentlemanly, liberal, or distinguished character for humanity of disposition does not exist, nor a greater admirer of true courage is not to be found)—and said, he should not fight any more.

A better battle has not been seen for many years; 57 minutes of complete good fighting. *Brown* has fought eight prize battles, and proved the conqueror in the majority of them. CURTIS, although a mere boy, bids fair to prove a *teazer* to any of his weight; he is a cautious boxer, and a good hitter. The amateurs

never expressed greater satisfaction at any fight: but it was the general opinion, that although CURTIS appeared weak two or three times in the conflict, yet the *chance* of victory was always upon his side. It is true, that *Brown* had no other *chance* to win, but from his *going-in;* yet then the length of CURTIS, perhaps, might have rendered that plan equally *dangerous.*

Young DICK is quite a fancy article among the amateurs; and, as a *setter-to,* he evinces good *milling* talents.

RASHER,

THE HARDY MOUNTAINEER.

BEFORE the above hero of the fist exhibited his prowess in the Prize Ring, he was well known as the "tremendous butcher" of Whitechapel Market, from the numerous *turn-ups* he had had in that neighbourhood. RASHER possessed some little knowledge of boxing; and which, united with his strength, made him be viewed as a sort of terror to most of the *cutting-up* tribe in the above market; indeed, so much so, that scarcely any person had the temerity to enter the lists with him. His master, who possessed great confidence in RASHER's prowess, was induced to back him against *Josh. Hudson.* In this battle (see page 383) he was not only taught that *strength* alone would not insure conquest, but soon defeated without a shadow of a chance; he, however, satisfied all the spectators, that he was an *out-and-out* GAME man.

RASHER is about 12 stone; and in height about

5 feet 6 inches. His frame is exceedingly hardy and well put together.

RASHER with considerable confidence entered the ring against *Adams*, a butcher, for a purse of £15. This contest was decided on a common near Billericay, in Essex, on Tuesday, April 4, 1820, immediately after *Hudson* and *Benniworth* had left the ring. In this fight, RASHER had so much the superiority, that he took the lead and kept it in fine style; and he also won the battle in a short time, scarcely giving his opponent any thing like a *chance*. *Oliver* and *Gibbons* seconded RASHER; and *Purcell* and *Scroggins* attended upon *Adams*.

The hardy mountaineer, in consequence of this victory, was matched, without hesitation, for £20 a-side, with one *Giblet*. This battle, which was a second fight, took place at Epsom Downs, on Tuesday, May 16, 1820. RASHER was seconded by *Josh. Hudson* and *Harmer;* and *Giblet* by *Randall* and *Shelton*. Both the above boxers were strangers to the Prize Ring; and upon a *Swell* inquiring of *Scroggins* the name of RASHER, the former christened him "*Iron Face*."

First round.—The frame and *mug* of Rasher seemed as hard as the mountains from which he dates his early days, in Wales, and as adventurous and active as a goat. Giblet was equally *tip-top;* and his *pins* for strength and beauty excited general attention. Some little cautious manœuvring occurred upon setting-to, till they got into as determined a rally as was ever seen at the ropes. The *punishment* was reciprocal, till they closed, and both went down, Taffy undermost.—Great applause, and "*Did you ever see such a first round?*"

Second.—The *claret* was seen upon both their *mugs* upon coming to the scratch. Sharp work was again the feature of this round, and another determined rally, in which Rasher was hit down upon one knee; but he instantly jumped up and renewed the

combat, laughing. Some heavy blows exchanged, till both went down. Rasher undermost.

Third.—*Taffy* was so full of fight, that he seemed regardless of his person, and again commenced the attack furiously. Giblet hit and got away cleverly. In closing, both down.

Fourth.—"*Steady, Taffy,*" observed his second. Rasher made good use of his left hand, and planted two severe facers, that damaged Giblet's right eye. After an exchange of blows, *Taffy* went down.

Fifth.—Rasher showed a little more caution; and Giblet kept his ground. The men did not appear quite so eager, when Rasher's left hand again *nobbed* his opponent. Giblet put in two body blows; and a sharp rally took place, till Rasher hit his adversary down.

Sixth.—This was a good fighting round, and Rasher went down on his hands.

Seventh.—The activity of Giblet gave him rather the preference with the spectators, and 6 and 7 to 4 was offered upon him. He, however, could not keep *Taffy's* left hand from *nobbing* him. Rasher's *mug* was also bleeding. The latter was sent down so sharply, that 30 to 10 was loudly vociferated upon Giblet.

Eighth.—It was now clearly ascertained, a most desperate battle would be the result, before the winner was named. Giblet's *ogle* was getting *puffed*; he could not protect it: and severe *milling*, till both down.

Ninth.—Rasher made play in good style; but it was not long before he was *floored*. By way of encouragement, Hudson said, "Rasher for £20."

Tenth.—Giblet was so finely trained, that he did not show much *punishment*. Rasher's face looked bad. Both down.

Eleventh.—Rasher was a little in *chancery* this round, and went down rather distressed; 2 to 1 on Giblet without hesitation.

Twelfth.—The latter hero understood *getting away* better than Rasher; by which means, several heavy hits of his opponent were avoided. Rasher was again down. "Bravo, Giblet, you are sure to win it."

Thirteenth.—Rasher's nob was completely in *chancery*, and the *claret* was running down in streams. He also got a tremendous *throttler*; but his *goodness* astonished the ring, as he

would not go down from a tremendous staggering body hit, but returned to the attack, and gave Giblet a *noser*. Taffy kept fighting till he fell almost exhausted. "*Well done, upon both sides—the Welshman is game indeed.*"

Fourteenth.—Giblet ran down Rasher out of the ropes. The eye of the former looked very bad.

Fifteenth.—This was a heavy round. Rasher again touched his opponent's bad eye; but he got *nobbed* in return. Both down. "See," says Josh., "he laughs yet!"

Sixteenth.—In closing, Rasher, threw Giblet well. "Why, he has only got one eye," says Josh.; "now mind and close the other, and it's all your own, Taffy!"

Seventeenth.—Both down.

Eighteenth.—Giblet stopped well with his left hand; but his right eye was now swelled up nearly as big as a halfpenny ball; but in other respects, he was as good as ever. Both *cool* upon it; till in closing, they went down.

Nineteenth.—Sparring for wind, when Rasher rushed in upon his opponent, but he was ultimately sent down.

Twentieth.—Rasher appeared better; and fell very heavily upon his opponent.

Twenty-first.—*Taffy*, on setting-to, put in so severe a blow on Giblet's puffed eye, that it was cut open, and the claret ran down from it. Giblet did not appear to heed it, but went in, and got Rasher down. Great applause from all parts of the ring.

Twenty-second.—Rasher received some heavy hits; and fell quite weak upon his knees. Randall sung out, "*Giblet for £50.*"

Twenty-third.—Giblet attacked his adversary as if to *finish* him off hand. In struggling, Rasher went down exhausted, and his head under his arm, and Giblet upon him.

Twenty-fourth.—The latter ran in before Rasher had got up his hands, and gave *Taffy* a rum one for his neglect. However, Rasher had not the worst of the round, and had also the best of the throw in going down.

Twenty-fifth.—Giblet got a sharp facer as he was going in, that rather delayed the attack. Some good exchanges, till both down. Oliver here took Rasher for £5.

Twenty-sixth.—Giblet had decidedly the best of this round. He *nobbed* Rasher all over the ring; and as he was

in the act of falling at the ropes, Giblet gave him a teazer. This occasioned some cries of "Foul—Fair," from different parts of the spectators, but Hudson, said, "*It's all fair!*"

Twenty-seventh.—Rasher came up laughing, as if he had not been fighting at all; although his nob was like a rainbow, all manner of colours. He entertained no idea of losing; and the *game* he displayed was equal to any thing ever exhibited. Rasher endeavoured to exchange hits with his opponent, but went down from weakness. He, also, while sitting upon the knee of his second, "Hem—hem" loudly for wind.

Twenty-eighth.—This was a most terrific round. Hit for hit, till the combatants stood still and looked at each other. Rasher again received two blows, that sent him staggering to the ropes. He was too *game* to go down; but laughingly returned to the charge, almost in a defenceless state. Giblet would not give a chance away, and *floored* him at the ropes. "*Giblet for any thing,—Hundreds—Fifties—Pounds, or Crowns.*"

Twenty-ninth.—Rasher, notwithstanding the severity of the last round, came up to the scratch quite jolly, and planted a heavy hit on Giblet's bad eye. In closing, Rasher also fell very heavily upon Giblet. "It's not all over yet—Rasher will tire out his adversary."

Thirtieth.—*Pepper* on both sides—till the combatants fell down different ways, owing to the severity of the hitting.

Thirty-first.—The superiority of strength, in the *lifting way*, possessed by Giblet, was in this round ascertained beyond all doubt. After some terrible exchanges, Giblet pursued Rasher to the ropes, where he held him nearly off the ground by one arm, and, in the Randall style, *fibbed* with the other so severely, making a *slaughter-house* of his mug, till Giblet was tired of administering *punishment*, then *dropped* him with the utmost *sang-froid*. Tumultuous applause. "*This Giblet is a strange man, and will yet do wonders among some of the light ones,*" was the *chaffing* all round the ring.

Thirty-second.—This was a short round; but in struggling for the throw, Rasher fell with all his weight upon Giblet. "Never mind a pair of black eyes," said Josh.; "you are as good as he is, now."

Thirty-third.—Giblet was now getting the best of it, and out-fighting his opponent. He *nobbed* Rasher, and repeatedly got away without any return. Taffy was also thrown with

ease. "He'll not come any more," was the general cry; but the amateurs had not the least idea of the gluttony of the man before them.

Thirty-fourth.—Rasher received almost a jaw-breaker, but he laughed the next instant. He napt also on his body—and his *mug* was *clareted* all over. "*Take him away*—he has no *chance of winning.*" Brandy was now given him.

Thirty-fifth.—Rasher was soon down; and Giblet behaved handsomely in not falling upon his opponent, as he might have done. *(Applause.)*

Thirty-sixth.—The ear of Rasher was terrible to view—it was nearly cut off, and swelled as big as a two-penny loaf. Both down.

Thirty-seventh.—Giblet threw Rasher, but he also went down.

Thirty-eighth.—Several entreaties were made to Rasher to give up the contest—but he would not listen to any overtures of this nature. Taffy tried to darken Giblet's good eye, but he was stopped; and in closing, Rasher went down.

Thirty-ninth.—It was astonishing, notwithstanding the *nobbing* Rasher had received, to witness the strength he still retained; and he threw his opponent in this round in good style.

Fortieth.—Some good hits were exchanged; but Giblet had the best of the stopping and getting away. Rasher was thrown severely on his head. "*Take him away—it's a shame —make him give in, Josh.*" "*An ancient Briton,*" *says Turner,* "*will never give in. He has not lost it, yet.*"

Forty-first.—Rasher, for the moment, seemed to have recruited his spirits, and commenced fighting; but he was hit down. He, however, took hold of the bottle and drank.

Forty-second.—Giblet had the worst of this round, and was sent down. "Go along, Rasher; you have a *chance* yet," from some of his friends.

Forty-third.—It was evident now to the spectators, that Giblet was out-fighting Rasher every round, and that the battle was against him; but the latter would not listen to defeat. Both down.

Forty-fourth.—Giblet had Rasher down in a twinkling.

Forty-fifth.—The *ear* and *mug* of Rasher was damaged so severely, that it was terrific to view them; but he kept laughing, and exchanging hits, till he went down.

Forty-sixth.—The fight was by no means out of Rasher; and he came up to the scratch still undismayed. It was a sharp round, till *Taffy* fell.

Forty-seventh.—Giblet put in four *facers*, and got away without any return; and he also finished the round decidedly in his favour. 3 to 1.

Forty-eighth.—Giblet, now perceiving he had "*got*" his antagonist, went in and *peppered* him so strongly, that he fell down at the ropes, when "Foul, foul"—"Fair"—was lustily roared out—and several persons rushed from the outer ring. But the umpires deemed it fair; and the battle went on again.

Forty-ninth.—Rasher was soon sent down. Any odds, and "*Take him away, Josh.*"

Fiftieth.—Taffy *laughed*, and again went to work. He tried to close Giblet's left eye; but the latter generally stopped all his right handed hits. Both down.

Fifty-first.—Milling each other, till both fell out of the ropes.

Fifty-second.—"*Did you ever see such a game fellow? He ought not to be suffered to fight any longer,*" observed an amateur of distinction. But it was all useless, and *Taffy* showed fight till he went down.

Fifty-third.—Both again out of the ropes.

Fifty-fourth.—Giblet kept *facing* his opponent with ease, and also avoiding *punishment*. Giblet, however, went down.

Fifty-fifth.—Brandy was here given to both of the parties; but Rasher stood in most need of it. Taffy *shoved* Giblet down. *Applause.* 1 hour and 20 minutes had elapsed.

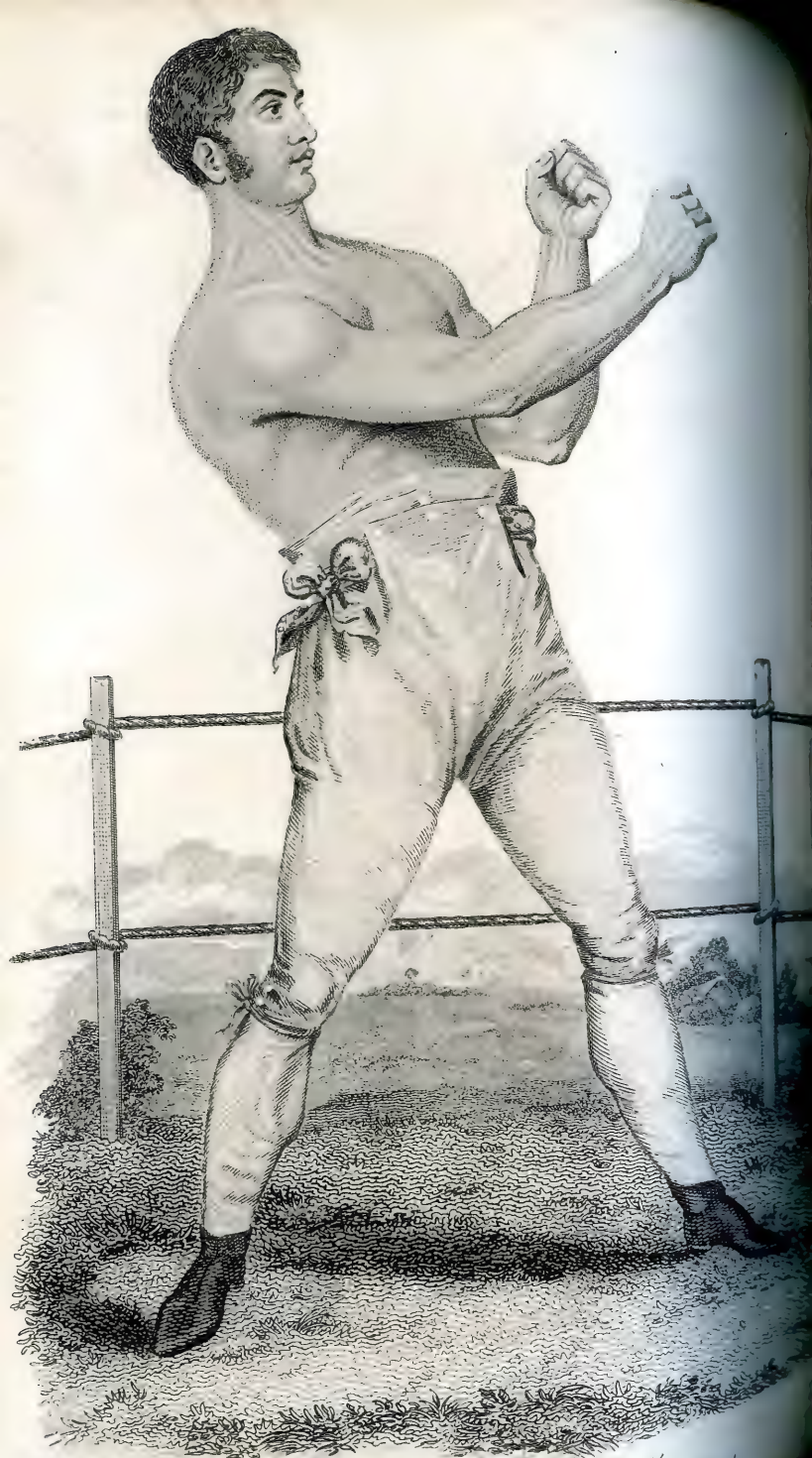
Fifty-sixth.—Giblet tried to put an end to the contest, and put in a tremendous hit upon Rasher's dreadfully lacerated ear. Milled him also in every direction at the ropes, till Taffy first fell down on his knees, then dropped on his face quite exhausted. "*It's all up---take him away.*" Ten pounds to a crown.

Fifty-seventh.—Instead of this *game* fellow not coming again, strange to relate, he left his second's knee, and spitting on his hands, commenced the attack, but he was so severely *punished*, and sent down, that it was evident another round or two would end the battle.

Fifty-eighth and last.—This round finished it; and by the advice of several gentlemen, Rasher was induced to "*give in*"

by his second. Giblet, with all the agility of a tumbler, jumped over the ropes, at least four feet in height, and ran away from the ring. 1 hour and 23 minutes.

In general, it is the last object, if that object create any degree of astonishment on the mind of the spectator, which leavest the greatest impression. For instance, the battle, at the time it occurred, between *Johnson* and *Big Ben*, has been often quoted as the *gamest* contest ever witnessed;—also the tremendous fight between *Gulley* and *Gregson;* and likewise that of *Molineux* and *Cribb*. *Painter* is distinguished by the appellation of "*game;*" and equally so is *Oliver*. *Purcell*, an *out-and-outer*, in this respect; indeed, so far has it been carried in point of character towards *Purcell*, that it is urged, he ought not to be suffered to fight, when the *chance* is decidedly against him, for fear the loss of his life should be the consequence. Numerous other boxers might be mentioned, equally deserving of this trait. But let them be all as good as they may, RASHER is entitled to a high place amongst them. He is not a good fighter, and he does not calculate upon *points;* but depends more upon his *bottom* than the advantages of *science*, for obtaining *victory*. In his fight with *Josh. Hudson*, he was very angry on being taken out of the ring, and wished to resume the contest; and previous to his battle with *Giblet*, he declared to his second, that if he was taken away, without he said, "*No;*" he would have satisfaction for it at another period. Instead of the term *Iron Face, Iron Frame* and disposition might be more applicable to RASHER; and he will always prove a *troublesome* customer.



Engraved by ... from a Drawing by ...

JACK COOPER, of the Gypsey.

THE GIBLET PYE;

BUT WHOSE REAL DESIGNATION IS

CHARLES GRANTHAM.

THE *milling* talents of GRANTHAM were first noticed in the neighbourhood of Deptford, by an amateur of good practical talent; who took him under his patronage, and sent him into *training* on the sly. GRANTHAM was an entire stranger to the *Fancy* when he was matched with *Rasher*. (See page 410.) GRANTHAM is one of the best men on his legs ever seen; his activity astonished every spectator; and, at the end of the fight with *Rasher*, he jumped over the ropes with the greatest ease. He is thought very highly of by sporting men; and there is no doubt he will often be brought into play. He also stops well with his left hand. It is said, that he possesses so much strength as to be able to lift 700 weight without any difficulty; and as a jumper, in height, few, if any, can beat him. GRANTHAM, however, did not defeat *Rasher* without being severely *punished*.

JACK COOPER,

THE TREMENDOUS LITTLE GYPSY.

THIS *milling* hero, a second gas-light man for tremendous execution, was born in the neighbourhood of

Windsor, and is about 20 years of age; in weight between 9 and 10 stone, and in height about 5 feet 5 inches. His first exhibition in the Prize Ring was with *West Country Dick*, on Epsom Downs, on Tuesday, May 16, 1820, for a purse of £10, to make up a third fight, after *Rasher* and *Giblet*, and it was the best battle of the three. The GYPSY introduced himself to the notice of the amateurs, and he selected *Dick* as a customer, having been offered his choice of several of the light weights. COOPER is well made, having a frame that almost seems to defy *punishment*. *Dick* was seconded by *Randall* and *Clark;* and COOPER by *Young Brown* and *Abbot*. It is but justice to state, that *West Country Dick* had been up all night drinking, and far from being in a fit condition to fight; yet his courage would not let him refuse, and he immediately acquiesced with the proposal.

First round.—The well-known qualities of Dick rendered him the favourite on *setting-to*, at 6 to 4 and 3 to 1; but the Gypsy *peeled* uncommonly well. In fact, these sort of *wandering coves* are always in *training*, and have a better chance of winning a *turn-up* than most other men. Cooper soon showed the spectators that he was not only a dangerous hitter, but a good man; and he sharply went *to work*. Dick also made play; heavy exchanges occurred, and Dick received a *nobber*, that he slipped down on his knees. Loud shouting, and, "*This Gypsy is an ugly customer!*" was the general cry.

Second.—The Gypsy meant nothing but *milling;* and both the men opposed each other like two *game cocks*, till they closed and went down. Great applause.—"*This is the best fight of the three;*" and "*Dick's too stale for the Gypsy.*" —Even betting.

Third.—The Gypsy seemed to possess a good deal of the qualities of the *Gas-Light Man*. He did not stand for sparring, but went up to his opponent's head *sans ceremonie*. The science of Dick in this round claimed approbation from all parts of the ring. The Gypsy endeavoured to put in a

tremendous *facer*, when Dick bobbed his head at least a foot below the blow, turned round sharply, and planted a heavy *bodier* on the Gypsy. In closing, both down. "*Bravo!—Well done, Dick;—do that again.*"

Fourth.—This round was decidedly in favour of the Gypsy; and he *floored* Dick like a shot.—"*Mind what you're arter, Dick.*"

Fifth.—The Gypsy followed Dick all over the ring, taking the lead in great style; and although he received several severe *facers*, he would not be denied till he sent Dick down.—2 to 1 on Cooper.

Sixth.—The exchange of hits was truly severe in this round; and the *goodness* of Dick was applauded throughout the ring; but, nevertheless, the activity of the Gypsy was not to be reduced, and he hit Dick down like a shot.—3 to 1 on Cooper.

Seventh.—The fighting on both sides was tremendous; and Dick's *nob* appeared much damaged, and the *claret* was flowing profusely, till he again went down.

Eighth.—In this round the Gypsy received severely: his *nob* was bleeding; and, in a sharp rally at the ropes, he positively *foamed* at the mouth. Clark, by way of cheering his man, called out, "Dick for £20." Both down.

Ninth.—Notwithstanding Dick was half *lushy*, and *had been up all night*, he displayed good science, and at the commencement of this round he put in five *facers*, almost in succession; but the FRONTISPIECE of the Gypsy appeared as compact as iron, and he again had the best of the round, and Dick was *grassed*.

Tenth.—The friends of Dick began rather to quake for his winning; and the *two to one betters* found out they had been too hasty in their offers. Dick down.

Eleventh.—This round, however, gave a little sunshine to the partisans of Dick; and, after some severe exchanges, the Gypsy went down. "Well done, Dick."

Twelfth.—No loss of time occurred in sparring; and both the combatants opposed each other in the first style of bravery, all over the ring. At the ropes, Dick put in some heavy *facers*, and a severe struggle for the throw took place, till both went down.

Thirteenth.—Fair play was conspicuous; and the Gypsy

received as much encouragement from the amateurs as Dick. This was a sharp round, and Dick threw the Gypsy cleverly.

Fourteenth.—Upon the stripping of the men, Randall entertained an opinion that Dick would win in a canter. But Turner's idea of a stranger appears rather more correct. All men must be *tried*—and till they are tried they are deemed *novices;* it is therefore often seen, that strangers prove very *dangerous customers* It was so in this instance; and Dick soon found it out. *Milling* on both sides, but Dick down.

Fifteenth.—The Gypsy seemed insensible to fear; and the *bull-dog* qualities of Dick had no terrors upon his mind. The science of the latter was here again well displayed; and he got his head *out of Chancery* in the Dutch Sam style. In closing, both down.

Sixteenth.—The Gypsy lost no time, but went in like a *good one,* regardless of receiving. He planted some severe *facers* on Dick; and in closing, he astonished the ring with the neatness with which he threw his opponent, by just putting out his leg. "*Well done, Gypsy, you are a good lad.*"

Seventeenth.—Dick made some good hits, particularly one on the body, near the *mark,* that made the Gypsy stagger again; indeed, it was so severe, that in closing, Dick threw his opponent quite easy. Great applause; and "*Repeat that, Dick, and you can't lose it!*" From past services, it should seem, the *Old Ring-goers* were anxious for Dick to win; but appearances were against him.

Eighteenth.—The *mug* of Dick was evidently the worse for fight, and "pepper" was strongly written upon it. This was a short but hard round. In closing, however, Dick again threw his man.

Nineteenth.—The decisive qualities of the Gypsy were again truly prominent in this round. Indeed, the *punishment* was very heavy on both sides; but Dick looked wild, from the heavy *nobbers* he had received; and, in going down, fell over and over.

Twentieth.—The *game* of Dick stood so high with the amateurs, that they felt satisfied, while a *chance* remained, he would not give it in. The latter fought in the most courageous style, but could not get the lead.

Twenty-first.—In this round the Gypsy was almost hit to a *stand-still;* and Dick kept *peppering* his body and head till both went down. Loud shouting, and "*Go it, Dick.*"

Twenty-second.—The Gypsy came up to the scratch as fresh as a *daisy*, and *nobbed* Dick right and left. The latter was not behind in exchanging hits; yet it was evident, that without some chance finishing hit, Dick must ultimately *lose* it.

Twenty-third.—The heavy *milling* Dick encountered in this round operated so severely against him, that he went down on his knees quite exhausted. During the time the Gypsy was resting on the knee of his second, Gulley held up several bank-notes, as a stimulus to win.

Twenty-fourth.—The *claret* was streaming down the face of Dick, and he again had the worst of this round, A guinea to a dump. After two hits, the Gypsy threw Dick with the utmost ease.

Twenty-fifth.—The Gypsy was now the favourite two to one. The *science* of Dick, at times, gave him the advantage of stopping well; but the sharp hitting of the *wandering cove* was not to be resisted. Dick was again thrown.

Twenty-sixth.—In the most manly way, Dick did every thing to change the battle in his favour; but the Gypsy was so good on his legs, and also a *taker* without flinching, that it was almost in vain for Dick to contend. The Gypsy again put out his leg, and Dick went down.

Twenty-seventh.—Dick, it should seem, was determined to make a desperate effort, and this was a terrific round in the extreme. *Facer* for *facer* was given as sharp as they could be received, till both went down. Great applause from all parts of the ring; but the Gypsey for any thing.

Twenty-eighth.—Two better little men were never seen in a ring. Had Dick been in regular *training*, he might have lasted longer; but the *knowing ones* seemed now to entertain great doubts whether *renovation*, to the utmost extent, could make conquest a certainty to Dick. The latter was quite exhausted, but he nevertheless kept hitting, till both down.

Twenty-ninth and last.—The Gypsy made the best use of his time, and went in to finish Dick off hand, which he accomplished in the Randall style. Dick only stood up to receive *facers*, so hard and sharp, without being able to return, that he was *floored* right on his face. Twenty-nine minutes.—He was taken away in a terrible state.

The Gypsy's sister witnessed the fight. She

was decently dressed, and said she was sure her brother would win it. *Gulley* gave COOPER five pounds for his true courage; and told him it was an excellent fight on both sides. The Gypsy was not long in getting on his clothes, and walked off in triumph, with 13 guineas in his pocket, escorted by a whole tribe of his clan, including women and children. COOPER was heavily *punished* about his body, and his mug was a little *painted*, although his skin was of so close a texture as not to show it like most other men. He admitted *Dick* was a hard hitter. This Gypsy, it seems, once had a *turn-up* with little *Gadzee*, at Epsom Downs; and had also exhibited at Doncaster Races. COOPER has great fighting requisites about his person. *Dick* was left at the Cock, at Sutton; but he recovered so soon, as to walk to the Downs, on Friday, to have another *turn-up* with COOPER, if he appeared; but he was not there.

Foot's Cray Races.—By way of a *finish* to these fashionable races, given by *T. W. Coventry*, Esq. on the 29th and 30th Sept. 1820, and which were attended by several persons of distinction in the neighbourhood, including Lady Castlereagh, &c., the little yet tremendous Gypsy, COOPER, being present, was invited by the *Swells* to give them a specimen of his *handy-work*. The charms of a purse was the object in view; and a strong *Chaw-bacon* was *gammoned* to have a try to win it. The first round quite satisfied the GYPSY that the purse was his own; but it was whispered to him by his *leary* second, that some little sport was expected, and, therefore, it would be much better for him not to *thrash* the hero of the barn too

quickly. The GYPSY took the hint, and played with *Johnny Raw*, something after the manner that a *cat does with a mouse*, for six rounds, when, at length, the *office* was given, and COOPER let fly, like a shower of hail-stones, upon his opponent's *nob*, which gave him the *quietus* in a canter. Upon the countryman *waking* from a sort of *trance*, as it were, he said, "Where be I now?" In *Chancery*," replied his second, laughing. "Is that any where near Foot's Cray?" rejoined *Johnny Raw;* "for I have completely lost my way. Dang it, I'm all over *dizzy*." COOPER had not a *scratch* about him.

After *Martin* had defeated *David Hudson*, at Moulsey Hurst, on Tuesday, Oct. 24, 1820, a second fight was made up in a hasty manner, on the ground, for a subscription purse of 10 guineas, between COOPER and *Paddy O'Leary*, who defeated *Hawkins*. The *Sprig of Myrtle* and *Abbot* seconded the GYPSY; and *Randall* and *Holt* were for the *Irishman*. 6 to 4 on the GYPSY.

First round.—Paddy stood to no repairs, but went to *work* like a blacksmith; the Gypsy was equally as industrious, till both went down. Loud shouting.

Second.—Slashing away like fun, till both down, but Paddy undermost.

Third to Ninth.—All these rounds were full of hard fighting. The Irishman returned hit for hit, till he was thrown; and plenty of *claret*.

Tenth and Eleventh.—The nose of the Gypsy got a *damager*, that made him *sneeze* again. He also received a severe body hit, and, in going down, fell on his head.

Twelfth.—Both down, after some severe *work*.

Thirteenth to Sixteenth.—The Irishman could not fight so well as Cooper; but his *game* astonished the ring. The Gypsy finished this round in first-rate style; he went up to his opponent, paying away right and left, till poor Paddy was *floored*,

Seventeenth to Twenty-first.—Notwithstanding the excellence of the Gypsy, he found the Irishman a most troublesome customer, and one that would not be denied. Paddy jobbed his opponent three times on the head, till the Gypsy went down. "*Go along, Paddy, my boy; you're all right.*"

Twenty-second to Thirtieth.—Cooper finished most of his rounds in the style of a master; but the Irishman was so *game*, that he appeared almost tired in administering *punishment*. Paddy was down in most of these rounds.

Thirty-first.—The Gypsy was getting rather weak; in fact, he had never received so much *punishment* before. Both down.

Thirty-second to Fortieth.—Paddy's *nob* was now very sore; and the Gypsy's *pimple* had also been *spoilt* for a long time. The Irishman fought too much at random to win the battle; but some of his casual hits were enough to take the fight out of any one.

Forty-first.—The odds changed once or twice during the fight; and Paddy, at one time, it was thought, must have won the battle, from the *punishment* he dealt out to the Gypsy.

Forty-second to Forty-ninth and last.—Numerous bets had been laid, during several of the preceding rounds, that O'Leary would not come again. The Irishman fought till not a shadow of *chance* remained; and the Gypsy was led out of the ring in a sad pickle. It occupied 52 minutes. Paddy is such a real *glutton*, that it was observed of him, he would always leave off *hungry*.

COOPER possesses such fighting requisites, that it will be a difficult job for any pugilist of his weight to conquer him. COOPER has a younger brother, who is also a slashing hitter; and his father is likewise well known as a good boxer.

JEM HAWKINS.

THIS most decisive and elegant little boxer commenced his career as a pugilist when quite a boy. From the superiority of tactics which he displayed in his first onset with *Black Aby*, a Jew, on Bow Common,

for two guineas a-side, he received great praise from *Dutch Sam*, who witnessed the battle. It was a sharp fight; and, at the expiration of an hour, HAWKINS was pronounced the conqueror.

HAWKINS also defeated one *Cullen*, a plate-glass maker, in a very short time, on the above Common. This match, which was well contested, was only for one guinea a-side.

For a purse of five guineas, HAWKINS entered the lists with *Westminster Bob (Caleb Baldwin's* man), at the Red House, Battersea. This battle our hero also won in first-rate style.

HAWKINS, without any hesitation, put down ten guineas of his own money to fight with *Gidgeon*. This contest took place near the sign of the Prince Regent, opposite Woolwich, on Thursday, June 15, 1820. *Josh. Hudson* and *Bill Cockburn* seconded HAWKINS. Before the fight was over, *Gidgeon's* nob was terrific; but he displayed *game* of the first quality. He, however, had no *chance* to win. It was over in one hour and six minutes.

HAWKINS is by trade a butcher; and he has made all his *customers* feel that he is perfectly well acquainted with the art of *cutting-up*. He is a genteel, pleasing looking young man, and respectably connected. He is altogether a superior boxer. He hits as straight as a dart with his left hand; and can also use his right to great advantage. He is in height about 5 feet 4 inches, and in weight 9 stone. HAWKINS was born in August, 1801.

A third battle was made up between Young HAWKINS and *Paddy O'Leary* (*Randall's* man), for a purse,

made up on the ground, of eight guineas—six to the winner, and two to the loser—at Wimbledon Common, on Monday, Aug. 28, 1820. Although it was a *spur-of-the-moment* thing, and HAWKINS quite out of *condition*, yet it proved a rare and a high treat. The *game* of the *Patlander* claimed the praise of all present; but the "beautiful" science displayed by HAWKINS was a masterpiece of the art of Self-Defence. The latter viewed his opponent with all the *accuracy* and *coolness*, in taking measure of *Paddy's* frame and movements to plant his hits with effect, as the Duke of *Wellington's* penetrating eye scours over the map of an enemy's country, to find out its vulnerable points. But *Paddy's* nob was like an impregnable fortress, that resisted all the furious attacks of cannon balls. HAWKINS was seconded by *Josh. Hudson* and *Holt;* and *O'Leary* by *Randall* and *Callus*. Six and seven to four on HAWKINS.

First round.—The appearance of the men, in point of strength, length, and height, was decidedly in favour of Paddy. O'Leary was at least a stone heavier than his opponent. The attitude of Hawkins was a perfect study. *Judgment* appeared to reign paramount upon his position, which displayed the fine points of a general, either to commence or to ward off an attack with success; his eye, too, seemed to run over his adversary like an artist taking a likeness, yet characterized with a coolness, which produced one of the finest effects imaginable: while O'Leary, on the contrary, seemed agitated, but not depressed with the slightest symptoms of fear; and his arms kept working up and down with the quickness of a person pounding an article to pieces in a mortar. Hawkins at length let fly with his left hand on Paddy's *potato-trap*, that nearly made all O'Leary's *chatterers* absent without leave; and he got away with the utmost ease. Hawkins repeated the dose again and again. Paddy made a desperate right-handed blow, but he hit short. Hawkins put in a tremendous *nobber* on the tip of Paddy's *sneezer*, that he went out of the ropes

in a twinkling. Randall instantly picked him up, saying, "*Hallo, Jemmy! be awake, my boy!*" Two and three to one on Hawkins.

Second.—The little hero had it all his own way again this round; so much so, indeed, that Paddy put up his hand, to feel if his *nob* had not taken a holiday. Hawkins kept *facing* his opponent, and breaking away, till O'Leary went down. Tumultuous cheering, and Hawkins 4 to 1.

Third.—On setting-to, Josh. observed, "Only look at my pretty boy. It's a pity he should fight." "Never mind," said Randall, "he's sure of catching the *ugly;* if my man gets him once in the corner, he'll never leave him then." Hawkins again displayed his brilliancy like a star, till Paddy went down. Great approbation, and "He'll win it in a *canter.*"

Fourth.—Hawkins *nobbed* his opponent all over the ring; but still Paddy would not be denied, and he kept *boring* in till he got Hawkins at the corner of the ropes. "Now, recollect," said Randall, "do as I used to do, when I got them in that situation." Paddy showed himself an apt scholar, and, with a right-handed *wisty-castor*, sent Hawkins down like a shot. Immense shouting. While Randall had got Paddy on his knee, he sung to the latter part of the air of "Darby Kelly, O!" and told him, if he won the fight, he should have a place under government of £600 a-year. (Loud laughter.)

Fifth to Thirty-second.—In all these rounds, Paddy could not keep the left hand of his opponent out of his face; but, at times, the Irishman put in several severe blows. Hawkins fought till his strength was quite exhausted, when he fell down. Here Randall threw up his hat, and said he had won the battle. Great cries of "*Foul—fair!*"

Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth.—Paddy kept close to Hawkins, notwithstanding the *nobbing* the latter gave to him; but when O'Leary went to hit, Hawkins was down from weakness.

Thirty-fifth.—As they sat quite close together on the knees of their seconds, the Irishman took hold of his opponent's hand, and shook it with the utmost friendship, saying, "You are a brave, good little man." Hawkins behaved equally as noble, shaking O'Leary's hand in return, and observing, "So are you;" and yet, when "time" was called, they attacked each other like *game cocks.* Hawkins was down in this round from a hit; but also gave O'Leary a *bodier* as he was in the act of falling.

Thirty-sixth.—Hawkins was quite exhausted, and went down from a severe hit upon his mouth. "It's all over."

Thirty-seventh.—Hawkins was sent down from a sharp blow on his body. Randall here threw up his hat; but on time being called,

Thirty-eighth and last.—Hawkins came again to the scratch in a most distressed state, when he received a tremendous right-handed hit on the corner of his left eye that *floored* him. Hawkins, however, would not give *it in*, but some amateurs interfered, when Josh. said, his man should not fight any longer.

The fine fighting of HAWKINS was the praise and admiration of the ring; he *nobbed Paddy* with all the finished *science* of a *Belcher;* but his strength was not equal to his talents, and the Irishman ultimately proved the victor in 50 minutes. *O'Leary*, in point of *gameness*, is a second *Purcell*; and his conduct for coolness and manliness of behaviour has never been surpassed; upon the whole, a finer day's play had not been experienced for some time, and there was not the slightest murmur or disapprobation expressed throughout the ring. Of his own weight, HAWKINS, it is thought, can beat any thing on the list; but in the above instance, he was over-weighted a stone at least. The Irishman is nothing else but a *good one;* and it was curious to observe, that, after fighting a few rounds, he became as steady as could be wished. HAWKINS makes better use of his left hand than any pugilist connected with the Prize Ring.

BILL ABBOT.

THIS boxer is one of the Westminster school, and belonging to the dominions of *Caleb Baldwin*. He

has fought several good battles, and, in general, has proved the conqueror. He is never *nice*, when called upon to fight for a purse, although not under the patronage of any *swell*. He is tolerably well acquainted with the science of boxing; but ranks as a second-rate pugilist. ABBOT is a well-made young man, between 11 and 12 stone in weight; and about 5 feet 8 inches in height. His first battle of any note was with a man of the name of *Jones*, at Wimbledon Common; and he defeated him in good style.

ABBOT fought with *Hares*, on Wimbledon Common, on Tuesday, June 16, 1818, after *Randall* and *Burke* had left the ring. *Hares* displayed his usual good fighting and game qualities; but he was compelled to surrender to ABBOT. It was, however, thought that *Hares* was over-weighted.

ABBOT was matched against *Dolly Smith*, for twenty guineas a-side, and this battle took place near the Barge House, in Essex, on Tuesday, February 2, 1819; on which day, the amateurs, totally indifferent to the *rain*, left the Metropolis to witness this *mill*, and mustered rather numerously at the above spot; and, had the weather proved more favourable, the situation must have been considered truly interesting and picturesque. The ships sailing up and down the river; the fine buildings, and noble appearance of Woolwich Warren, opposite; the verdure of the fields; the extensive prospect all around, added to the *retirement*;—were well calculated to put the *Fancy* in good humour. But this spot, it seems, was protected by a *gate*; and, although not guarded by the *three*

heads of OLD CERBERUS (but by OLD TOM), yet it was thought that the former hero of antiquity might have been much sooner *gammoned* to pass without an *acknowledgment*, than the vigilance of those who were stationed at this entrance. An *Hibernian*, young in the *Fancy*, from whom the *blunt* was demanded before his vehicle was admitted, exclaimed, "By J—s, I thought this was the county of Essex; but I now find it is TIPPERARY." "Ould your tongue," cried his companion, "it's only a remnant of the *white bag* system." And, as if to give a sort of appropriate *finish* to the scene, the friendly doors of JOHN BULL were not only open to afford *shelter* to the Lads from the chilling showers, and the rough attacks of OLD BOREAS, which so keenly *nipped* their *mugs*, but to administer to their wants copious supplies of *blue ruin*. The *costard part* of the *Fancy lapped* it up like new milk; and the *Swells* smacked their *lips* over the *eau de vie* with peculiar *goût*. In another part of this "Picture of Life," were to be perceived numerous *Kids* with short *straws* in their *gills*, blowing *clouds* with all the gaiety and *sang-froid* of a knock-'em-down ground. But capacious as was the dwelling of JOHN BULL, and great and liberal as his exertions were (which might be said to be at the rate of 15 miles an hour) to *accommodate* his *customers* with *loads* of *heavy wet*, yet, in spite of all the *chaffing*, and *stalling* towards the bar of the *gay throng*, numbers could not be *served*. The *prads*, too, had a *pretty time of it*; but they kept their *troubles* to themselves. The signal for *milling* was at length announced; and it would be a *libel* upon the *lads* not to assert, that they attended the

summons *bang-up* in *spirits*. This conduct was only according to *etiquette*, as the *President of the Daffies* was selected to be the umpire on this occasion. *Dolly* was well known to the ring, from his combats with *Hares*, *Scroggins*, and *Cannon;* and ABBOT also, from defeating *Hares* and *Jones*, was considered a rising boxer. At half-past one, *Smith* threw up his hat in the ring, accompanied by his seconds, *Randall* and *Owen;* and ABBOT, followed by *Oliver* and *Shelton*. There was also an outer roped ring; and two sacks of saw-dust were spread over the small ring, for the accommodation of the combatants. The ceremony of shaking hands took place, when the men set-to.—5 to 4 on ABBOT.

First round.—The men both appeared in good condition, but Abbot looked the best in every point of view. They were more cautious than was expected, and some long sparring occurred. If Smith had not hit first, Abbot, in all probability, would have remained on the defensive for an hour. Dolly, with his right hand, put in a sharp *bodier*, which, had it been a little higher, must inevitably have *floored* his opponent, which Abbot returned short. Dolly hit and got away; when, after some exchanges, they closed, and Smith went down, and the *claret* was seen on his right eye. Loud shouting.

Second.—The *caution* of Abbot astonished the amateurs; and Dolly again hit and got away. Some blows were exchanged, and, in closing, Dolly again went down bleeding.

Third.—Dolly meant well towards *punishing* his opponent, and went *to work* wtth his right hand; but it was out of distance, and he was again on the ground.

Fourth.—Dolly was too short to get at Abbot; he could not *nob* him, and was always compelled to hit first. They closed, and some sharp *fibbing* occurred, when both went down, but Dolly undermost.—6 to 4 on Abbot; and the confident betters roared out 2 to 1.

Fifth.—The short arms of Dolly frequently failed in planting

a blow. This was a tolerable round, and Smith received a severe hit, that sent him staggering away; but he recovered himself. In closing, Dolly paid away; but he went down, bleeding copiously.

Sixth.—Abbot made some feints; when, after a short round, Dolly was hit down. Bravo! and loud shouting.

Seventh.—Dolly came quite fresh to the scratch, but he received a heavy body hit that *floored* him. "Well done, Abbot."

Eighth.—This was a sharp round, and both down.

Ninth.—Both hit short. Long sparring. In closing, some *fibbing* occurred, when Dolly broke away. More sparring. Abbot hit short. In closing at the ropes, Abbot hit Dolly down. Shouting, and "Bravo, Abbot!"

Tenth.—The expected *smashing forte* of Abbot was not seen, and he kept retreating till Dolly hit first, when he then let fly, frequently to advantage. Both down.

Eleventh.—Dolly's *mug* was painted in every direction, while Abbot had not received a *scratch*. Some sharp *fibbing*, and Dolly the worst of it, and down.

Twelfth.—Abbot never tried to take the lead, although he generally got the best of the round. He was the best at infighting, and Dolly now bled copiously, till both went down.

Thirteenth.—Both down.

Fourteenth.—Dolly gave a good *bodier;* and, after some hard hitting, both again down.

Fifteenth.—Dolly put in a sharp *snorter*, that made Abbot's *pimple* rattle again. (*"Such another pretty Dolly,"* roars out Tom Owen, *"is not to be seen in the kingdom."*) After some sharp exchanges, Dolly was hit down on the right side of his head.

Sixteenth.—The *punishment* on Dolly's *mug* was conspicuous. Both down.

Seventeenth.—The right eye of Dolly was nearly closed, and the blood was so plentiful, that he could scarcely get rid of it from his mouth. Some sharp work in a close, but Dolly down. 33 minutes.

Eighteenth.—This was a good round, but the left hand of Dolly appeared of no use to him; and Abbot's right seemed tied to his shoulder. The latter *waited* with the greatest patience for the attacks of Dolly, which did not at all times shield

him from heavy blows on the side of his neck and one of his jaws. In closing, some very severe *fibbing* occurred, when Dolly extricated himself with some talent. Two sharp counter-hits. Dolly received a *cheeker*, which put him in a dancing attitude, and he performed some *new steps* without the aid of *music*; but he at length recovered himself, and returned to the charge like a *Waterloo Trump*, and made so formidable a stand, that Abbot resorted to some long sparring. Dolly, however, got the worst of it, and he was *floored*. Shouting on both sides of the ring; and Smith shared the applause with his opponent.

Nineteenth to Twenty-fourth.—In some of these rounds, when Dolly was breaking away, Abbot made several *chops* at him, but without doing any material execution. In the last round, Smith began to fight with both his hands, and the ear and neck of Abbot exhibited marks of heavy hitting.—Both down.

Twenty-fifth.—Dolly was cleanly hit down.—"Well done, my *Cabbage-Cutter*; that's the way to *finish* it."

Twenty-sixth.—The *dose* was repeated by Abbot; and the *claret* from Dolly's *mug* was copious in the extreme.

Twenty-seventh to Thirty-second.—Dolly never could effect any change; and Abbot was patiently waiting every round for Smith. The head of the latter was terrific.

Thirty-third.—Dolly had decidedly the best of this round. Both down.

Thirty-fourth.—Smith was down; but the ground was in a most wretched slippery state. A guinea to a shilling was offered; but this was thought more *bravado* than judgment.

Thirty-fifth to Thirty-ninth.—Long sparring, and the partizans of Abbot roaring out for him to "*go in.*" "No, no," says *Rum Ould Mog*, "he knows the advantage of keeping his *distance* better. D'ye mind me, he's what I call a *distance Cove*. By the *Lord Mayor*, we shall win it now! Why, it's WELLINGTON to a *dandy*; a'n't it, Dolly? Go along, my boy, with your left *morley*, and his *pimple* will be of no service to him." In spite, however, of all the encouragement of his *lively* second, Dolly was ultimately *floored*.

Fortieth to Sixty-ninth.—To detail the minutiæ of these rounds would be superfluous. Dolly at times made some sharp hits, but there was no alteration in his favour. The *flash* waterman, of *Hungerford* notoriety, was so tired of the combat, that he made a boast he could do more execution in

five minutes, than they had done during the whole time of fighting; but while this *Knight of the Oar* was so full of *chaffing*, and giving directions like a *reconnoitring* general, he lost sight of the *safety* of his own person, and his *thimble* was *absent* without leave.

Seventieth to One Hundred and Twenty-seventh.—The rain came down in torrents; but the *mill* went on with all the regularity of sunshine. Abbot showed nothing like a decisive fighter; and there was once or twice he did not like the *nobbers* he had received. Dolly, in the majority of these rounds, went down every round.

One Hundred and Twenty-eighth to One Hundred and Thirty-eighth, and last.—It appeared, Dolly entertained an opinion that he could not *lose* it; and even after two hours and a quarter had passed, he *nodded* satisfactorily to his friends that his confidence had not deserted him. There was nothing interesting in the whole of these rounds to amateurs; and Dolly endeavoured to tire out his adversary by going down, but without effect, when he at last said he could fight no more.—Two hours and fifty-five minutes had elapsed.

ABBOT is by no means a first-rate fighter; if he had any such pretensions, he ought to have beat *Dolly* "off hand." He was all caution; and his strength enabled him to last the longest. He was very glad when *Dolly* said "No!" It was one of the most fatiguing fights that ever occurred; and, added to the pitiless pelting showers, and the amateurs standing up to their knees in mud, the ring was almost deserted before the fight was ended. It was only the *out-and-outers* that remained. *Dolly* is a *game* man, and only wanted length of arm to have won the combat. To describe the pitiful appearance of the amateurs would have required the pencil of a Hogarth; they had not a dry thread about them. ABBOT had scarcely a scratch upon his face; but was much distressed towards the end, and led out of the ring. *Smith* was put to bed at the Barge House. Little

betting occurred, Owing to the bad state of the weather, not a *single shilling* was collected for *Dolly Smith;* but he had a benefit given to him, under the patronage of some spirited amateurs. He suffered very much from ABBOT falling upon him; and also, at one time, when the ring was beat out, he accidentally received a dreadful cut from a whip, upon his head.

ABBOT was defeated by *West Country Dick*, in a turn-up, on March 2, 1819.—(See page 440.)

ABBOT fought with a jumping knight of the last, if such it might be called without burlesquing the milling character, to make up a fourth battle, for a small purse, on *Hounslow Heath*, on Tuesday, June 1, 1829; it, however, served the amateurs to laugh at. ABBOT had been sacrificing too freely at the shrine of Bacchus, either to stand upright or to make a hit, and the *translator of soles* seemed also to have too much respect for his *hide* to encounter even his *reeling* opponent. Master *Waxy* gave in upon his pins, after jumping about in the most ridiculous postures for twenty minutes, without having a *scratch* upon his *mug*, or a *mark* upon his body.

ABBOT, always ready for a *turn-up*, and owing to the following circumstance, fought with a *Johnny Raw*. The sporting world felt great disappointment on Friday, Feb. 18, 1820, in consequence of the severe illness of *Spring* preventing the combat taking place, which had been fixed for the above day. The ring was formed on *Epsom Downs*, and at half-past twelve o'clock *Burns* threw his hat up, and loudly declared he was ready to fight *Spring*. *Richmond* also came forward, and asked if any gentleman present appeared

on the part of *Spring*, but no answer was given. The *man of colour* told *Burns* not to be in any hurry, as a fight could be made up in the interim. A purse of twelve guineas was collected upon the ground; and ABBOT, who had defeated *Dolly Smith*, entered the lists with a raw countryman, from *Streatham*, who appeared anxious for *milling* honours. ABBOT was seconded by the *Guardsman* and *Hopping Ned;* and the *Yokel* was attended by *Richmond* and *Clark*. At two o'clock the men set-to.

First round.—Johnny Raw, who was quite a novice in the ring (in fact, it was his first appearance), went to work *pell-mell;* but the *science* and experience of Abbot gave him the *best of it*, and after a few hard blows he put in a hit upon the throat of the countryman, that *floored* him like a shot! For the instant Johnny was quite *senseless;* and upon Richmond's picking him up, he asked, "*Who done that? What's that for? Where am I?*" Richmond, with a smile upon his *mug*, observed, "Why, you are in the Court of *Chancery;* and let me say, you are not the first man that has been *bothered* by its *practice.*"

Second to Fourth.—Abbot had the best of these rounds, and he explained to the countryman the term *pepper*.

Fifth.—The clumsy hitting of Johnny Raw gave him a turn, and Abbot received a tremendous *floorer;* and, notwithstanding the *chevying* of the lads to *daunt* the countryman, it was 7 to 4 in his favour.

Sixth to Thirtieth.—It was a sort of reciprocal *milling* during all the rounds; many hard blows passed between them. Abbot *showed* the first *blood*, and was also the worst *punished*.

Thirty-first.—Abbot got his opponent at the ropes; but with all his endeavours to *fib* the poor countryman's nob, he *failed*.

Thirty-second to Fortieth, and last.—It was never exactly safe to Abbot till this round, when he again *floored* Johnny by a tremendous blow on the throat. Johnny was now quite *senseless;* and all attempts to bring him up to time were useless. Water was thrown on his face; but Abbot was pronounced the conqueror, after one hour and twenty minutes had elapsed. Abbot was by far the worst *punished*. On

Johnny's recovering his recollection, he again observed, "*Who done that?* Dang it! what, have I been in the Court of *Chancery* again? I don't like that place; it makes a body so *stupid!!!* But I am *now* ready to take another *turn.*"

ABBOT entered the lists with a sturdy navigator, at the close of Hampton Races, 1820, for a small subscription purse, made up by a few *Swells.* It was a complete turn-up. ABBOT was seconded by *Purcell* and *Brown;* and the *Navigator* by *Shelton* and *West Country Dick.* It was a good battle; and the *Navigator* proved himself a very troublesome, dangerous customer. He stood over ABBOT, and was also very strong, *game,* and would not be *denied:* but the superior science of our hero enabled him to win it cleverly in forty-five minutes.

ABBOT, in a turn-up in Harper's Fields, Mary-le-Bone, on Monday, June 5, 1820, defeated a Birmingham man of the name of *Bennyflood,* for a small purse, in the course of a few minutes, and without a *scratch* upon his *face.*

ABBOT fought with a hackney coachman of the name of *Pitman* for £5 a-side, and a small purse, on Wimbledon Common, immediately after *Brown* and *Curtis* had left the ring, on Monday, August 28, 1820. The former was seconded by *Randall* and *Callus,* and the latter by *Bill Cropley* and *Joe Norton.* This was a *hammering* fight for thirty minutes, occupying twenty-seven rounds. *Pitman* was a game man, and reminded the spectators of *Pearce,* denominated the *Game Chicken;* but it was only in appearance. *Pitman* was beat to a stand-still, and covered with *claret.* ABBOT retired from the contest with a slight *scratch* under his left eye; but he, nevertheless, received some *ugly* thumps upon his head.

PUGILISM AT HUNTINGDON,

Between BROWN, *a Baker (Champion of Peterborough), and a Life Guardsman, of the name of* WOODWARD, *from Stilton, for* 50 *guineas a-side, which occurred at the above place, on Wednesday, May* 12, 1819.

In consequence of the pugilistic fame which *Brown* had derived from defeating all the boxers that had been opposed to him for miles round the country, this battle excited great interest among the *country folks;* and, to give more importance to the event, seconds and bottle-holders were procured from London. Upwards of 5000 persons assembled to witness the combat. The ring was large, but without ropes. The spectators were as orderly and quiet as if they had been listening to a tragedy. *Brown* was 12 st. 6 lbs.; and backed 6 to 4. The Life Guardsman weighed 12 st. 8 lbs. The battle commenced at 11 o'clock in the morning. *Mendoza* and another seconded *Brown;* and *Paddington Jones* and *Joe Norton* attended upon WOODWARD.

First round.—The men opposed each other with all the thorough-bred *game* of two English bull-dogs. They returned hit for hit without ceremony, till, in closing, both went down.

Second.—Both of their *mugs* exhibited the severity of each other's *punishment.* Brown, full of confidence, took the lead; hit out tremendously; and, ultimately, got the soldier down. —2 to 1 on the baker; and his backers seemed quite satisfied it was all right.

Third.—The men appeared determined to try each other's *pluck;* and this round was so severely contested, that it was compared to the old system of *milling,* when Johnson and Big

Ben flourished in the Prize Ring. Although it frequently happened that both of the combatants were hit away, they were too *game* to go down till quite exhausted, when, in closing, they both fell.

Fourth.—The Guardsman made play in good style, and put in so terrible a hit upon the mouth of the baker, that he went staggering some yards away from his opponent. The *claret* was now profusely flowing; but Brown was too good in nature to fall; and he returned to finish the round with undiminished confidence.

Fifth.—The men rallied desperately, and the hitting was heard all over the ring. In closing, they *fibbed* each other alternately, till the Life Guardsman, in the Randall style, changed hands, and *punished* Brown till he fell down quite exhausted.

Sixth.—The soldier now took the lead in such style, that 6 to 4 was the betting all round the ring, and the *Johnny Raws* began to tremble for their little money bags, who had sported a trifle upon Brown.

Seventh to Sixteenth.—The whole of these rounds exhibited the highest pitch of true courage and fine *game*. Brown had so far recovered himself, and fought with such animation, that it was brought to even betting. In fact, it was anybody's battle, and *choice* was out of the question.

Seventeenth.—This round was sharply contested; but the soldier had rather the best of it.

Eighteenth and last.—The event was still very doubtful, till the Life Guardsman put in so tremendous a hit under Brown's ear, that he went down as if he had been shot. It was discovered that his jaw was dislocated; and he remained insensible for a few minutes. The victory, of course, was decided in favour of Woodward. Considerable alarm was felt for the safety of Brown, when it is worthy of remark to state, that Norton, with great humanity, immediately ran up to Brown, and from the exertions he made, and the care and anxiety he displayed in restoring the man to himself, in which he happily succeeded, was not only noticed by the ring, but a small subscription was collected for him, as a reward for his humane conduct. The fight lasted nineteen minutes and a half, and the battle money was given to the soldier in the ring.

A *gamer* fight could not possibly have been wit-

nessed. *Brown*, although defeated, has proved himself nothing else but a *good man;* and his friends were quite satisfied with his exertions towards victory. WOODWARD is a slow fighter, but a straight, *punishing* hitter; and it is thought he might *puzzle* some of the practitioners of the London Ring, from the capabilities both of *giving* and *taking* which he exhibited.

WEST COUNTRY DICK.

THIS little *milling* hero has been most actively employed in the Prize Ring since the publication of the second volume of this work; and in most of his battles he has proved successful. Of his size, a more *game* boxer is not to be found among the list of pugilists.

DICK was matched with *Dav. Hudson*, for 50 guineas a-side; but he was *defeated*, to the great surprise and mortification of his friends, in a few minutes. (See page 445.)

On Friday, Sept. 11, 1818, DICK, for a purse of 20 guineas, fought with *Davis*, a navigator, belonging to the Chatham Dock-yard, in a field near the Chatham Lines. For the first twelve rounds it was tremendous *punishment*, and reciprocal fighting; but in the thirteenth round, *Davis* dislocated his wrist, which compelled him very reluctantly to acknowledge DICK as the conqueror.

Pugilism extraordinary between WEST COUNTRY

DICK *and Abbot.*—The latter pugilist, it may be recollected, defeated *Dolly Smith*, at the Barge House, in Essex, after a long fight of 138 rounds, occupying 2 hours and 55 minutes. *Abbot*, it seems, looked forward to greater conquests, and viewed with indifference the *capabilities* of the light-weight boxers. A Sporting Dinner took place on Tuesday, March 2, 1819, in the neighbourhood of Westminster; when several of the *milling coves* looked in to see if any *business* had been *cut out* for them. DICK and *Abbot*, it appears, accidentally met each other, and, in consequence of some difference of opinion, *Abbot* threatened to *mill* the former; but DICK replied, with much spirit, it should not be long before he was *served out* for his temerity. This assertion was soon realized. A purse was subscribed by the amateurs; a large shed was cleared and lighted up; and the combatants stripped, attended by their seconds and umpire, with all the regularity of a Moulsey Hurst contest. *Randall* and a gentleman amateur took DICK under their especial care; and *Abbot* was equally well looked after by *Richmond* and *Hopping Ned.* DICK was terribly out of *condition*, much *distressed*, and totally unfit for fighting; and the state of *Abbot* was a few degrees removed from *condition;* but it being election time, some excuse was admitted on account of his voting for *Lushington.* For 35 minutes the battle raged with manliness, activity, and hard hitting; and the left hand of DICK was seen to greater advantage than usual, while his right dealt out tremendous punishment. *Abbot* was equally on the alert: the body of DICK served *Abbot* for a drum; and so much so, that one of his ribs

seemed frequently working in and out of its socket. *Abbot*, it is said, gave in *twice*. At the expiration of an hour and ten minutes, when "*time*" was called, he left his second's knee, but so completely exhausted, that he could not put up his hands; when the umpire requested DICK not to hit him in that defenceless state, and victory was declared in his favour. DICK cross-buttocked his opponent with great adroitness, and *Abbot* was likewise dreadfully *punished*. DICK did not win it without receiving heavily; and from the manliness he displayed, and the weight against him, he received much praise. It was 3 to 1 on *Abbot* in the early part of the fight; and a great deal of betting occurred, and the *tens* and *twenties* flew about like *waste paper*. DICK was offered to be backed to fight *Abbot* in a ring, for £50 a-side.

DICK fought with a *Clerkenweller* of the name of *Parsing*, in a long but narrow room, in the neighbourhood of Smithfield, before a few of the *Swell* amateurs, for a purse of £4 to the winner, and £1 to the loser, on Tuesday evening, June 13, 1820, at 10 o'clock at night. *Randall* and *Scroggins* seconded DICK; and *Purcell* and *Teasdale* were for *Parsing*. It was all over in 11 rounds, occupying 15 minutes. No *claret* was drawn. *Parsing* would not fight any more, observing, DICK was too much for him in a room; but he would fight DICK in a ring, for £10 a-side of his own money. *Parsing*, although much taller than DICK, had not a shadow of *chance*. The latter hero challenged *Teasdale* to fight before he put on his clothes, as the battle just over had not afforded any amusement to the amateurs; but *Teasdale* refused,

stating, he should obtain no credit if he *won* it. "Never mind," replied DICK, "I'll risk it." *Teasdale* then publicly acknowledged, that he did not think himself competent to cope with DICK in a room.

DICK fought a most tremendous battle with *John Cooper*, the Windsor Gypsy, on Epsom Downs. (See page 418.)

A small subscription purse, for a second fight, at Banstead Downs, on Tuesday, July 4, 1820, was contended for between WEST COUNTRY DICK and *Parsing*. DICK was the favourite 6 to 4. *Parsing* had been defeated by DICK in a room a short time previous, but flattered himself, from his length, that he could conquer DICK in a ring. *Randall* and *Paddington Jones* seconded the latter; and *Purcell* and *Holt* attended upon *Parsing*. Twenty-nine rounds occurred, occupying 28 minutes. The latter, it appeared, could not *take* punishment; and the severe *bodiers* given to him by DICK, made him *grin* again. *Parsing* went down almost every round.

DICK defeated one *Redgreaves*, a cocker, at Norwich, for a subscription purse. (See page 153.)

DICK, for a small subscription purse, fought with *Mason* (well known at the Fives Court for his repeatedly setting-to with *Lennox*), at Chelmsford Races, on Thursday, July 27, 1820. *Mason* had not the slightest chance whatever; and DICK was pronounced the conqueror in 16 minutes.

DICK entered the lists with a man of the name of *Bellick*, a shipwright, for a purse of £15, at Kit's Cot House, three miles and a half from Maidstone, on

Monday, August 28, 1820. The *milling* fame of DICK, who has fought nineteen prize battles, *five* of which occurred within the short space of four months, and who also proved the conqueror in four of them, attracted a numerous assemblage of persons at the above place. *Hellick* was a well-known good man, and a stone heavier than DICK. *Bob Purcell* and *Jackson handled* the former; and *Shelton* and *Cooper* attended upon the latter. DICK was quite out of *condition*, but he is never out of *pluck;* and a good battle was the result of their exertions. It occupied 26 minutes, and 19 rounds were manly contested. DICK completely emptied the *pepper-box* upon his opponent's *mug* in the first 14 rounds; and he also made many severe attacks upon his *victualling-office;* but the *game* of *Hellick* was not to be reduced, and in the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th rounds, DICK *napt* it in such severe style, that the shipwright, it was thought, would come into harbour victorious; but in the 19th and last round, DICK, by a sort of *coup-de-grace* effort, gave *Hellick* a *forgetter*, added to a sharp cross-buttock, that he fell upon his neck, and it was all UP, to the great mortification of the *yokels*, who had sported their *bobs* and *tizzies* upon the shipwright.

DAVID HUDSON.

IN the second volume of this work some trifling mention is made of this young hero, who at that period was scarcely known to the Prize Ring; but

since that time HUDSON has distinguished himself in several contests.

DAVID was matched against *West Country Dick* for 50 guineas a-side. It was the second fight, the above boxers occupying the ring immediately after *Neat* had defeated *Oliver*, at Rickmansworth, on Friday, July 10, 1818. *Randall* and *Tom Jones* were the seconds for *Dick;* and *Painter* and *Hall* for HUDSON. But *Dick* was the favourite, 7 to 4 and 2 to 1.

First round.—This was a good round. The combatants soon closed, but broke away. A sharp rally succeeded, and Dick was thrown.

Second.—Sharp fighting. Reciprocal nobbers. A smart rally, and both down.

Third.—Dick put in two facers. Some exchanges; when, in struggling for the throw, in going down Hudson was uppermost.

Fourth.—This was all in Dick's favour. He planted some heavy hits; and both going down, they rolled over each other.

Fifth.—Hudson's ear was bleeding, and Dick threw him.

Sixth.—This was an active round; and, in the corner of the ring, Hudson fibbed Dick till he fell out of the ropes. *Applause*—"Bravo, Hudson."

Seventh.—Both of them went to work, and some sharp exchanges occurred, till both down.

Eighth.—This appeared a severe round, and Dick got a hit on the ribs, and went down.

Ninth.—When time was called, Dick tried to leave the knee of his second; but in getting up he seemed as if he was bent double, and pointed to his ribs, when Hudson was declared the conqueror. This sudden termination of the fight positively electrified the amateurs, and the backers of Dick were chop-fallen indeed. Great murmuring prevailed that "all was not right;" but Dick declared, that in falling against the stakes, he hurt his ribs so severely that he was not able to stand upright. The battle was over in 14 minutes and 5 seconds.

DAVID fought with *Ballard* for a trifling stake, on Wednesday, April 15, 1819, on Kennington Common. *Purcell* and *West Country Dick* seconded HUDSON; and *Ballard* was waited upon by *Holt* and *Hares*. It was a most determined battle on both sides; and one hour and three quarters had elapsed, before *Ballard* was compelled to acknowledge himself defeated. He was *punished* most severely, and also deprived of vision. HUDSON also did not escape without considerable beating; and the *science* and *game* he displayed on this occasion gave him a *lift* among the amateurs.

After the battle between *Turner* and *Cy. Davis*, at Wallingham Common, on Friday, June 18, 1819, a *chasm* took place for upwards of an hour, during which time the ring was filled with amateurs, endeavouring to produce another contest between some of the *good ones*. *Sutton* offered to fight *Carter*, but the latter boxer pleaded want of *condition*. *Hall* was also called, *Martin*, &c., but objections of some nature were made; when, at length, *Harry Holt* threw up his hat, which was immediately answered by DAVID HUDSON. *Randall* and *O'Donnell* seconded *Holt;* and *Tom Owen* and *Josh. Hudson* waited upon D. HUDSON. It was for a purse of 20 guineas, and *Holt* was the favourite 5 to 4.

First round.—The *game* of Holt had been correctly ascertained upon more than one occasion; and his character stood well as a "pretty, scientific boxer." He was not very well; and had walked all the way from London down to the fight. Hudson, nothing else but "*a good one*," was also out of condition; in fact, he had only been discharged a week from the Doctor's hands, for the *jaundice*, and, on stripping, his frame had a yellow appearance. They set-to with much spirit; when Holt rather took the lead. It was all fighting; and Hudson was *nobbed* down.

Second.—Reciprocal *facers;* sharp hitting; full of work; *milling* the order of the round; both down, but Holt undermost. "Bravo! this will be a good fight;" and the amateurs were much interested.

Third.—Holt stopped in fine style, and planted some heavy hits. Both down.

Fourth.—Sparring; both offering and eager to hit, but *awake* to each other's intention, and dodging aside. This round was really a treat to the lovers of science. Holt was hit down in the corner of the ring. Even betting.

Fifth.—More science was displayed; when Owen began to sing "*Tol de rol,*" and said it was all right; that Hudson, of his weight, was the best little man in the kingdom; and that he should have nothing to do, but merely look on. Hudson took the lead, and followed his opponent over the ring, till Holt was hit down.

Sixth to Twenty-fourth.—To speak impartially, it would be almost impossible to say which had the best of the majority of these rounds. Holt repeatedly *nobbed* Hudson so severely, that his head went back; but he still returned to the charge unconcerned. In this round, Holt got Hudson on the ropes, where the latter was hanging almost on his balance; but he threw up his arms and walked away, amidst the shouts of the ring. "This is true courage," exclaimed a Briton.

Twenty-fifth to Forty-ninth.—All these rounds were contested with the utmost determined resolution and science on both sides. But Hudson was now the favourite, and *Tom Owen* offered 10 to 1. He also placed the *white topper* on his head; but would not let his knee-string, which was loose, be tied, for fear it should change his *luck*.

Fiftieth to Sixty-fourth.—Holt continued as *game* as a *pebble*, and *nobbed* Hudson desperately; but he could not take the fight out of him. The odds were now decidedly against Holt, and cries of "Take him away."

Sixty-fifth to Eighty-third.—Both of their *nobs* were terribly *punished*, particularly Holt's; but he had not the slightest intention to resign, though persuaded so to do by all his friends and backers. It was thought Holt had lost it, from going down without a blow. "Never mind," said Owen, "we'll give them that in. We can't lose it."

Eighty-fourth to Eighty-ninth and last.—Holt continued to fight, but he could not stand up to receive the hitting of Hud-

son, and went down repeatedly; while, on the contrary, Hudson seemed to be getting *fresher*, and he often ran and jumped to get in at Holt. The latter would not "give in," and he was taken out of the ring, by the desire of a noble Lord and other amateurs. It occupied an HOUR AND THREE QUARTERS.

It was a most distinguished, capital fight, on both sides; and, in a word, the men covered themselves with pugilistic glory. *Holt* was rather too *stale* for his opponent; he had also some of his teeth dislodged. HUDSON promises to be still more conspicuous *in the ring;* a better *bit of stuff* cannot be found. A handsome subscription was made for *Holt.*

HUDSON had now got so greatly into favour with the amateurs, that he was backed against *Scroggins* for 50 guineas a-side, and which battle took place on Monday, March 13, 1820, at Dagenham Beech, in Essex, about eleven miles from London.

The road exhibited much bustle about ten o'clock in the morning; and the distance being so short, the amateurs arrived at the destined spot rather earlier than usual. However, owing to "*neglect*" somewhere, it appeared, to the great chagrin of the *Fancy*, that *Scroggins* had not been made acquainted with the scene of action, and it was almost 10 to 1 whether he appeared at all. The "little hardy hero," *somehow*, at length reached the Ship and Shovel, and waved all impediments, although against him, like a truly *game* man.

At half-past one o'clock, HUDSON, attended by his brother and *Owen*, as his seconds, threw his hat up in the ring; and *Scroggins*, followed by *Oliver* and *Randall*, repeated the token of defiance. The odds

were both ways; and from the remembrance of what *Scroggins* had once been, the *old fanciers* rather took the latter for choice. *Owen*, it seems, to give an air of importance to his *protégé*, graced the ring with his BOX OF INTELLECT *powdered*.

First round.—On stripping, the fine condition of Hudson astonished the spectators; and, to give him a showy appearance, he sported silk stockings. Scroggins did not look well; but it was observed, he was "not so bad" as had been represented. The combatants sparred for upwards of two minutes, when Scroggins let fly with his left hand, slightly touching his opponent's eye. In attempting to make another hit, Hudson got away. More sparring. Scroggins now went to work in his usual heavy style, and rather drove Hudson to the ropes, when, after some exchanges, Hudson went down, receiving a heavy hit on his ear.—The shouting was loud; and "*Well done, my old boy! you can't lose it; the stale one for* 100*l*."

Second.—Hudson did not wish to be idle, and went up to his man and fought with him, when a rally ensued, in which Scroggins had rather the best of it. The men separated; and Hudson put in a severe *facer*, that brought forth the *claret* from his opponent's nose and mouth; and, in struggling, both went down.

Third.—The men were on their mettle, and fighting was the order of this round. Scroggins received a *jobber* in the front of his *nob;* but he returned to the charge with vigour, till he went down from a slight hit. "*Go along, Davy; a young one against an old one, any time.*"

Fourth.—Scroggins received a sharp hit on the body; but he, nevertheless, went boldly in to his opponent, and put in three *nobbers*. In struggling for the throw, Hudson undermost. "*Bravo, Scroggy.*"

Fifth.—The face of Scroggins was much *pinked*, and one of his eyes rather damaged. Some good exchanges, till Scroggins was undermost. Shouting for Hudson.

Sixth.—Hudson stopped the hits of his adversary well; and again went to the *nobbing* system, till both went down.

Seventh.—This was a most terrible round. It was all fighting; and the struggle at the ropes was desperate in the extreme, till Scroggins found himself on the ground, undermost. The applause on both sides was most liberally dealt out, and

the combatants were pronounced good men all round the ring.

Eighth.—Scroggins began to *pipe*, and symptoms of a worn-out constitution could not be concealed from his adversary; and the advantages of youth were evident to every spectator, till Scroggins went down.

Ninth.—Well contested on both sides; but, although Scroggins repeatedly hit his opponent in the face, he did no damage to him. Both down.

Tenth.—In this round, a faint ray of the original quality of Scroggins was conspicuous; he put in a severe hit under Hudson's right ear, and also bored him down. Three to two was, however, offered on the latter.

Eleventh.—Sharp exchanges; but Scroggins went down so weak, that Tom Owen offered four to one.

Twelfth to Fifteenth.—Scroggins had rather the best of some of these rounds, but never the best of the battle. He, however, threw Hudson over the ropes.

Sixteenth to Eighteenth.—This was the most terrific round in the fight. The men exchanged hits like game cocks; struggled for the throw at the ropes; broke away; fought at the ropes again, till both down.

Nineteenth to Twenty-third.—It was evident, the once terrific Scroggins was gone by; his milling period was over; he took like a *glutton* of the first appetite, but could not give as heretofore; and six to one was current against him.

Twenty-fourth to Twenty-eighth.—In some of these rounds, Hudson held up his opponent, and punished him down; *and Owen, in the exultation of the moment, offered ten to one, and said he should go home, as his man did not want any more seconding.*

Twenty-ninth to Thirty-third.—In the last round, Scroggins turned his head away from the severe punishment he had received, and went down.

Thirty-fourth and last.—Scroggins attempted to hit, but it was all up, as he was quite exhausted: 40 minutes and 3 seconds had elapsed. Hudson had scarcely a *scratch*.

It is an old and standing proverb among the good judges, that youth and strength must be served; and a clearer demonstration of the above position was never witnessed in the Prize Ring. The constitution

of *Scroggins* appeared to be gone, and that no training could restore it. It is, however, rather singular to remark, that a knock-down blow did not occur throughout the fight. HUDSON is as gay as a lark, confident, and a boxer that can stay a good while; but he is not a hard hitter. In *Scroggins's* day a different tale must have been told; but it seemed to be the opinion, that his once terrible mode of hitting had left him, and, as a boxer, he must retire from the Prize Ring. It is, however, but common justice to state, that *Scroggins* never exerted himself upon any occasion more to *win*, than he did in contending against the young one; and his *gluttony* likewise astonished all present.

HUDSON and *Scroggins* meeting together at Chelmsford Races, on Thursday, July 27, 1820, the amateurs made a subscription purse of £20. It was suggested between the seconds that HUDSON and *Scroggins* should divide the purse; but the latter boxer resisted it, saying, he would win if he could. It was a sharp, good fight; but *Scroggins*, being very much out of *condition*, was again defeated in about 25 minutes.

HUDSON had risen so high in the estimation of the amateurs, that he was backed against *Martin*, without the least hesitation: nay, more, that he must win, and nothing else. It, however, proved that his backers were too confident; as it was soon seen he was over-matched, and, in consequence, was defeated.—(See page 257.)

On Thursday, Jan. 11, 1821, DAVID HUDSON and *Green* fought in a barn, at Chelmsford, at eleven o'clock at night, for £10 a-side. This fight had been

a long time "*hatching up*," particularly on the part of *Green's* friends; and, from every appearance, he had been in *training* on the sly; while HUDSON was never in such *bad condition* before.

First round.—Green soon let fly with his right hand, which Hudson stopped with his right. He then went to work till Green was *floored*.

Second.—A determined rally, in which Hudson met his adversary well, till Green was again down.

Third.—Cautious sparring. Green, however, went in without ceremony, and *napt* two *muzzlers*, right and left, for his temerity. The *claret* appeared in profusion, and Green was again down.

Fourth to Seventh.—The men were now extremely weak, but Hudson received a tremendous hit on his right eye, and he was blind for a few seconds; having lost the sight of his left eye ever since he fought with Martin. "Go along, Green; it's all your own; you can't lose it;" and 5 to 4 was offered.

Eighth.—Hudson's right hand made a dint on Green's side, and, with his left, Davy put in such a *conker*, that not only produced the *claret* in profusion, but he was quite abroad, and went down. These *Pepper-alley* touches brought it to even betting, and Hudson for choice.

Ninth to Thirteenth.—The *pepper-box* was again administered by Hudson, who caught Green under his right arm, and, with his left, *fibbed* him so severely, that Green called out "Foul," and said he would not fight any longer. The umpires were appealed to, and decided Hudson's conduct to be fair, and "*a bit of good truth*."

Fourteenth.—Green, determined to try every move on the board, went sharply to work, but Hudson stopped his efforts with the utmost ease. 7 to 4 on Hudson, but no takers.

Fifteenth to Seventeenth.—Davy came to the scratch as fresh as his out-and-out badger, and hit Green all to pieces; and, by way of finishing the round, if not the fight, cross-buttocked his opponent so severely, that it was 20 to 1 he did not come again. Green said, he would not fight any more, while sitting upon the knee of his second.

HUDSON then went up to *Green*, and shook hands with him, observing, at the same time, "You are not

half so good a man as I expected, from the chaffing there has been about you; but, nevertheless, I will give you half a guinea." The friends of *Green* thought he could have won the fight if it had been in a ring; but HUDSON's backers were so confident of his success, that they immediately put down £50 to £30 for DAVY to fight him in a ring, in any part of Essex. The partisans of *Green* wished it to take place in the same ring as *Oliver* and *Spring*. The money was drawn, to the great disappointment of HUDSON's party. The Essex friends of the latter offered to back him at any time for £100. The above battle lasted 45 minutes.

One *Jack Steadman*, a big one, and a good fighter, was beat off hand by DAVID, to the great astonishment of the spectators.

HUDSON keeps a respectable public-house at Chelmsford, and he is well supported by the sporting people; and, on the 2d of February, 1820, DAVID had a benefit at the Chelmsford Theatre.

A volume would not detail the successful skirmishes of DAVID HUDSON in the precincts of the Surrey Theatre. Our hero has cleared his way through mobs of *petticoat pensioners*. He has showed all of them properly what "Over the water to *Charley*" is. DAVID is about eleven stone in weight; in height about 5 feet 7 inches. He is as *game* as a pebble, a most lively and good in-fighter, and a two handed hitter. He never leaves his man, and is as confident as a *Wellington* towards victory. He is about twenty-two years of age. DAVID is also one of *Tom Owen's* "boys!"

ABRAHAM NEWTON,

One of the Bristol Prize Ring.

ALTHOUGH the above hero of the fist had not to boast of the strength and size of a *Cribb*, the phenomenon-like qualities of a *Jem*, or the scientific traits of a *Tom Belcher;* yet, from the long standing of twelve years, also being the conqueror in 7 successive battles, and, up to Sept. 1818, having never yet pronounced the word No! NEWTON was an interesting object to the Bristol Prize Ring. With the *gloves*, a stranger would view him as a mere *novice:* he is awkward in the extreme, and generally gets the *worst of it* from his adversary. Not so in the ring—as if he disdained any thing but *actual milling;*—he is there seen to great advantage. With *game* that never flinches, cunning and active, like a skilful general, he plants his blows with so much advantage, as to receive little if any *mischief* in return: an excellent *getter-away*, displaying always much coolness and good temper. He is well put together; in height 5 feet 7 inches; weighing 10 st. 8lbs. NEWTON'S mode of *training* is totally different from the rest of his brethren of the fist, and may be considered as somewhat singular; it is comprised in two words, namely, *hard work;* strictly adhering to the true principles of Nature—to eat as often as hunger requires it, and to drink *only* when he is *dry!* Adopting the above line of conduct, NEWTON has always been enabled to appear in the ring in first-rate condition. He is a temperate liver, although, at times, he officiates as the landlord of a small public-house. NEWTON

is considered a very sharp fighter, and has *finished* most of his opponents in a very short time, as the following statement will evince.

NEWTON's first attempt at *milling* was with one *Sparkes*, at Upper Easton, Bristol, for four guineas a-side. (The amateurs of this fighting school have no other notions of backing the light weights but for *light* sums, and leave to the London gentlemen amateurs the privilege of matching 10 and 11 stone men for £200 a-side. They understand these things better in Bristol.) NEWTON, on the above occasion, being a *novice*, was seconded by his brother: but, in the space of fourteen minutes, *Sparkes* was led off from the scene of action.

On Trooper's Hill, near the New Church, under the guidance of *Old Tom Cotterell*, for four guineas a-side, NEWTON beat *Bill Shallard* in good style.

NEWTON, previously to the *game Jack Ford* appearing in the London ring, fought with him at Durdham Down, under the following singular circumstance:—NEWTON, anxious to see a fight at the above place, left his work in great haste, went without his dinner, and ran with considerable speed for upwards of two miles, to arrive at the spot in time. He had scarcely reached the ground, when he was informed that *Ford* wanted to fight him. NEWTON instantly inquired of the former, "if he had been challenging him." "No!" replied *Ford*; "*but if thou'lt fight I, I'll fight thee!*" "Thou shalt be *accommodated* in a moment," answered NEWTON, in the true Bristol style. Two pounds a-side were instantly put down; and before any person could scarcely count the loose *blunt* in change

for a *screen*, the men had *peeled*, and were *milling* in the ring. It proved as desperate a battle as was ever seen in Bristol; and, in the course of forty-five minutes, *Ford* was so dreadfully *punished* as to be taken off the ground in a coach; and NEWTON, instead of *running* back, required the assistance of some friends to conduct him home. NEWTON's character now rose high in the estimation of the amateurs as a boxer, and he was seconded, upon this occasion, by *Tom Britton*, who fought with *Dutch Sam*.

Bristol Hall challenged NEWTON for £40 a-side. The latter, seconded by *Bob Watson*, disposed of *Hall* in quick time, upon Durdham Down.

An athletic Wiltshireman, possessing great strength, surrendered to NEWTON in the course of a few minutes, upon the above Downs.

In St. Phillips's Marsh, NEWTON entered the lists with a North-countryman, weighing 14 stone. In the first two rounds, NEWTON was like a *fly* in opposition to his powerful blows; but the latter at length got a turn, and *milled* the *bonny Scot* so severely that he *gave out* three times in the short space of thirteen minutes. This conquest gave great satisfaction to the spectators, in consequence of the ill-treatment NEWTON had experienced from the North-countryman. *Bill Hunt* was second to the former.

One *Crabbs*, the leader of a press-gang, and a terror to most men of the city of Bristol, was matched against NEWTON for £100. This contest took place at Dundry Hill; and, notwithstanding the hardihood, height, strength, and length, possessed by *Crabbs*, under the guidance of *Bob Watson*, NEWTON

completely satisfied the Bristolians that if he did not merit the appellation of an elegant fighter, he was deservedly entitled to the character of a cautious, *bottom*, GOOD man, by the way in which he *served out* the above *Man-stealer!* — NEWTON is about thirty-one years of age.

Our hero was selected as a proper match for *Cabbage*, a boxer who stood very high in the opinion of the provincial fanciers; and, previous to the time of their meeting, this battle excited considerable interest both in London and Bristol, and a great variety of opinions existed on the subject; but in this contest, which took place at Keynton Downs, on Tuesday, September 29, 1818, for 100 guineas a-side, NEWTON was disposed of without a *chance*. In consequence of this easy contest, *Cabbage* obtained a high situation on the list of "light weights."

Second Battle between Cabbage and NEWTON.—At Salford, in the summer of 1820, between Bristol and Bath, the above contest took place for £50 a-side; and also the division of the gate-money. There was a good muster of the *Fancy* from Bath and Bristol, in consequence of its being a second fight; and *Cabbage* having defeated NEWTON *off hand*. The latter having had the character of one of the best boxers, of his weight, in Bristol. The odds upon this battle were decidedly in favour of *Cabbage*. At one o'clock the combatants entered the ring. *Cabbage* was seconded by *Neat* and *Bob Watson;* and NEWTON by *H. Lancaster* and *Santy Parson*. It consisted of only four rounds. The first two were well contested, NEWTON taking the lead; but, in the fourth round, *Cabbage*

went down from a hit on the side of his head, and *would not*, or did not, come to the scratch when time was called.

Great murmurings occurred; the spectators insisted something was wrong; and *Lockley* declared all the bets to be off. The umpires, it seems, were also dissatisfied. But *Cabbage* declared he was *stupified* from the severe effects of the blow.

TOM REYNOLDS,

THE TIGHT IRISH BOY.

THIS active boxer commenced publican, in Drury Lane, London, soon after his conquests over *Belasco*, *Church*, and the Canterbury hero, *Johnson;* but owing to an accident of falling through a trap-door into the cellar, he received so serious an injury, that an opinion was entertained, he would never be able again to appear in combat in the Prize Ring, and his health remained in a very precarious state for some months. However, from the good effects of the country air, which TOM experienced during his sparring tour to Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, &c. in company with *Carter* and *Sutton*, we have now to add two more distinguished conquests.

REYNOLDS was extremely well received by his countrymen in Ireland; and in a short time after he had been exhibiting the art of Self-Defence in Dublin, a *customer* offered himself to the notice of our hero.

On Tuesday, July 4, 1820, REYNOLDS, considered, by what the *Fancy* call good judges, a

brave, good fighter, stripped in Donnelly's Valley, in the Curragh, with *John Dunn*, a novice to the ring, for a purse of £50; but who was sported as a game chick, with good native science, and strength to back it. At an early hour the ground was covered with spectators, male and female; and, about twelve, REYNOLDS made his appearance, and earnestly examined the ropes, and the manner the ring was formed. *Dunn* soon after made his *débût*, and threw up his *castor* with confidence, which was answered by his antagonist in like manner. After shaking hands, and stripping, the *lads* went to work.

First and Second rounds.—Reynolds was thrown, but it was evident he had the best of the fighting; for his left hand told dreadfully upon Dunn's head.

Third.—Reynolds threw his man a good cross-buttock, from which it was evident Dunn had no chance. He was countered every hit, and floored as if shot, until the

Tenth.—When Reynolds's friends offered 6 to 4; but Reynold seemed jealous that his winning should be at all doubted; for in the

Eleventh.—He went in, and played such a *tattoo* upon his antagonist's head, as rendered him almost senseless; his eyes were nearly closed, and two deep gashes appeared under each, which kept constantly bleeding, and his head was swelled twice its natural size. In the

Twelfth.—He was brought up to the *mark*, but there was no *fight* in him, and, with a slight hit, he staggered against the ropes, and nearly sunk; when Captain Kelly entered the ring, and said it was brutal to let him fight any longer, when he had no chance. Reynolds stood by him, and would not hit him, although he had it in his power.

The fight was interesting to the amateur, as it showed the advantage of coolness and science over strength, though backed with the most determined courage. It lasted 54 minutes; in which twelve

rounds were fought. REYNOLDS had not a *scratch*, and appeared to be not in the least short of wind. At the conclusion, he jumped over the ropes, and was at his friend's house in Dublin by nine o'clock.

REYNOLDS, on his return to London, made Macclesfield in his road, and was matched against *Sammonds*, a boxer who had beaten every one opposed to him in Lancashire; and also a teacher of the science, at Manchester, for the last seven years.

This match was made at two days' notice—in consequence of a set-to between the above combatants, at Manchester, in which *Sammonds* had the best of it, on Monday, August 21, 1820,—at Macclesfield, for a purse of £40, within a mile of the above place. So early as twelve o'clock, 20,000 persons assembled to witness this pugilistic contest. At three o'clock, in a 30-feet ring, *Sammonds* threw up his hat, attended by his seconds, *Felton* and *Meares:* and shortly afterwards, REYNOLDS, supported by *Cope* (the JACKSON of Lancashire) and a stranger, repeated the above token of defiance. It was even betting.

First round.—The superior science of Reynolds took the lead, and he planted such a tremendous hit on the body, and also on the nob of his opponent, that Sammonds turned round in such a complete state of *stupor*, that he appeared like a piece of clock-work moving his head. Reynolds, with courage and manliness never to be forgotten, instead of finishing the contest, which was completely in his power, touched Sammonds on the shoulder, and, in the most polite manner, requested his opponent to come and fight. Sammonds, like a brave man, shook off his drowsiness, and turned to and fought, and, with his left hand, gave Reynolds a *black eye*. Tom returned with great severity on Sammonds's nob, when the latter dropped as if he had been shot. Great applause, but even betting.

Second.—It was not long before Reynolds planted such a tremendous *bodier*, that Sammonds was *floored sans ceremonie*.

Third.—Sammonds was quite satisfied that he was contending against a superior artist, and, in a struggle, Reynolds threw him.

Fourth.—Sammonds put in a tremendous blow on the throat of Reynolds, which sent him round like a top; but the latter, strange to say, on the swing, caught Sammonds on the temple, and *dropped* him.

Fifth.—A *blow* in the wind-market spoiled Sammonds, and he went down, as if he had taken his leave of the surrounding scene. Great applause; but the *yokels* looked rather blue.

Sixth. The wind of Sammonds was again disposed of; and he went down without a shadow of chance.

Seventh and last.—This round was a great novelty. Reynolds, by a well-directed hit, made Sammonds perform a *flip-flap*, like Grimaldi; and the head of his opponent not only went where his heels had stood, but his heels actually went up into the air.

Sammonds was totally insensible; but REYNOLDS, with the truest feeling, went up and shook hands with his opponent. *Sammonds* remained in a state of stupor for ten minutes. REYNOLDS, with great liberality, gave *Sammonds* a £5 note. The latter is a very *game* man, and did every thing in his power to win. REYNOLDS showed himself an *out-and-out* good one, and had not a *scratch* upon his *face*.

REYNOLDS made but a short stay in London, when he returned to Ireland to fight with *Cummins;* but this match *went off*, in consequence of a forfeiture.

REYNOLDS is very much improved in *science;* and still retains the high-sounding title of a conqueror in all his battles. He is also a well-informed man; and the following letter is inserted as a specimen of his talents:—

To the Editor of the WEEKLY DISPATCH.

SIR,—A paragraph having appeared in the *Morning Advertiser* of Friday last, under the head Bow Street, stating, that Purcell and Reynolds had beat two ostlers in the Golden Cross Yard, in a brutal manner, permit me to state the real fact; and I then leave it to you and the public to decide if we deserved so personal an attack as took place at Bow Street. On Wednesday evening I went, in company with Purcell, to the Northumberland Arms, St. Martin's Lane; the parlour being painting at the time, we sat down in the tap-room; scarcely were we seated, when one of the ostlers above mentioned came in, (a Welchman,) and coming direct to me, said, he thought he was the best man in the country, and should like to try his luck with a fighting man. I took no notice of the observation, for I thought he seemed bent on a quarrel, and I believe, mistaking my silence for fear, got coarser in his language; every epithet, from a cur to the most disgusting word a man can be called, he bestowed on me to make me fight. After pursuing this course about half an hour, he went out and brought in his fellow-servant; they took two chairs from the other side of the room, and faced us, like two pointers, at the table where we were sitting, and challenged us to fight for a belly full, a glass of gin, or twenty pounds; still we did not like to quarrel in the house, for a worthier man than the landlord cannot be. But goaded by two such fellows, and some respectable tradesmen in the room saying, if we did not get up and fight, we did not deserve the name of men, we got up, as did likewise our antagonists; fought for about two minutes, and gave them a good drubbing: but instead of there being any unmanly play on our side, as they state, it was quite the reverse; for after Purcell's antagonist gave in, he got behind his back, caught hold of his ear, and strove to treat him in the American style. Any person that ever was in Purcell's company will do him the justice to say he is one of the most quiet and inoffensive men on the boxing list; and for myself, I defy the world to say I ever wantonly or unmanly assaulted any person in all my life. The fact is, this pair of heroes thought they could fight; but they were terribly deceived, for two greater swaggerers I never saw.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

Saturday, Oct. 30, 1819, THOS. REYNOLDS.

7, James Street, Covent Garden.

JACK LANCASTER.

THIS *scientific* boxer, who had retired some time from the pursuits of the Prize Ring, suddenly again entered it, on Hayes Common, Middlesex, near Arlington Corner, on Wednesday, November 22, 1820. The above match was rather *knocked up* in a hurry, and the men had little more than a week allowed for training. LANCASTER, well known in the *Fancy*, and one of the prettiest fighters of his day, when he fought with *Martin*, the Jew, three hours and a half, and also in his contest with the celebrated scientific *Eales*, was backed as the favourite, although it was known his *hands* would *go*, and that no dependence could be placed upon him in this respect. *Adams*, a butcher, a smart active young man, who was defeated by *Rasher*, a short time since, in Essex, but whose *qualifications* were doubtful, was *pitted* against LANCASTER, by the whole of the *cutting-up* tribe. The weather was enough to *damp* the ardour of any but the *out-and-outers*, but it did not prevent a tolerable muster of the amateurs at the above place. All the *swell coachys* and *guards* that were off duty were present, and supported LANCASTER; the latter having filled the situation of a guard.

At half-past one, *Adams* appeared in the ring, attended by *Tom Shelton* and *Rasher*, as his bottle-holder and second; and shortly afterwards, LANCASTER, followed by *Harry Harmer* and *Cy. Davis*, made his appearance; the rain coming down in torrents. *Mar-*

tin (the Master of the Rolls) was appointed one of the umpires.

First round.—The appearance of Lancaster, in point of *condition*, was by no means prepossessing, yet he certainly looked better than might have been expected, from the short time allowed him for training. Adams was strong, compact in himself, and well calculated to fight; he hit short, and got away. Lancaster told with his one two slightly; but, in closing, Adams received a little *pepper*, and, in going down, he was the undermost.

Second.—The science displayed by Lancaster was pretty; and he not only stopped in good style, but he sent Adams down on his *latter end*. Great applause, and 7 to 4 on Lancaster.

Third.—This was a good round. Adams made some feints, but he was *nobbed*, and also received a *ribber*. Adams again went down, and some hissing occurred. It was 2 to 1 now.

Fourth.—The *nob* of Lancaster showed some sharp *punishment*, and his left eye was cut, and bleeding from an old bruise. Adams went down. "It's all right, Lancaster."

Fifth.—Adams went down; but the spectators seemed to think not from a hit. (*Disapprobation expressed.*)

Sixth.—Lancaster stopped in fine style; but Adams again went down.

Seventh.—Adams put in a sharp *nobber*, that made the *claret* run down sharply, and he also got away. He pointed his finger at Lancaster, and laughed at him. The latter followed Adams, and, after a hit or two, the butcher went down. (*Hissing.*)

Eighth.—Two or three hits passed, but Adams was again down.

Ninth.—This was a tolerable round; and some fighting occurred. In closing, both down.

Tenth.—Similar to the last; but, in going down, Adams undermost.

Eleventh.—The right hand of Lancaster was nearly gone; or at least so sore, that he could not use it with any effect. He now worked away with his left hand, and gave Adams two repeated jobbers on his mouth, that made him *grin* in "right

earnest;" and when Lancaster was about to repeat it for the third time, *down he dropped. (Loud hissing.)*

Twelfth.—Lancaster made two pretty stops, and also returned upon Adams in the wind. The latter, however, got down as soon as he could.

Thirteenth.—Adams was *floored.* Great applause; and "Lancaster, you can't lose it."

Fourteenth.—This was a good round, and some fighting occurred; but Adams seemed more fond of pointing and laughing at Lancaster, than ready to show fight. Indeed, he was nothing else but a *shy cock.* Both down.

Fifteenth.—In closing, after a struggle, they broke away from each other. Neither of them seemed to have any idea of the *weaving* system.

Sixteenth.—The blows of Lancaster were not effective. He hit Adams several times in the face, but no punishment appeared to follow the blows. Lancaster got him down, and was loudly applauded.

Seventeenth.—The left hand of Lancaster did some trifling execution, but he was hit down. Great approbation for Adams.

Eighteenth and Nineteenth.—Lancaster was much *distressed,* and went down from some sharp hits.

Twentieth to Twenty-eighth.—The *nob* of Lancaster was the worse for the fight, but Adams did not stand up to meet him. Lancaster could not administer any *punishment* with his right hand, but he nevertheless displayed some fine science.

Twenty-ninth.—Adams went down quickly—*(Great disapprobation)*—and Martin came up to Adams, and told him to recollect it was a stand-up fight, and if he again went down without a blow, the umpires would give it against him.

Thirtieth.—A sharp round. Good exchanges; but yet Adams did not show any punishment about his *nob,* although he was much distressed.

Thirty-first and last.—This round occasioned a great deal of disturbance. It was urged by the partisans of Lancaster, and also his seconds, that Adams went down without a blow. "*Foul, foul!*" "*Fair, fair!*" were heard all over the ring; and the combatants sat upon the knees of their seconds for upwards of four minutes, when the umpires decided that Adams had forfeited all right to the stakes, in consequence of falling

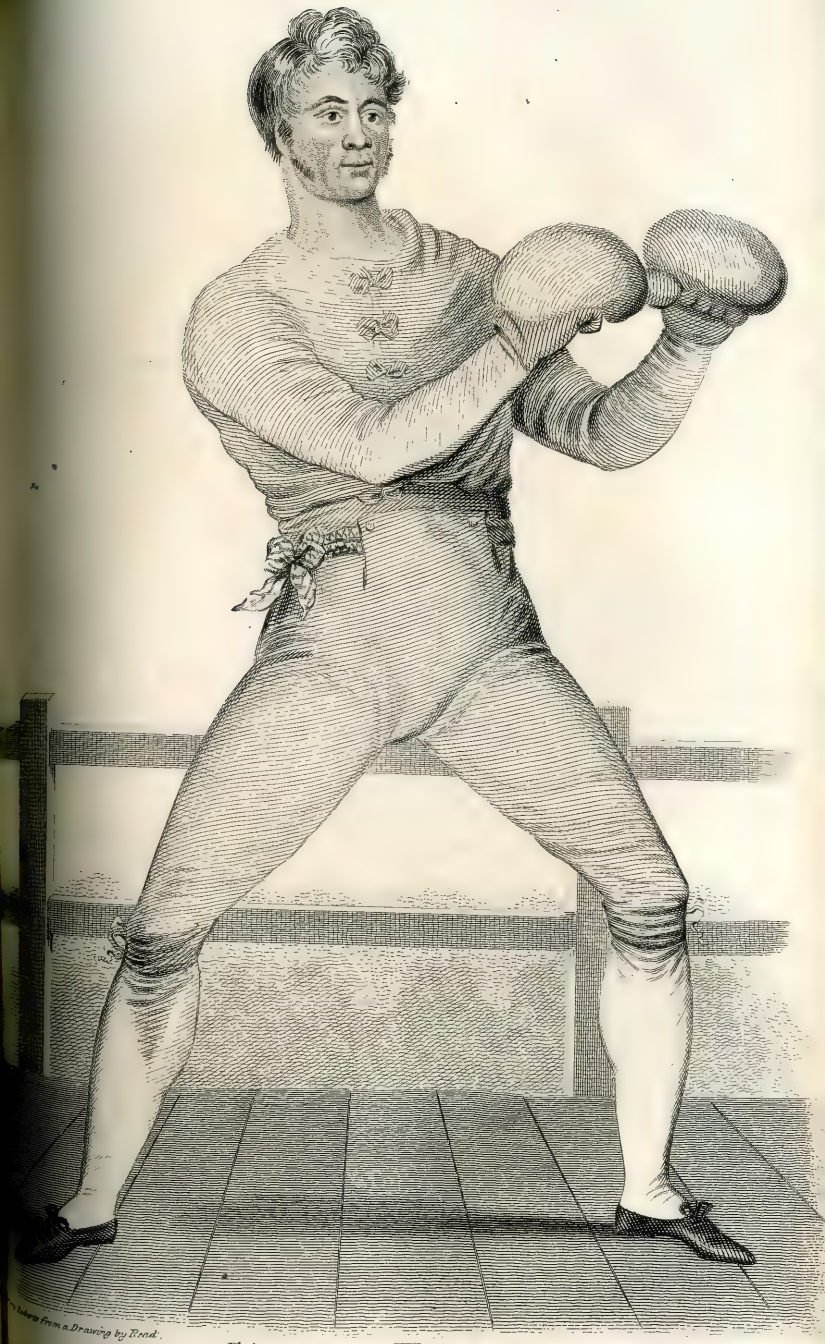
without a blow. This decision did not give general satisfaction; although it was urged, that Lancaster had won the battle in the ninth round. It occupied 45 minutes.

LANCASTER, though a fine *scienced* boxer, is gone by as a fighting man. He cannot *punish*, and his right hand went in the second round. If he had been as good now as four years ago, he must have won it off hand. *Adams* has some good points about him; that is to say, he appears active, and can scramble in under his opponent, and do some mischief; and if he could but get rid of his *fears* as to *receiving*, he might obtain a better character as a pugilist. It seems to be quite a mistaken notion of several boxers, and also amateurs, that, if some blows have been exchanged in the round, a man, "*if he likes it so best*," may fall down. *But the meaning of a stand-up fight is, according to the best judge in the ring, and from whose opinion, such is the importance of his decision, that, from the Duke to the costermonger, no dissentient voice is heard, "that if a man goes down without a blow, at any time during the fight, no matter whether blows have passed or not, he has lost it.*"

The money, after much wrangling, was given up to each of the combatants.

GEORGE HEAD,

WELL known in the pugilistic world, as a first-rate *sparrer*, and teacher of the art of Self-Defence, in his tour through Yorkshire, in September, 1819, was



GEORGE HEAD.

compelled to throw the *gloves* aside, and *show fight*, or yield to the *ruffianism* of a strong herculean *Johnny Raw*, of upwards of 14 stone weight, of the name of *Want*. This *turn-up* took place near Hoyland; and, it seems, *Want* was so determined to reduce the consequence of HEAD, that he was hunting after GEORGE for two days. *Want* at length found him at a dinner party, where the glass had been circulated freely, and GEORGE had just received thunders of applause from his *gay chaunt* of "*All the Family!*" Mr. *Want* was not long in telling his *errand*, and HEAD, without any hesitation, said his *fancy* should be *accommodated;* and, after partaking of a *drain* of "*Fuller's Earth*," the parties instantly repaired to an adjoining field, near the inn, and the *mill* commenced. It was a *horse* to a *hen*, on stripping, in favour of the *Chaw-bacon;* but, at the conclusion of the first round, it was a *horse* to a *hen* on the side of HEAD. The latter had only to *get away* from the boring qualities of the *bumpkin*, who rushed forward with all the impetuosity of a tiger. HEAD soon made his favourite hit on the nose of *Want*, which so confused his *upper works*, that he was quite *abroad*. His *nob* was also completely in *Chancery*, the *claret* profusely flowing, and GEORGE kept *quilting* him so sharply, that *Want* went down quite exhausted. It would be useless to detail the rounds, but *Want* showed good *game*, and he stood up to receive till nature quite deserted him. The contest was over in 12 minutes, and it was a fine specimen of the advantages of *science* when opposed to *strength alone;* and the *finishing* qualities exhibited by HEAD, upon this occasion, gained him loud applause from the provin-

cial amateurs and spectators. The nose of *Want* was so severely injured, that he has since been under the necessity of undergoing an operation by a surgeon. HEAD, it appears, has been rather unfortunate in his sparring trip in Yorkshire. He had scarcely recovered from a broken leg, when he accidentally trod upon an iron rake, that instantly forced its way through his foot.

HEAD was so well received in Yorkshire by the patrons of *milling*, that he has been induced to take up his residence amongst them; and has opened a school in Leeds, which is well supported. (April 1821.)

WIKE AND GREEN.

THIS battle, for 60 guineas a-side, was fought near Barnesley, in Yorkshire, in the month of April, 1819: the former hero was the champion of Barnesley, and the latter an amateur, a pupil of the scientific *George Head*.

This contest, it seems, had excited considerable interest for miles round Barnesley; and, in consequence of *Wike* having *floored* every one who had hitherto opposed him, he was looked up to as the *crack* of the place, thought *invulnerable*, and the *Johnny Raws* nearly emptied their little *bags of blunt* upon his again proving successful. He was also viewed by *Green* as a *rummish* sort of a *customer;* and *Head* left the Metropolis, to second his pupil. At a place called "*The Fall Dews*," within four miles of Barnesley,

the battle was fought. It was manfully contested for *one hour and fifty-two minutes*, occupying ninety-four rounds. The superior *science* of *Green* (added to the advantage of having his master at his elbow, to direct his efforts) enabled him not only to *give*, in first-rate style, but it also taught him one of the surest traits towards victory, namely, the *getting away* to avoid *receiving*. Great bets were depending on the first *floorer;* and also upon the first appearance of the *claret*. Both of these *points* were won by *Green*. *Wike* proved himself a complete *glutton;* but he never could protect his *nob* from the effects of a *Chancery* suit. The fallen champion of Barnesley took *punishment* enough for any two good *takers*. His *upper-works* betrayed the FUSELI aspect, from their distorted state; one of his *ogles* was darkened in the early part of the *mill*, and the other was so much *damaged* that scarcely a *glimmering* of light was left him. The *Chaw-bacons* were astounded at the *sang-froid* with which *Green* stopped the *boring* qualities of *Wike*. In the 94th and last round, *Wike* was *floored* from a tremendous *throttler* (on that part which is denominated Adam's apple), and which blow was viewed by his partisans as a *finisher;* and, as an attempt to save their money, the ring was immediately broken, and a state of confusion continued for a short time. The ring was at length again beat out, when *Green* solicited *Wike* to renew the combat, but the latter replied, "*he would fight no more.*" *Green* was then declared the winner, amidst the loud shoutings of his friends. He had scarcely a mark of consequence upon his body, and his face was without a scratch. The *long faces*

exhibited by the countrymen upon this occasion are much easier imagined than described.

LANSDOWN FAIR.

THIS fair is so connected with the *milling* HEROES of Bristol; in fact, it is a sort of NURSERY for their exertions, and the spot of ground where many of the young novices make their first appearance in the Prize Ring;—that we feel induced to give a slight sketch of Lansdown, as it appeared in August, 1820. The fair continues for two days, and is distinguished for the sale of horses, Welsh cattle, pigs, and cheese; and where the farmers in general transact a great deal of business. The *gaiety* and *fun* of the fair were not forgotten by the lads and lasses of Bath and Bristol, and all the villages for miles round. At an early hour, the great roads and fields leading to Lansdown (whose delightful eminence, and extensive prospects of grand and picturesque scenery, are quite attraction enough, without the aid of art) were crowded with the pretty farmers' daughters, anxious to meet their sweethearts, to enjoy the pleasures of the "light fantastic toe" on the green sward. The heroes of Bartholomew Fair were here, with all their tricks to *gammon* the *Johnny Raws* out of their cash; and the clowns worked hard to turn their abilities to account. The shows met with good encouragement. The marines, too, were beating up to *catch* the countrymen with the honours of a military life; but the *row de dow*

passed unnoticed. The stalls for toys, cakes, &c. formed a long street; numerous swings; and the booths for refreshment were also commodious and well filled.

The *signs* hung out, as a means of collecting together old acquaintances, were according to the various tastes of the proprietors; but the most prominent, as well as the most attractive, was the booth kept by *Porch*, which exhibited, on its front, in *striking* letters, "THE BRISTOL HERO." It was a good oil painting, showing on both sides the late manly combat between *Neat* and *Oliver*, with their names over them. Here the *Fancy* regaled themselves, and it was the head-quarters for *flash* and *fun*. This *sign* imparted *new life* to the Bristol boys; it was a true characteristic appeal to their feelings; and almost every *bit of stuff* present, from a *Gidgeon* to a *Cribb*, offered to take a *hand* for the honour of Bristol. The *game* was now alive. Here was no hesitation seen about the *nicety* of weights, the advantages to be derived from collecting *purses*, or the *formality* of making matches. It was all *milling*, and nothing else but *milling*, to prevent LANSDOWN FAIR from losing its fighting charter; or, in all probability, of giving an opportunity of sending up to the London Ring another *Jem* and *Tom Belcher*, *Gulley*, *Game Chicken*, &c. Little more was wanted to produce a battle than, "*If thee'll fight I, I'll fight thee!*" The ring was soon formed; and to convince the reader how far what is called *game* exists in this part of the country (and that the *pedigree* may be traced *sound* upon future occasions, when a Bristol man is called in question), no

squeamishness was to be observed here on the part of the females, many of whom cheerfully and anxiously lent the assistance of their arms to keep the pressure of the crowd from breaking in upon the combatants. Young *Cowley*, a hero of some *service*, in St. James's Churchyard, Bristol, and the marshes, entered the list with *Bill Parsons*, better known as *Jem Lockley's* man. Ten rounds were contested in the most spirited manner, and good *science* displayed; but *Parsons* had the length, height, and weight of his opponent, and, although *Cowley* was compelled to retire, *Parson's nob* was rarely *peppered*.

Two other battles completed the afternoon's amusement, in which some desperate *hitting* occurred.

Cyrus Davis took the lead in keeping the ring; but his character stood too high for any on the ground to *fancy* him.

Bill Steevens, alias *Cakey*, about 12 stone and a half, and 5 feet 11 inches in height, 20 years of age, and of whom report speaks highly as a second *Jem Belcher*, threw up his hat for any person to come forward; but *Cakey* could not procure a *customer*.

The second day of the fair, *Porch's* booth boasted the original of his sign, and *Neat* was congratulated upon his successful return to the plains of Lansdown. On inquiries being made after his fallen opponent, *Oliver*, he spoke of him as one brave man would of another. The presence of this hero gave a new interest to the scene; and the fun was kept up till a late hour. *Neat* stood so high at that moment with the Bristolians, that his countrymen offered to back him against any of the pugilists, however high on the

list. Lansdown is one of the best places in the kingdom for a fair to be held, it is so convenient and capacious.

CABBAGE, *otherwise* JACK STRONG.

SINCE the publication of the second volume of BOXIANA, CABBAGE has made his appearance in the Metropolitan Ring; but, it should seem, his great provincial fame was not *sound*. He has by no means answered the expectations previously formed of his tremendous *capabilities*, and, like a bad actor, he has returned to the provinces terribly sunk in the estimation of the London *Fancy*, and also considerably lower in the opinion of those amateurs who had previously exerted themselves to place CABBAGE high upon the list of boxers.

CABBAGE fought with *Broad*, on Durdham Downs, near Bristol; and, in the course of 30 minutes, he won his battle in great style.

At Kingswood, the *Rough Jockey*, as he was termed, proved a very *rough* customer indeed to CABBAGE. It was downright *milling* on both sides; but, at the expiration of 50 minutes, the *Rough Jockey* was made so *smooth* by the iron hand of CABBAGE, that he was glad to acknowledge *enough!* The *Jockey* was so severely *punished*, that he was unable to take a *ride* for some days.

CABBAGE was matched against *Ab. Newton*, for 100 guineas a-side, to fight on Keynton Downs, 18 miles from Bristol, on Tuesday, Sept. 29, 1819. Early in

the morning, the roads from Bristol, Bath, Wick, Chippenham, Calne, &c. were covered with vehicles, "*trotting along the road,*" full of amateurs anxious to witness the above contest, which had been so much the theme of conversation and betting among the *Fancy*, both in Bristol and the Metropolis. Long before the commencement of the fight, upwards of 10,000 spectators had assembled upon the Downs. CABBAGE, upon stripping, appeared in most excellent *condition;* while *Newton*, on the contrary, did not appear any thing like so *fine* as his opponent. However, they were both favourites in turn, and at half past one they *set-to*. CABBAGE was seconded by *Tom Cribb* and *S. Pearce*, a relative of the late *Game Chicken;* and *Newton* by *Bob Watson* and *Cy. Davis*.

First round.—Much cautious sparring occurred between the combatants, when Cabbage hit his antagonist a tremendous blow in the neck; Newton faintly returned it, but fell. Bets 6 to 4 on Cabbage. The shouts of applause upon this circumstance were like a roar of artillery.

Second.—Newton seemed *shy* of his *customer*. Cabbage sprained his wrist against the stakes; and Newton, by a smart left-handed *flip, drew* the *claret* in profusion from his mouth. This, however, did not afford him any lasting advantage, as he again fell under the weighty blows of his adversary.

Third.—Newton seemed severely *punished*. He, however, rallied, and gave Cabbage a half knock down, but did not follow his man. This favour was soon returned by Cabbage; he rose on his legs, and hit Newton under the ropes. Odds offered on Cabbage, but many of the *knowing ones* had *burnt their fingers*, and were therefore *not to be had*. The other rounds exhibited only a repetition of the same superiority on the side of Cabbage; until the

Twelfth.—When Cabbage brought a second blow on the neck to bear, and Newton dropped like a bird.

Thirteenth.—Newton, with some *pluck*, presented himself, but was unable to stand against the *boring-in* of his opponent.

Fourteenth.---On the time being called, Newton was brought up by his seconds, apparently insensible, and capable only of receiving the final *salutations* of his puissant antagonist.

CABBAGE was declared victor amidst the hearty shouts of numerous abettors and friends; who pronounced that he was worthy of the name of *Cauliflower*, by which title he will in future be designated, as well as by his real and truly apt name of *Strong*.

CABBAGE, in this battle, appeared as tremendous a boxer as any pugilist upon the present list. He showed himself a decisive fighter, used both his hands well, and was confident in the extreme. He appeared evidently improved, respecting a better acquaintance with the *science* than heretofore, and won it in the first-rate style. Had *Newton* been *trained*, perhaps, to the highest pitch of excellence, it does not appear, from his display in the ring, that he was likely to have proved victorious. The old adage, however, of "*always to be prepared for thine enemy*," cannot be more forcibly introduced than in this place; and it is the bounden duty of every pugilist, upon whom heavy stakes are betted, to be attentive to his training. *Newton*, it seems, never left his home: this was certainly wrong, and dearly has he paid for this seeming carelessness, as he never was able to change the fight once in his favour. *Broughton*, it will be recollected, lost his long-earned fame, property, and patronage, in one minute, entirely from the want of *training*; and sunk into obscurity, poverty, and neglect, ever afterwards. The above contest was over in 14 minutes.

CABBAGE now stood so high in the estimation of the Bristol and London *Fancy*, that he was matched

with *Martin*. (See page 249.) In this contest, however, as a scientific boxer, in the London Ring, he sunk into a "mere *nothing*." He *laughed* frequently at *Martin* during the fight; but those *tremendous* qualities towards *finishing* an opponent "off hand," which had been talked of by his friends, could not be discovered. CABBAGE received so severe a blow on the throat, that he could not come to *time;* nay, more, he did not come to his recollection for some hours, and serious apprehensions were entertained for his *safety*.

The defeat which CABBAGE also experienced in his second battle with *Newton* (see page 457), has tended to reduce him even much lower in the eyes of the Sporting World.

CABBAGE, at the Bath Races, in 1820, was publicly challenged on the race ground, by a *Bath* man of some *milling* pretensions. The former hero took no notice of it, and was *hissed* by the surrounding spectators. CABBAGE felt so *touched* by this contemptuous *mark* from the crowd, that he instantly *peeled*, gave the "*Man of Bath*" a complete dressing in the course of a few minutes, and also without a *scratch* upon his face. CABBAGE received thunders of applause; and *Neat*, who was his second, threw up his hat, offering to fight any man on the spot.

JACK BENNIWORTH,

THE ESSEX CHAMPION.

THIS hero of Foulness Island, in the hundred of Rochfort, has been distinguished for *disposing* of his brother *Johnny Raws* in great style; in fact, he was

the terror of that part of the country for a considerable time; but when opposed to men of *science*, he has only proved conspicuous in *defeat*.

BENNIWORTH forfeited to *Shelton*. In the hands of *Joshua Hudson*, he proved a *novice* indeed. (See page 383.) BENNIWORTH has also been defeated by *Garrol*, the Suffolk Champion. (See page 482.) The former does not want for *game;* but as to *skill*, he is miserably deficient.

On Monday, September 21, 1818, BENNIWORTH entered a 20-feet ring, at Latchington, near Malden, in Essex, with a bricklayer employed on the repairs of Southminster church. A purse of £10 was made for the latter, provided he succeeded in his rencontre with the Foulness Island hero. An immense concourse of people assembled to witness the fight, and betting, at the commencement, was 5 to 1 in favour of BENNIWORTH. The combatants went to it with determined courage, when the hardy little bricklayer tapped JACK'S *claret* with a *floorer*. After a hard fight, in which the bricklayer had evidently the advantage, JACK began to cur, finding he had a queer customer to deal with, and eagerly seized an opportunity of objecting to a fall the bricklayer met with as a foul one, when the umpires were appealed to, who decided it against BENNIWORTH, and he not coming to time, the *man of mortar* was proclaimed victor amidst the unanimous acclamations of hundreds of spectators. The bricklayer has again challenged JACK, who, however, has politely refused to have any thing more to do with *bricks and mortar*. BENNIWORTH is about two stone heavier than the brick-

layer, and by far the longest in the arm. Many well-directed blows were given by the latter, and some skill and science displayed. BENNIWORTH, in this battle, showed the *white feather*, and proved himself not the *game* man that was expected. He is, however, a sharp third-rate boxer; and if strength can finish a man, even a *scienced* hero, if he has not *pluck*, will find BENNIWORTH a dangerous customer.

PITCH-POT JACK & BLACK FRANK.

THE above contest, which took place at Wimbledon Common, on Friday, Jan. 15, 1819, was a sort of trial match, made up on the spur of the moment by a few liberal *swell sprigs* of the *Fancy*, recently initiated into the movements of the ring, in order to give two new candidates for *milling fame* an opening to show their talents at some future day. PITCH-POT JACK, better known from handling the *mop* dexterously, than using his *morleys* with effect, and who had never before exhibited in the Prize Ring, was one of the heroes; and *Black Frank*, who had given some specimens of *goodness*, in a long *innings* on Old Oak Common (see page 485), and also from his recent quick dispatch of *Three-finger'd Jack*, at Ealing Common.

The men, about 11 stone each, entered the ring at one o'clock, attended by their seconds—*Harmer* and *Shelton* for PITCH-POT JACK; and *Blackey*, by *Richmond* and *Scroggins*. It turned out, upon the whole, a most excellent fight. *Blackey* was the favourite 5 to 4. The combatants went to *work* without delay,

and *pepper* was the leading feature. It was a nice point about the first blood; but the *man of colour* claimed it. The fifth and sixth rounds were true specimens of manliness and courage; and the men gave *hit* for *hit*, till *Blackey* was *floored*. PITCH-POT JACK is a hard hitter, and never went down but in the fifth round; while, on the contrary, the *Black* was down in every one of them. It continued for 16 minutes: both the men were much *punished;* and *Frank*, from a tremendous *floorer* on his *nob*, was compelled to resign the contest. About 200 amateurs only were present. The *Black*, though recently *well grubbed*, was totally unfit for fighting, from a severe strain he had received previous to the contest; but his *game* would not let him make it known. The odds changed in favour of JACK after the first round.

JOE *the* MARINE, and a Cooper.

THE provincial *Fancy* were so much interested upon this match, that *Richmond* was engaged in a *professional* manner, and he accordingly quitted the Metropolis a few days before the fight was to take place, to prepare JOE *the Marine*, in the best manner he could, for action.

This battle took place within four miles of Coventry, in the month of January, 1819, for 20 guineas a-side. The combatants had made a drawn battle about six weeks previous to the above contest. *Richmond* and *Palmer* seconded JOE, but the *Cooper* had three men to wait upon him. They fought 152 rounds, occupy-

ing 2 hours and 20 minutes. It was a good battle for one hour; when the *Cooper* fell down without a blow, continually, contrary to the articles, which distinctly specified he was not to go down without stopping or receiving a hit. It produced a *wrangle*, which ultimately again ended in a *draw*. *Gregson* was one of the umpires. The referee gave it at one time in favour of JOE; but without effect, as the fight was continued. Upwards of 8000 persons were present. *Richmond*, it appears, objected to the *Cooper* having three seconds; bnt the *country folks* would have it their own way. The *Johnny Raws* were determined not to *lose* their *blunt;* and *wriggled* out of it in as good style as the most *knowing coves* belonging to the London Ring.

JOE CAREY AND TOM STEEVENS.

THE above heroes, both respectable horse-dealers, and strong in the *milling fancy*, belonging to the Bristol nursery, had been *chaffing* each other for some time past, which was the *best* man. But the *Daffy Club*, at *Porch's*, the Guildhall Tavern, Broad Street, soon put this matter to rights; and CAREY, who is one of the above *spirited* coves, although but 10 stone 11 pounds in weight, offered to fight *Steevens* £20 to £10, notwithstanding the latter weighed 12 stone 1 lb. It excited considerable attraction in the sporting circles at Bristol, and for miles round the country. On Saturday, December 2, 1820, a most determined battle took place between them, at Kingswood, near

Bristol. The spectators on the ground were numerous indeed. At one o'clock the combatants entered the ring, and threw up their *toppers* in the most courageous style. CAREY had for his second *Bill Longford*, of Bath, denominated the *Tom Owen* of the West, and *Tom Bodger* as his bottle-holder: Mr. *Trueman* was CAREY'S umpire. *Steevens* was waited upon by *Bill Neat* and *Bob Watson*. Mr. *Hayes* was umpire to the latter.

First round.—The lads were rather angry with each other, and did not stand for the coolness and advantages derived from science. They went to work in right earnest, giving hit for hit till Carey was *floored*. "*Go along, my Steevy; that's the way to knock the Daffy out of him.*"

Second.—The weight of Steevens gave him the best of it; and poor Carey *napt* it heavily, till he went down. "Bravo, Steevens."

Third.—This was a most tremendous round, and both of their *nobs* exhibited *pepper*. Carey, like a *trump*, stood up to his man, but it was against him, and he was again down.

Fourth to Seventh.—These rounds, from their heaviness of hitting, were after the style of Johnson and Ben. It was, however, a sort of *tye* thing—flooring each other alternately.

Eighth.—The *Daffy cove* at length took the lead, amidst the *chevies* of the club. The *spirit* now was all in Carey, and poor Steevens had no chance. He was hit all over the ring.

Ninth to Eleventh.—It was useless for Steevens to contend in all these rounds, but his *gluttony* would not let him give it in. It is only justice to Carey to state, that he behaved in the most manly way towards his brave opponent. The 11 rounds were fought in 16 minutes.

CAREY is a complete *out-and-outer*, and a good fighter. *Steevens* also proved himself as *game* a man as ever stripped in a ring. The *Daffyonians* returned to Bristol in triumph; and, on account of the success of their hero, they had an extra *go* at *Porch's*, before

they went to *roost*. The Bristolians are about establishing a regular P. C. after the manner of the London Ring.

JEM GARROL,

THE SUFFOLK CHAMPION.

THIS boxer is a very fine, well-made young man; he does not want for courage; he has no *pinking* about his hits, but he goes resolutely up to his opponent, without any fear of a *return*. GARROL is also a hard hitter, and there appears a good deal of *mischief* about his execution. He is 21 years of age, and between 12 and 13 stone in weight. He bids fair to become a *striking* feature among the fighting men.

GARROL was matched with *Benniworth* for 20 guineas a-side. This contest, which excited considerable interest, was fought on Wednesday, July 26, 1820, at Crixeyferry, near Burnham, Essex. GARROL was seconded by *Tom Owen;* and *Benniworth* was waited upon by his brother.

First round.—Both the combatants were full of *mischief*, and *pepper*, on both sides, was administered plentifully, till the Essex champion went down from a tremendous *nobbing* hit. Loud huzzaing for Garrol, and 6 to 4 that he won.

Second.—All hard *work* in this round. Garrol dealing out lots of *punishment*, the *claret* following every hit, till Benniworth was thrown.

Third.—The Essex champion had a little the best of this round, for the first part, but Garrol finished it by *flooring* his opponent. The next eleven rounds were *pell-mell;* but the

strength of Garrol gave him the lead, and he *milled* down Benniworth almost every round.

Fifteenth to Nineteenth.—The *nob* of Benniworth was quite changed; indeed, the battle might be said to be brought to a *certainty* in favour of Garrol. 7 to 4 and 2 to 1.

Twentieth to Thirtieth.—Benniworth was hit all to pieces; but he showed good *game*. He was floored in most of the rounds; and 20 to 1 was offered.

Thirty-third. — The Essex champion received such a straight-forward *mugger*, that he was quite *abroad*. He, however, with considerable *pluck*, continued the battle till the thirty-ninth round, when he got his *quietus* by a body blow. The battle was over in 58 minutes.

The *punishment* administered by GARROL was terrific; and whoever has to encounter him, must find the Suffolk Champion a troublesome and a dangerous *customer*. He is a good on-and-on fighter. GARROL is a coal-whipper, employed on the Thames.

DICK HARES.

ON Thursday, May 7, 1818, the amateurs assembled at Old Oak Common, Middlesex, to witness a fight between HARES, well known to the Prize Ring from his manly and *game* fight with *Dolly Smith*, and one *Knee*, a butcher belonging to Clare Market, for 20 guineas a-side. The *Knight of the Cleaver* had fought several battles with success, and was considered a *bottom* man and a desperate hitter; in appearance about the height of *Scroggins*, but his figure truly grotesque—of the *Sancho Panza* breed—and his *knees* of rather too *loving* a description. His frame, when stripped, showed he possessed great strength. At ten

minutes before one, he appeared in the ring, which was not roped, and threw up his hat, attended by his seconds, *Cropley* and *West Country Dick;* and HARES appeared immediately afterwards, followed by *Paddington Jones* and *Dick Whele.* The men stripped and *set-to.* 6 to 4 upon HARES.

First round.—Hares stood over his opponent, and, full of confidence, made a hit, which Knee stopped. Hares instantly put in a *facer*, which produced the *claret* from the mouth of his antagonist. The butcher did not offer to make any return, but tried to stop the well-directed efforts of Hares, who planted various hits with the utmost *sang froid*, till Knee was *floored.* 3 to 1 was instantly offered.

Second.—It was evident the butcher could make no impression upon Hares. The latter planted his blows without any difficulty, and merely received a slight hit in the body. The butcher's *mug* was completely *crimsoned;* and he went down without the slightest *chance.*

Third.—The greatest *novice* that ever appeared in a ring could not be seen to more disadvantage than the butcher. After Hares had punished him over the ring, in closing, Hares went down with him. 5 to 1, and no takers.

Fourth.—The butcher had been made tolerably acquainted with the *chancery suit* in the above few rounds; and now, by way of a *quietus*, he received a *nobber*, that *floored* him like a shot. Any odds.

Fifth and last.—The head of the butcher was miserably disfigured; and he again received right and left, till he went down quite done over. The only judgment he appeared to possess, was in declining the contest. He was assisted out of the ring, and disposed of in the short space of nine minutes and a half.

The amateurs had a fine opportunity of witnessing the advantages of *science* against *mere strength.* The butcher was so *nobbed*, that he could not return a hit; and whatever strength he might have shown in his other contests, in disposing of his *customers*, in this

battle he did not evince any pretensions to either. HARES had not a scratch upon him; and went into a cart to take his *lunch*, and view the undermentioned fight. HARES is a good man, and able to oppose any one of his weight.

In consequence of the above disappointment, a subscription purse was made, and a new black and a man of the name of *Bury* fought for it. The *Black* was seconded by *Cropley* and *Dick;* and *Jones* and *Lazarus* waited upon *Bury*. Two *gamer* men never entered a ring; and *Black Frank* showed himself an astonishing *bottom* man indeed. The battle continued for two hours and twelve minutes; and 142 rounds occurred. The *Black's body* was bruised all over, and his *head* was almost hit to pieces in every round; but nothing could take the fight out of him, although he was struck every time by his opponent, who went down upwards of 120 rounds. *Bury* proved himself equally good; and, notwithstanding he was beat to a stand still, and the calls from all parts of the ring to "take him away," he positively refused to quit the ground. The ring was in consequence broke in, the men were separated, and the money shared between them. A liberal collection was also made.

HARES fought with *deaf Davis*, for a trifling stake, on Tuesday, June 1, 1819, on Hounslow Heath, after *Shelton* and *Burns* had left the ring. *Harry Lee* and *Randall* seconded *Davis;* and *Tom Owen* and *Jones* looked after HARES. *Davis* was the favourite 5 to 4. It was, upon the whole, a most determined, scientific fight, occupying an hour and ten minutes, during which time 58 rounds took place. If *Davis* could

have hit straight with his left hand, he might have stood a better chance towards victory; in fact, the odds changed several times during the fight. HARES is a scientific fighter; and *gets away* with great skill. In some instances he displayed the *Randall* touch—hitting his opponent as he was falling. In the sixth round, he fibbed *Davis* so severely, that *Tom Owen* called out, "That's what we term *patting* of 'em." In the 28th round, both the combatants parted by *flooring* each other. In the 38th, *Davis* received so severe a *nobber*, that he staggered back and fell, and both his arms hanging upon the ropes, prevented his body from touching the ground. In this *defenceless* state, HARES hit *Davis* twice, but was prevented from following up this advantage, which must immediately have put an end to the battle, from the cries of "Foul!" The umpires, without any hesitation, deemed it fair, as *Davis* was not upon the ground. The latter had but little *chance* after this circumstance; he is, however, so *game* in nature, that he would never have said "No." His seconds were compelled to take him away; and, in consequence of the *deafness* of *Davis*, they had no opportunity of communicating with him, without letting the whole of the ring into the secret. It was a manly contest; and *goodness* seemed the order of the day, although both the favourites were *floored*. Severe *punishment* had been dealt out very liberally upon both sides; but the *nob* of *Davis* was evidently the worst. The *deaf* hero left the ring with great reluctance; nay, almost by force. His courage is too good to *give in*.

LITTLE LENNEY,
(YOUNG SKY BLUE).

THIS aspiring *kid*, it seems, is a native of Bermondsey, and upon hearing that a purse of *six quid* had been offered for a *turn-up* in the ring, to make a third fight after *Hares* and *deaf Davis* had left it, on Hounslow Heath, on Tuesday, June 1, 1819, paid his respects to the *Westminster Sprig of Myrtle*, to be *accommodated*. The little *knowing cove* of *Caleb's* dominions smiled at the invitation, and rather *sneeringly* observed, he would show his friends some sport, and dispose of "*the thing*" *sans ceremonie*. These light weights soon *peeled*, about eight stone each in weight; *Tom Jones* and *West Country Dick* taking under their especial care young *Brown;* and LENNEY was handled by *Carter* and *Mason*. 5 and 6 to 4 on *Brown*. LENNEY was not long before he convinced *Brown* that he had something more than a "*plaything*," to contend with; and, from the fine science he displayed in stopping *Brown's* hits, "*A plant, a plant!*" was the cry. It, however, proved not only a *game* fight on both sides, but so much skill and manliness were displayed for 58 minutes, that it frequently occurred both these *game cocks* were loudly cheered by the amateurs. LENNEY astonished the ring with his good fighting; and could he have closed his left hand, he would have won the battle in much less time. It appeared that *Dick* had accidentally trod upon it, as he lay on the ground. Both of them were severely *punished;* but particularly

Brown. From LENNEY'S style of fighting, he was christened "*Young Scroggins*." It was his first appearance in the Prize Ring. He is a milkman by calling. The *Westminster boys* accounted for the downfall of their *hopeful milling sprig* by observing, that he had been recently *swished* to a *Patagonian*, and that the attentive moments of the *honeymoon* had not yet expired. The above third favourite also lost; and the "*judges*" were again *queered*. The *takers* were all right; but the *givers* were all abroad; and *lots of daffy* were necessary to put the *loose screws* into *spirits* and good humour.

DAN MENDOZA.

THIS truly celebrated pugilist, unfortunately for himself, in taking his leave of the Prize Ring, experienced defeat. (See page 60.) It was rather an unhappy *climax* for his fame; but we again repeat,

"Who can rule the uncertain chance of war?"

In the summer of 1819, MENDOZA, in company with *Abraham Belasco*, made a most successful sparring tour in different parts of the kingdom. In exhibiting the art of Self-Defence in Lincoln, the following is an extract from the hand-bills, announcing their performance:—

"It is a presumed a display of the *science* will have a *moral tendency* to prove the unnecessary custom of duelling, the fatal effects of which are too well known to require enume-

ration. To gentlemen it may prove *more* than *amusing*, by initiating them into those principles of the *science* by which the *weak* and *inoffensive* are sometimes preserved from the RUFFIAN ASSAULT of the *powerful vulgar!*"

MENDOZA, in a short time after his defeat by *Owen*, took his benefit at the Fives Court, on Thursday, August 31, 1820, and he also made his FAREWELL ADDRESS to the amateurs; this pugilistic veteran, at that period, having arrived at the age of 55 years. Few, if any, boxers can boast of having been engaged in THIRTY-FIVE contests; and, what is still more important, in having proved successful in most of them. The following is a list of the names of his opponents:—

1. Thomas Wilson
2. John Horn
3. Harry Davis
4. John Lloyd
5. Thomas Monk
6. John Hand.
7. William Move
8. John Williams
9. Richard Dennis
10. George Cannon
11. A. Fuller
12. T. Spencer
13. William Taylor
14. John Knight
15. John Braintree
16. William Bryant
17. John Matthews
18. TOM TYNE
19. Ditto
20. George Hoast
21. George Mackenzie
22. John Hall
23. William Cannon
24. George Barry
25. George Smith
26. William Nelson
27. MARTIN, the Bath Butcher
28. RICHARD HUMPHRIES
29. Ditto
30. Ditto
31. WM. WARR, of Bristol
32. Ditto
33. JOHN JACKSON
34. Harry Lee; and, lastly,
35. TOM OWEN.

Upon the veteran's final appeal to the amateurs, at the Fives Court, for *past* SERVICES, he was supported by *Lennox* and *Latham; Mason* and *Gadzee; Callus* and *Deaf Davis;* and *Martin* (the Jew) and *Harbour.*

Shelton and *Larkin* also *set-to* for MENDOZA ; as did *West Country Dick* and *Cooper*, the Gypsy. *Randall*, *Turner*, *Spring*, *Martin*, *Abraham Belasco*, and *Cribb*, were present, but did not exhibit.

After the stage had been *kept waiting*, as the actors say at the playhouse, the veteran of the ring appeared, made his bow, seemed rather depressed, and addressed the audience in the following words:

"GENTLEMEN,—I return you my most sincere thanks for the patronage you have afforded me to-day, and likewise for all past favours. To those persons who have *set-to* for me to-day, I also acknowledge my gratitude; and their services will never be forgotten by me. Gentlemen; after what I have done for the pugilists belonging to the Prize Ring, I do say, they have not used me well upon this occasion; in fact, the principal men have deserted me *in toto*. Gentlemen; I think I have a right to call myself THE FATHER OF THE SCIENCE; for it is well known that prize fighting lay dormant for several years after the time of Broughton and Slack. It was myself and Humphreys that revived it, in our three contests for superiority, and the SCIENCE of pugilism has been highly patronised ever since.—*(Hear, hear! from some old amateurs.)*—Gentlemen; I have once more to thank you for the present, and all other past favours; nay, more, I now take my leave of you; and I trust that I shall never trouble you for another benefit. *(Applause.)* I have now only to say—FAREWELL."

Abraham Belasco offered to put on the *gloves* with MENDOZA, but the latter did not exhibit. It was not a lucrative benefit.

Few, if any, boxers have had such opportunities of making a fortune as MENDOZA. In the *milling* circles he was quite the fashion for several years; and his numerous benefits in London, Scotland, and, indeed, in most of the provincial towns in England, were overflowing. MENDOZA, in his prime, was considered as one of the *first masters* of the Art of *Self-Defence*.

HENRY ABRAHAMS,

BUT BETTER KNOWN IN THE SPORTING WORLD AS

"LITTLE PUSS."

THIS tremendous boxer, of his weight, received his final knock-down blow, at his house, the sign of the Black Horse, Well Street, Goodman's Fields, on Monday, October 30, 1820. In the early part of his life he was the *Randall* of his day. LITTLE PUSS was denominated, by the late *Bill Ward*, "*Big Ben in Miniature.*" He was never defeated, and fought numerous battles. His memorable battle with the *plasterer* at Wormwood Scrubs, and also his *out-and-out* contest with the *doll-maker*, a stone heavier than himself, are often quoted by the *ould fanciers* as master-pieces of his science and prowess. The present *Col. Lennox*, the prologue hero of the Fives Court, also surrendered to LITTLE PUSS, after a most tremendous contest. The latter was about 8 stone 7 lbs. in weight. He was one of the best left-handed hitters ever seen. LITTLE PUSS was about 45 years of age.

GEORGE BALLARD,

ONE OF THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

THIS boxer, who was *floored* by the grim King of Terrors, in the neighbourhood of Westminster, on

the 18th of October, 1818, had obtained considerable notoriety among the "little ones." He had been unwell for a long time past; and since his manly and game contest with *Lazarus*, the Jew, he had been on the decline. A more *bottom* hero was not to be found among the list of pugilists.

TOM MOLINEAUX.

THIS once formidable hero received his final *knock-down* blow, at Galway, in Ireland, on the 4th of August, 1818. The sunshine of prosperity, it seems, had long since forsaken him; and it was owing to the humanity and attendance of three people of *colour*, that he was indebted for his existence the last two months of his life. He died in a room occupied by the band of the 77th regiment; and was interred on the 7th. As a scientific pugilist, an American of colour, and contending for the Championship of England, a few remarks upon his various battles may not, perhaps, prove uninteresting to the Sporting World. On the appearance of MOLINEAUX in the London ring, about eleven years since, he was viewed by the English boxers with jealousy, concern, and terror: he possessed all the requisites of a modern gladiator,—unbounded strength, wind undebauched, and great agility. His frame was perfectly Herculean; and his bust, by the best judges of anatomical beauty, considered a perfect picture. It was a model for a statuary.

He had no *swell* patron to give *eclât* to his *entrée;* and he *peeled* in Tothill-fields, with the utmost *sang-froid*, to the first rough *customer* that *showed* fight. It is true, however, his *game* has been questioned; and *Bill Gibbons*, in the ecstasy of his admiration of this *hero of Colour*, has been often heard to exclaim, "that MOLINEAUX only wanted an 'English heart,' to place him at the *top of the tree*, if not to render him completely *invulnerable*." He disposed of *Burrows* in promising style; the bottom, determined, fearless *Blake* became an easy conquest; and *Rimmer*, a fine young man, with stamina and strength of the first quality, did not appear to have a shadow of *chance*. On that day, the condition and capabilities displayed by MOLINEAUX electrified the best judges of the Prize Ring. His first contest with *Cribb* will long be remembered by the Sporting World. It will also not be forgotten, if justice hold the scales, that his *colour* alone prevented him from becoming the hero of that fight; at the same time it is due to *Cribb* to observe, that he was in very bad condition. During the three first rounds, in the second battle, notwithstanding the dissipation of MOLINEAUX, neglect of training, &c. &c., he terribly alarmed the nerves of his opponents for the termination of the event. His remaining fights with *Carter* and *Cooper* are not worthy of recital. His day was then gone by. In the last four years of his life, he has been *strolling* about the country, teaching the art of Self-Defence. MOLINEAUX did not exceed 38 years of age. Dissipation alone put a period to his existence; and for a long time previous to his *exit*, he was literally a walking skeleton; in fact,

he had so much dwindled away, as to refuse to fight *Dogherty*. In his day, he was a boxer of superior pretensions; and it must have been a *first-rater* indeed, that could have met MOLINEAUX upon equal terms, much more with any thing like a certainty of conquest.

In his sparring tour through most parts of England, after his first battle with *Cribb*, MOLINEAUX was so great an object of attraction among the amateurs, that he got hats full of money. He had a great deal of pride about him; and was remarkably fond of entering a country town in a postchaise and four, ordering the drivers to gallop as fast as possible to the best inn in the place, in order to *cut a swell*. MOLINEAUX was quite aware that that sort of *dash* created an interest and curiosity; and although a few persons might be disposed to laugh at the *trick*, and also to ridicule his presumption, yet it had the desired effect in bringing numbers to witness his sparring exhibitions. However singular it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that MOLINEAUX had a great respect towards *Cribb;* and in one particular instance, so much did he wish to serve the Champion, that he came post-haste from the Potteries in Staffordshire, at his own expense, to exhibit at *Cribb's* benefit at the Fives Court, unknown and unexpected by every person till he absolutely made his appearance upon the stage, almost out of breath, and just in time, before the sports of the day were closed, to set-to with his old opponent. At another period, in the saloon of Covent Garden Theatre, MOLINEAUX, accidentally coming in contact with a few *swells*, immediately pulled out of his pocket some tickets for the benefit of *Cribb*, urging that the Cham-

pion was a good fellow—a brave man—that he had taken the fight out of him—was worthy of their support—and it would also be obliging him (MOLINEAUX) if they would purchase a few of *Cribb's* tickets. MOLINEAUX entertained not the slightest animosity against *Cribb*. He was illiterate, but good-tempered and generous; fond of dress and gaiety to excess; amorous to the end of the chapter; and, like most pugilistic heroes, he unfortunately flattered himself that his constitution was of so excellent a nature as to be almost capable of resisting the effects of time. But, alas! poor MOLINEAUX found out his error too late. Peace to his *manes!*

OULD JOE WARD,

THE FATHER OF THE PRIZE RING,

ONE of one most extraordinary men of his time. This veteran took his benefit at the Minor Theatre, Catherine Street, Strand, on Thursday, June 17, 1819, in which he was joined by another veteran in the *milling* line, *Paddington Jones*. The latter hero, at one period, was also a great *milling* object of attraction, from having fought nineteen prize battles, and from his having contended longer than any other pugilist against the late *Jem Belcher*, when that phenomenon possessed complete *vision*. These *ould* ones were not forgotten, and the boxes, pit, gallery, and stage, completely overflowed with amateurs.

The sets-to were numerous; producing *lots of fun—gay moments*—loud *chaffing*—roars of laughter—clapping to the very echo—and showers of *steven*. The minor *coves* showed off first by way of prelude, till the *Dons* appeared in *prime twig*. But one of the greatest novelties ever exhibited among the *milling* heroes, was witnessed in the *wind-up* of the sports. The *ould* veteran Ward appeared stripped, with the *gloves* on, in opposition to *Paddington Jones*. The fine athletic frame of the veteran excited the admiration of all present. Time had not made any ravages upon its Herculean cast, although his *topper*, from its silvery traits, bore the impressive marks of antiquity. His activity astonished all the young *kids*, to see him *get away* from the blows of his opponent, and now and then put a little one in for old acquaintance. Few men can boast of such an appearance or constitution, more especially after the numerous contests in which he has been engaged, as *Ould Joe*. On his departure from the stage, the theatre rang with plaudits.

WARD, although upwards of *seventy*, and after all the *milling* he has received in his pugilistic career, enjoys at the present moment (April, 1821) a fine *green* old age, and *seconds* a man with more judgment and effect than half the juvenile sprigs on the list of boxers. JOE is still so much attached to the sports of the Prize Ring, that he makes no hesitation in *walking* down to a fight, if it be twenty miles distant from London; and does not appear fatigued.

SECOND FIGHT

BETWEEN

JOSH. HUDSON AND SAMPSON.

AT Banstead Downs, in Surrey, 14 miles from London, the above most determined battle took place, on Saturday, March 3, 1821. The torrents of rain did not in the slightest degree deter the amateurs from leaving the Metropolis; and several *Swells* of the highest description were upon the ground.

At one o'clock, during a heavy shower, the *Birmingham Youth*, followed by *Spring* and *Randall*, threw up his hat in the ring; and in a few minutes after, HUDSON, attended by *Oliver* and *Purcell*, repeated the token of defiance. *Spring* and *Oliver* went up smiling together, and tied the colours of the combatants to the stakes.

First round.—On stripping, Hudson looked extremely well, but rather too fat; Sampson was in excellent condition: both gay, confident, and eager for the attack. They had *tasted* most plentifully of each other's quality in their former fight; and much difference of opinion existed among the amateurs, who had *really* won it. A short pause occurred, when Hudson made an offer to hit, and Sampson drew back. Another pause. Sampson endeavoured to put in right and left, which proved short, in consequence of *Josh.'s* getting away. After looking at each other for about half a minute, Hudson went in, some sharp work took place, and in the struggle, going down, Sampson was undermost. *Loud shouting;* and *"Josh., you have begun well."*

Second. — The nose of the Birmingham Youth appeared red. Both now began to slash away, and the *pepper-box* was handed from one to the other, till *Josh.* either went down from a hit, or slipped on his knees. *"Go along, Sampson."*

Third.—Hudson missed a tremendous hit, which he made at Sampson's head. The latter with much severity drew the

claret from *Josh.'s* mug; but Josh. rushed in, and the men exchanged hits with the utmost severity; yet to the advantage of Hudson, who sent his opponent down.—*The shouting was now like thunder—the Old Fanciers were almost dancing hornpipes—the East End Daffies all in spirits—and the Bermondsey boys offering their blunt like fun* on their favourite, Hudson.—6 to 4.

Fourth.—The Birmingham Youth took great liberties with the *upper works* of his opponent; and the round was terrific, till both went down, Sampson undermost.

Fifth.—"It is a good fight" was the cry all round the ring. Sampson was more than busy, and the face of Hudson was *clareted* all over; the latter, bull-dog like, did not care about *receiving*, so that he could *go in* and punish his opponent. He did so most effectively in this round, and Sampson was hit down. It is impossible to describe the shouting and joy expressed by Hudson's friends.—7 to 4.

Sixth to Ninth.—These were all busy rounds, and the partisans of both the combatants claimed the best of them on each side.

Tenth.—Sampson meant nothing but *mischief;* and, at outfighting, he placed his hits, in most instances, with tremendous effect. In this round he went down from the force of his own blow.

Eleventh and Twelfth.—The Birmingham Youth always good for *punishment* in commencing the round; but Josh. finished them all to his own advantage.

Thirteenth.—Sampson, in this round, was, from the heavy blows he received, almost at a stand-still, till both down.

Fourteenth.—This was a terrible round on both sides. Hudson's *mug* was terrific—the men hit each other away staggering, several times, then returned to the charge as *game* as pebbles, till Sampson was so exhausted, that he scarcely knew how he went down. "*Go along, my Joshy;* it's as safe as the Bank, that you must win."

Fifteenth.—Sampson was floored from a tremendous *wisty-castor* under the *listener*. The *Hudsonites* were uproarious, and offering any odds.

Sixteenth.—Sampson came up like a true Briton; and after several severe exchanges, he was again sent down.

Seventeenth.—Hudson either could not, or did not, attempt

to protect his head, and Sampson hit him down. "Bravo, Sampson; do so again, and you can't lose it," from his friends. "You behave like a good one."

Eighteenth.—If *Josh.* had not been an out-and-out *bottom* man, from the repeated tremendous facers he received, he must have been beaten before this period. But the more he *received*, the more courage he appeared to have; and after another desperate round, Sampson was sent down.

Nineteenth.—It was *Pepper Alley* on both sides, and neither of the combatants appeared anxious to make any *stops*. Josh. as usual, *napt* it in the first part of the round, but finished it in prime style, and hit the Birmingham Youth down. Here some hissing occurred, as it was said by a few persons that Hudson touched the head of his opponent improperly as he laid on the ground: but it was evident that Hudson was moving out of the way, to avoid going down. "He's too high couraged to behave unhandsomely to a brave opponent," was the general expression.

Twentieth.—Sampson, after a few exchanges, was again hit down. 2 to 1.

Twenty-first.—It was evident Sampson was getting weak, and his knees began to tremble; but his courage and anxiety to win were fine. He strained every nerve to turn the fight in his favour; and although he did not succeed in this respect, he was still a most dangerous customer to Hudson. All fighting, till Sampson was down. 3 to 1, and the Hudsonites quite up in the stirrups.

Twenty-second.—Sampson took the lead; the face of Hudson was *pinked* all over, and his head went back twice. Sampson's mug was also *painted*. The latter could not keep Hudson *out*. He would always be with Sampson till he had the best of him.—Sampson down.

Twenty-third to Twenty-fifth.—All *milling*; but, in the last round, Sampson was quite exhausted, and dropped down dead beat.

Twenty-sixth.—Sampson came up quite distressed, and was soon sent down. "It's all u-p, up," says an over-the-water kid: "it's *Ned Turner's* street to a *pipkin*; and I *vou'dn't* stand it." The *Hudsonites* all in good humour at the idea of pocketing the *blunt*.

Twenty-seventh.—It was now piteous to see a brave man anxious to contend every inch of ground, and yet no *chance* to

win. Sampson came up tottering to the scratch, but it was only to be sent down. "Take him away."

Twenty-eighth.—Sampson, it is true, reached the scratch, and although Hudson was in a bad state from the tremendous NOB *punishment* he had undergone, yet he still remained fresh enough to finish the already exhausted, brave, and *game* Sampson, who now went down without knowing where he was. The shouts of victory gave Hudson new life ; he jumped up, put on his own coat, was immediately taken to a carriage, and here he soon became exhausted.

The question is now at rest between these boxers. JOSH. HUDSON may be fairly said to have got the best of it ; and Sampson admits that his opinion drained him. All that a boxer could do towards victory, *Sampson* attempted ; but he has not strength enough to dispose of a pugilist like HUDSON, who will not be denied. *Sampson* has, by no means, in sustaining defeat, disgraced his character. The latter was led out of the ring in a very distressed state ; but *Sampson* will always be a troublesome customer for any one that enters the ring with him. The fight was over in 32 minutes. HUDSON received by far the most *punishment* about his head ; and although quite *abroad* once or twice, his *game* was so *out-and-out*, that he returned to fight with his opponent as if nothing had been the matter.

SECOND FIGHT

BETWEEN

DAV. HUDSON AND GREEN.

THIS battle took place on Tuesday, February 27, 1821, on a Common, near the Old Marks Gate, in

Essex, about eleven miles from London, for 25 guineas a-side. Being so near London, the *toddlers* were numerous in the extreme; and the road also exhibited several respectable persons *shanking* it, at an early hour. A few *Swells* graced the ring with their presence; but the majority were *Yokels*. The *top-of-the-tree* folks do not like to drive through the city to a fight; in consequence of which dislike, the *losing* man always suffers from it. *Green* had been defeated a short time since by HUDSON, in a barn; but his friends thought he would have a very good chance in a ring; and an amateur, much distinguished in the *fancy*, for his liberality in taking men by the hand, sent *Green* into *training* at his own expense, and also backed him for 25 guineas. HUDSON, having made Chelmsford his place of residence, and being a *bit* of a favourite in that part of the world, among the sporting men, they were also anxious that *Dav.* should again exhibit. The latter was backed by Mr. Belcher, of the Castle Tavern. It was reported HUDSON was upwards of twelve stone—that he had increased so much during his *training*. This circumstance operated against him in the opinion of the amateurs. At one o'clock, HUDSON, dressed in a white great coat, appeared, and threw his hat into the ring, attended by *Oliver* and his brother *Josh*. *Green* shortly afterwards entered the ropes, with *Randall* and *Martin*. The *President of the Daffies* was appointed the time-keeper:—5 to 4 on Hudson. Just as the men were on the point of setting-to, a *timid hare* was making its way towards the ropes; but the loud shouting at this circumstance rendered the poor animal so confused, that it was

almost at a *stand-still* with fright, when a stupid *Johnny Raw* threw himself upon the hare, and completely crippled it. The *yokel* was glad to make his escape, the crowd was so angry at his conduct.

First round.—On stripping, Green appeared in the highest state of *condition*, but it was thought that Hudson was much too *fat*. The combatants, upon placing themselves in attitudes, stood looking at each other's *eyes* for upwards of four minutes, without making the least offer to hit. Green made a trifling offer to put in a blow, when Hudson got away, and they *dodged* each other over the ring, till they made another complete *stand-still*. Green made a hit, but Hudson parried it. Both the men seemed to be under *orders*, that is to say, not to go to *work* too quickly, as Hudson and Green were considered *mischief* makers. Green got away neatly; and Hudson also stopped a severe left-handed hit of Green's. The latter then put in a body blow; when David returned. The battle had now commenced: Green put in a *facer;* when *Davy* stood to no repairs, and tried to *slaughter* his opponent, till they got into a struggle, when they both went down side by side. Loud shouting from the "*Over-the-water boys*," the Chelmsford fanciers, and the Jews, who all united in *chaffing Davy* for any thing. This round occupied nearly fifteen minutes.

Second.—This round was altogether as short. They both complimented each other upon the nob, *sans ceremonie*, and *Pepper Alley* was now the feature, till Green went down undermost.—6 to 4 on Hudson. The mouth of the latter showed claret.

Third.—Not quite so fast as before; and some little science was necessary. Hudson was undermost.

Fourth.—The *claret* was now running down from the cheek of Green. Both the combatants appeared a little distressed. In struggling, Hudson was again undermost. These were two *tie* rounds, but some of the spectators thought Green had the best of them.

Fifth.—Hudson took the lead gaily. Some severe exchanges took place, when Green was hit down. Loud shouting; "Davy, repeat that, and it's all safe to you."

Sixth.—Hudson got away well, and *nobbed* Green, who

followed him; but some heavy blows passed between them, till both down.

Seventh.—This round *spoilt* Green. The latter, with good courage, gave hit for hit with his opponent; but Davy, in finishing the round, had the best of the blows, and also threw Green, and fell so heavily upon him, that the *claret* gushed out of his ears and from his nose, the shock was so violent. The "*Over-the-water boys*" were now uproarious, and 2 and 3 to 1 were offered on *Davy*.

Eighth.—David fell on Green again.

Ninth.—Almost the same, as well as the best of the hitting.

Tenth.—It was really a capital fight, and Green fought like a trump. He could not, however, change the battle in his favour. Hudson undermost.

Eleventh.—Green experienced another dreadful fall; and 4 to 1 against him current.

Twelfth.—Hudson now endeavoured to take the fight out of Green; and planted four facers in succession, that Green went staggering from the hits: but he nevertheless made several returns, till both down.—5 to 1.

Thirteenth and Fourteenth.—In the first round, a most determined rally; but in the second, Green was hit down on his knee. "You can't lose it, Davy."

Fifteenth.—Hudson fell heavily on Green; and nearly knocked the wind out of him. "*It's all up;*" and any odds.

Sixteenth.—The nob of Green was now terribly *punished;* and the left side of his throat very much swelled. He was quite abroad, hit open-handed, and went down terribly exhausted. "*Go along, Davy; it will be over in another round.*"

Seventeenth.—Green repeatedly jobbed Hudson in the face; but none of the blows were to be seen, they were not *skin* deep. As Green was falling from a hit, Hudson caught him in the face with a right-handed blow, that almost sent him to sleep.

Eighteenth.—"Look here," said Oliver, "my man has not got a mark upon his face." Green came up to the scratch very much distressed. He, however, fought like a man; and at the ropes Hudson again fell upon him, and the *claret* was running down in profusion.—15 to 1 was offered.

Nineteenth.—Green still showed fight, and put in several *facers*, and Hudson went away staggering from one of them; but the latter followed Green up so hard and fast, that he could not keep his legs, and went down. The *poundage* was here offered, but no takers. "*Take him away, he has no chance.*"

Twentieth and last.—Green behaved like a man; and he stood up and fought in a rally till he went down quite done up. When time was called, he could not come to the *scratch*, and Hudson was proclaimed the conqueror. It was over in 40 minutes.

DAVY, either FAT or LEAN, *out of* or *in* condition, is not to be beaten easily. A strong novice must not attempt it; and a good *commoner* will be puzzled, and most likely *lose* in the trial. There is a great deal of *gaiety* about HUDSON'S fighting—he will always be with his man; and he has a good notion of *throwing*, and also in finishing a round. *Green* was not destitute of courage, and it was not a little *milling* that took the fight out of him. He endeavoured to win while a *chance* remained—in fact, till he could fight no longer: but he is too *slow* for HUDSON. It was an excellent battle; and all the amateurs expressed themselves well satisfied. One of HUDSON'S eyes is defective as to sight, since he fought with *Martin*, which operates as a great drawback to his execution, particularly in judging of his distances; but nothing can abate his courage. Both the HUDSONS stand so high in the opinion of the amateurs, as *out-and-out* BOTTOM men, that they are designated the "JOHN BULL" Boxers. They increase in flesh rather too fast; and, from being "light ones" when they first appeared in the Prize Ring, they are now termed "*big Chaps!*"

SPRING AND OLIVER.

THIS battle took place in Newman's Field, in Middlesex, for 100 guineas a-side, on Tuesday, February 20, 1821. It was a *prime* turn-out of the *Swells;* upwards of nine Noblemen were present: but it was a "big fight," and that is sure to bring them to the ring. Salt-hill was the place first named; but a *hint* from the *Beaks* removed it early in the morning, and the ring was again formed at about two miles from Arlington Corner. Here the Magistrates again interfered, it is said, at the request of a lady of rank, whose sons are great supporters of this British sport; and the *Beaks* were not to be *gammoned* into good humour, although *Oliver* had made his appearance in the ring. The bustle and confusion created to be off *instanter* were truly laughable; and the "Devil take the hindmost" was then the order of the day. But in a few minutes the scene was truly delightful. It was a perfect steeple chase. The string of carriages for miles winding round the road; the horsemen galloping and leaping over the hedges; the pedestrians all on the trot; and the anxiety displayed on every countenance to arrive in time, following the Commander-in-chief and *Bill Gibbons* with the stakes. The surprise occasioned in the villages through which this motley group passed; the children out of doors at the farm-houses, *shouting;* the *Johnny Raws* staring; the country girls *grinning;* the *ould folks* wondering what was the matter, and asking if the French were coming; the *Swells* laughing and bowing to the females, with the

utmost *gallantry;* and all the *Fancy*, from the *pink* on his "*bit of blood*," down to the *toddler* without a *sole* to his *stamper*, full of life and spirits, enjoying such a fine day and merry scene;—formed a most interesting picture. At length Hayes was reached, and the ring formed without delay. *Oliver* threw his hat into the ring about six minutes to three, followed by *Tom Owen*, in his white *topper*, and *Richmond*. SPRING appeared shortly afterwards, repeating the token of defiance, attended by the *Champion of England* and *Painter*. The colours, yellow for *Oliver*, and blue for *Spring*, were tied to the stakes. On meeting in the ring, the combatants shook hands together in the true British style, and SPRING asked *Oliver* how he did? "Pretty bobbish," said *Oliver*, smiling; "very well."

First round.—On stripping, both the men appeared in excellent condition, and, to use their own words, they each asserted they were never better, if so well, before in their lives. Oliver looked rather pale, and Spring had a small flush on his cheeks. The latter boxer is the tallest and strongest, and had the weight of his opponent by a few pounds. Oliver made an offer to hit, when Spring got away; Oliver made a hit, which Spring stopped neatly. Spring endeavoured to put in a blow, which Oliver parried. A pause, and great caution on both sides; they both smiled at each other's attempts, as much as to say, We are prepared. Some little time occurred in sparring, when the long reach of Spring enabled him to make a hit; Oliver returned; when some exchange of blows at the corner of the ropes produced a struggle, and they both went down in a sort of scramble—Oliver on his back, and Spring nearly by his side. "*Bravo!*" *from the Westminster boys; and* "*Oliver must win it.*" Indeed, Oliver appeared to have the good wishes of the Old Fanciers.

Second.—Spring missed a hit. A pause. Spring got away from a heavy blow; in fact, the latter showed excellent science, and Oliver found his opponent a most difficult man

to be got at. In a close, Oliver was completely hit down, from a severe blow on the side of his head. *Loud shouting for Spring, and "That's the way to win."*

Third.—The mouth of Oliver was bleeding. Spring got away with great dexterity; indeed, it was thought by the real judges of pugilism, at this early stage of the battle, that it was likely to be a long fight, but that Spring would win it. Oliver was again down.

Fourth.—In closing, a struggle took place, and Spring was undermost. *Loud shouting from Oliver's backers, and the Westminster lads in an uproar.*

Fifth.—Spring got away from every blow in the first part of the round. Oliver planted a left-handed body hit. In a severe struggle for the throw at the ropes, Oliver caught hold of the ropes, but Spring got him down heavily, and they rolled over each other.

Sixth.—This round the fight had nearly been at end. Spring not only took the lead in first-rate style, but put in two dreadful body blows, and fell so heavily upon Oliver, that all his senses were shaken out of him. His head lolled upon his shoulder, and when time was called, he could scarcely hear the loud vociferation of his seconds, "Tom, Tom! be awake, my boy!" the spectators crying out, "*It's all up.*" Indeed, it appeared to be so, from the state of stupor that Oliver was in; and many of the *anxious* betters, who had their money upon Spring, and not wishing to give *half a chance* away, thought it a very *long* half minute before the "TIME" was called.

Seventh.—The sudden start of Oliver, on recovering his recollection, the animated expression of his eyes, and putting himself in an attitude to meet his opponent, was one of the finest specimens of true courage ever witnessed, and eclipsed all the famous studies of the passions so eminently depicted by Le Brun. Lavater has nothing like it. Oliver, however, was soon sent down. "He's a brave creature; he's an extraordinary man; he's the gamest creature in the world;" were the general expressions all over the ring.

Eighth.—Oliver very bad. Spring punished him about the head, and Oliver was again undermost, and received another dreadful fall. "It's all over now—Oliver cannot recover the severity of these falls," was the general opinion; and 2 to 1, or in fact any odds.

Ninth.—Oliver *floored* from a severe nobber. Great shouting for Spring. The game displayed by Oliver astonished all the ring.

Tenth.—Oliver again thrown, and Spring fell upon him very heavily.

Eleventh to Seventeenth.—Oliver recovered, it is true, in some degree, from the severity of the fall which he received in the sixth round; but he could make no change; in fact, the chance was decidedly against him. In this round, Spring punished Oliver with great severity till he went down. The truth was, that Oliver could not get at Spring.

Eighteenth.—This was a sharp round, and Oliver exerted himself to win, but without effect. It was thought Spring had hit Oliver foul, but it was a blow he put in as Oliver was going down. Spring, in finishing this round, put in some tremendous body blows, after the quick manner of Randall.

Nineteenth.—Clark, the friend of Oliver, now thinking that Oliver could not win, went into the ring and threw up his hat; but Oliver would continue the fight till he was hit down. Oliver might be said to be dragged up by his second, Tom Owen, who exerted himself in the utmost degree to bring the Old Westminster hero through the piece; and Richmond also paid ever attention to Oliver; but the fight was completely out of him, and the persons at the outer ring left their places.

Twentieth.—Oliver now resolutely went up to Spring, determined to make a change in his favour; but it was only to receive punishment, and he was again down.

Twenty-first.—When time was called, Oliver not coming up directly, Spring was told it was all over, and had got hold of his coat to put it on, when Oliver again showed fight, and was terribly hit about the head and body, till he measured his length. "Take him away; he can't win it."

Twenty-second and Twenty-third.—These rounds were fought in the greatest confusion. The ring being flogged out; the time-keeper taking refuge in the rope ring, with two or three other *swells*, till the rounds were finished. Oliver was now quite exhausted, but positively refused to give in.

Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth, and last.—All these rounds were fought in the greatest confusion; and when Spring had got Oliver at the ropes, and might have *fibbed* him severely, so as to put an end to the battle, some persons cut the ropes,

which let Oliver down easy. Oliver contended every inch of ground, although distressed and beaten to pieces. The brave Oliver at length was so much *punished*, that he could not leave the knee of his second when time was called. It was over in fifty-five minutes.

It is but common justice to SPRING to assert, that he won this battle THREE times before it was over. It is true, that he had no right to give a *chance* away, either against himself or his backers. But he plainly saw the battle was his own; he fought without grumbling; and in acting so honourably, nay generously, to a fine, high-couraged, *game* opponent, that *Oliver* should not have to say, "that he had not every opportunity to win, if he could;" but what was even more important, it prevented any *wriggling*, and nothing like a *wrangle* could be attempted. SPRING, by his superior mode of fighting this day, has raised himself considerably in the estimation of the *Fancy* in general; it must be a good man indeed to beat him; in fact, the ring was much surprised that *Oliver* could do nothing with him. The prejudice which has so long remained against SPRING, in respect to his not being a hard hitter, has most certainly been removed in this battle. *Oliver* was terribly punished; while SPRING, on the contrary, had not the slightest mark on his face. If SPRING does not rank with the late *Jem Belcher*, a *Cribb*, or a *Gulley*, he is well acquainted with the rudiments of boxing, and knows a little of every thing about the points of *milling* towards victory. He has beaten *Oliver* in a first-rate style, and is good upon his legs; his caution was admirable. The bravery of *Oliver*, and his exertions to win, were above all praise. No other battle took place. SPRING,

in the style of a true Briton, "when the battle is ended, the heart of a lamb," called to see *Oliver*, on the Friday after the fight, when they shook hands with each other in the same style of friendship as heretofore. *Oliver* then told SPRING, that he had entertained an opinion, before the fight, he was the strongest man; but that SPRING was too long for him.

JEM JOHNSON,

(Richmond's Man of Colour).

THIS sable hero of the fist is a native of Norfolk, in Virginia. He is about 5 feet 10½ inches in height, weighing nearly 14 stone. JOHNSON was born in the year 1795, but left America at an early period of his life. Good-nature appears to sit on his brow, and his appearance altogether is more prepossessing than otherwise. His arms are prodigiously long, firm, and terrific, with Herculean shoulders. JOHNSON, as a sailor, served on board the *Minden* East Indiaman for upwards of nine years. Upon his quitting the above service, *Richmond* met with him, and, after some little *explanation* upon the subject, informed JOHNSON that he might turn his *hands* to good account, if he could but learn to *hit, floor*, and *get away*. *Massa* smiled, and immediately placed himself under the experienced *Richmond*, by whom he was first introduced at the FIVES COURT. In two exhibitions at this place, from his *awkwardness*, and appearing not to know what to do with his very long arms, he was

pronounced, by the amateurs, *nobody!* A man of the name of *Smith*, a waterman (who had recently defeated *Spencer*, the butcher), was matched against JOHNSON, for £10 a-side, and a purse of £10 was also given by the P. C. Not more than a week was allowed for *training*. This battle took place, or rather this *caricature* upon *milling* occurred, at Banstead-Downs, on Saturday, March 3, 1821, after the second fight, when *Scroggins* and *Parish* had left the ring. JOHNSON was seconded by *Richmond* and *Paddington Jones*, and *Smith* by *Spring* and *Martin*. On stripping, the long arms of JOHNSON appeared tremendous, and he was also in excellent condition. The *man of colour* put up his arms quite straight, and his attitude was good, and altogether different from the mode with which he had *gammoned* his opponents at the Fives Court. *Smith* scarcely approached the *Black* before he was hit down like a shot. In the second round *Smith* touched JOHNSON on the body, when he was again *shot* down. The third was similar; and, on getting up, he turned away quite *panic*-struck, and positively refused to meet his man. *Martin* endeavoured to persuade *Smith* to renew the combat, but in vain; he might just as well have sung "psalms to a dead horse!" indeed, all the horses belonging to the King could not have brought him again to meet JOHNSON at the *scratch*. *Martin* was so disgusted with the conduct of *Smith*, that he threw the bottle down on the ground quite indignant. *Smith*, on getting out of the ring, took to his heels, at the rate of ten miles an hour, amidst the hisses, groans, and shouts of the multitude. BLACKY, in the utmost surprise, asked

what had become of his opponent. The *cur*-like behaviour of *Smith* does not make JOHNSON a better man; and *Massa* must be *tried* with a "*good* one," before any judgment can be pronounced on his merits as a boxer.

ABRAHAM BELASCO,

THE ONLY FIGHTING JEW ON THE LIST.

THE *Jews* have not, since the publication of the second volume of this work, introduced a new *milling* hero into the Prize Ring, to support their once high pretensions in the sporting world, and therefore ABRAHAM BELASCO must be pronounced the only fighting Jew on the boxing list.

While BELASCO was on a sparring tour with *Mendoza*, in Gloucestershire, in the summer of 1818, he fought the Winchcomb Champion, on the race-course, at Cheltenham, a 13 stone man, for 20 guineas a-side. ABRAHAM won it in the short space of *twelve* minutes.

In the same year, on the 9th of December, BELASCO entered the lists at Coventry with *Joe Townsend*, who was considered as the head boxer in that place. *Townsend* fancied that he could beat BELASCO off hand, and put down his watch and five guineas to back himself. He was a 12 stone man; and ABRAHAM, at that period, only weighed 10 stone 10 lbs. BELASCO proved the conqueror in 24 minutes.

Upon ABRAHAM'S returning to London, he was matched against *Sampson*, for 50 guineas a-side. This

battle took place at Potter's Street, in Essex, 21 miles from London, on Tuesday, February 22, 1819. This fight was brought to a *wrangle*, but the money was ultimately given up to BELASCO. (See page 396.)

The JEW and the *Birmingham Youth* were continually quarrelling upon this subject, and a *second fight* took place between them. (See page 398.) A THIRD fight, with the *gloves*, at the Tennis-Court. (See page 399.) And a fourth also occurred, before *doubts* towards each other could be satisfied. (See page 401.)

BELASCO left London for Bristol, to fight *Cabbage* for 100 guineas a-side, in October, 1820; but, on his arrival in the above city, the friends of *Cabbage* would not advance any money for him. BELASCO, however, was well received by the Bristolians, who, to make up for his disappointment, gave him a most excellent benefit.

JACK CARTER.

How are the mighty fallen!

FOR nearly three years CARTER went through most of the provincial towns in the kingdom, teaching the Art of Self-Defence, styling himself "The CHAMPION," and giving a CHALLENGE to all ENGLAND. At length *Spring* was backed against our hero for £50 a-side, and a purse of £50 was given by the P. C. So little *chance* was *Spring* thought to have with CARTER, that 2 to 1 was the current betting against him; but,

on the 4th of May, 1819, at Crawley Downs, CARTER was defeated. (See page 326.) His *friends* at *Carlisle*, who had previously looked up to him as their *milling* idol, immediately after his defeat published the following letter in *Bell's Weekly Dispatch*:—

SIR,—You will oblige the Cumberland Fancy by giving insertion to the following paragraph in your next paper.

Your obedient Servant,

Carlisle, May 12, 1819. H. P.

"The gentlemen of the Cumberland Fancy have had a meeting, after reading an account of the battle between Spring and Carter, contained in your Paper, and from other sources of information, were unanimously of opinion that Carter made a ⋈ of the battle. They have therefore come to the resolution of withdrawing all support from him in future; they will not back him, even if he were matched to fight an *orange-boy*. All bets upon the battle have been declared void in the North."

The following letter also appeared in the above newspaper, in answer to it:—

SIR,—In reply to a letter, signed H. P., from the Cumberland *Fancy*, which appeared in your impartial sporting journal of May 16, I shall briefly observe, that the gentlemen who acted as umpires at the battle between Carter and Spring, are well known as men of honour and integrity, and had they detected any thing like a ⋈, would have immediately made such a circumstance public. The battle-money was paid without hesitation: the Noble Lord who backed Carter also discharged his bets upon demand; and no *refusal* has been made in the Sporting World to *pay*, that has come within the writer's knowledge.

Respecting the fight, Sir, it was most certainly a bad one—a *pulling—hauling* encounter; in fact, it was nearly the same as the battle between Carter and Oliver, at Carlisle, but with this difference—the left hand of Carter was foiled, and Spring also proved the strongest man at the ropes. The Lancashire Hero having thus lost the *two only points* for which he was distinguished, led to his defeat. Spring behaved like a man, and did not appear to have any *hugging* pretensions about him, had he not been *dragged* to the ropes. Carter was beat against his will.

In giving insertion to the above letter, to prevent any improper allusions going abroad, you will much oblige

AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

Tattersall's, Hyde Park Corner,
May 28, 1819.

CARTER, from his defeat with *Spring*, suffered materially in the estimation of the Sporting World, but there is no doubt that he lost the battle against his will. On losing his popularity, he left London for Ireland, in which his stay was rather short; when he returned to England, accompanied by the Irish Champion. A quarrel, however, took place between CARTER and *Donnelly;* when the former followed the *Irish Champion* to Dublin, opened a public-house, and challenged *Dan.* (See page 104.)

CARTER again returned to the metropolis for a few days, and, during that time, he had a bit of a *turn-up* with *Cribb.* (See page 23.)

CARTER once more left London, sparring his way to Dublin, in which he was assisted by *Reynolds* and *Sutton.*

CARTER opened a public-house, the sign of the Black Lion, at Kilmainham. On receiving the following challenge, both CARTER and *Sutton* sent an answer.

A CHALLENGE.

"ERIN GO BRAGH!—TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

"I, Robert Hanlon, of the First Royals, and a native of the County Wicklow, do hereby challenge any man to fight me for One Hundred Pounds sterling, or in honour of my country!!"

"ERIN GO BRAGH.

"We, Henry Sutton and John Carter, having seen, yesterday, a challenge from a Mr. Hanlon, to fight any man in the world, we beg to state that he may have his choice of us, for One Hundred Guineas, at one month's notice; and hope that he or his friends will visit Kilmainham, deposit some

money, and have a friendly glass. With respect to country, which he so strongly alludes to, permit us to add, we are fighting men--all countries to us being the same; and we have too much confidence in the hearts and hospitality of Erin's sons, to think colour or country makes any difference.

"HENRY SUTTON,
"*New Kilmainham, April* 20, 1820." "JOHN CARTER."

CARTER made his appearance, on the Friday after his battle with *Spring*, at Mr. Jackson's Rooms, in Bond Street. His *crest* was terribly lowered; his former high *tone* quite subdued; and he acknowledged, with some touches of *grief*, that he could not tell how he lost the battle! Thirty pounds were collected on the ground for him, including the donation of ten from his backer. The surgeon who attended CARTER, at Crawley, pronounced him in a dangerous state, in consequence of the severe beating he received upon his ribs and kidneys.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—In consequence of CARTER'S having, as it was termed by some of the amateurs, *assumed* the title of CHAMPION, he thus accounts for it:—*Oliver*, it appears, challenged *Cribb* about four years since, but the notice was so short,—it being only two days,—the latter then declined the contest; and CARTER, having defeated *Oliver* since that period, made use of the above *title* as a matter of right.

If CARTER cannot obtain the highest *milling* title of Champion of England, he is, nevertheless, a pugilist possessing some dangerous points, that will always render him a very *troublesome* customer to any *hero* that may enter the ring against him.

CARTER, it is said, has left Ireland for America.

LARKIN, the Life-Guardsman.

No hero has been more anxious to obtain *milling* honours than LARKIN; but, to his own great mortification, as well as a disappointment experienced by the Sporting World, the *man of war* has not been permitted to make his appearance in the *Prize Ring*. *Two* matches were made between him and *Sutton*, (the tremendous man of colour,) and in both instances, owing to peculiar circumstances, his backers were compelled to forfeit to his opponent. LARKIN appears to possess *milling* requisites, and the amateurs are very anxious for an opportunity to offer, when the *man of war* can make a public exhibition of them. In attending to his military duty, it might be said LARKIN is always in *training*. He is a native of Cheshire, and a very fine, well-made man. It may "*live in the memory*" of the amateurs, that he made his *debût* at the Fives Court, in a most vigorous combat with the *leary Richmond;* that he afterwards, in a *set-to* with *Spring*, got so terribly *served out*, that one of his *ogles* soon assumed the shape of an egg. But from *practice*, united with confidence, in a combat since with *Cribb*, he satisfied the audience that he had some *good points* about him; and, lastly, in his memorable *bout* with the *scientific Tom Belcher*, it was demonstrated that he would not be *denied* without some very heavy opposition.

The following is a copy of the articles for the second match made between LARKIN and *Sutton* :—

September 25, 1819.

Twenty guineas on each side were deposited. Thirty more by each party, at Randall's, the Hole in the Wall, in Chancery Lane, on the 21st of October; and the remaining fifty guineas a-side, at Belcher's, the Castle Tavern, Holborn, on the 28th of October. The battle to take place on the 4th of November, in a 24-feet ring. A fair stand-up fight—half-minute time. The place to be named by Mr. Jackson.

This match was broken off in consequence of a Noble Lord, high in command in the army, having heard or seen an account in the public prints that LARKIN was to have exhibited his pugilistic powers on November 4, 1819, immediately sent him an order, where he was in *training*, by a corporal of the regiment, to return to head-quarters by the 30th of October, on pain of being included as a *deserter*. Of course, LARKIN had no other alternative but to join his regiment.

LARKIN frequently exhibits at the Fives Court, as a *setter-to;* and it is expected, if he ever should exhibit in the Prize Ring, that he will prove a dangerous opponent.

Harry Sutton.

EXCEPTING a slight *turn-up* with *Kendrick*, which, by comparison, might be termed no match, (see pages 315 and 320,) SUTTON has not appeared in the Prize Ring since the publication of the second volume of this work. It, however, has not been the fault of SUTTON; for no *three-parts starved* KID could have proved more grateful for having his *grubbery* replenished than HARRY seemed to be, on the certainty of

the match between him and *Larkin* being made known to him. *Dennis Brulgruddery*, on the barren heath of *Muckslush*, never more anxiously "*looked out for a* CUSTOMER" than SUTTON has hitherto done; and, in the pride of the moment, the *man of colour* observed, "he had not been so *comfortable* in his *mind* for a long time past; and that having got some *work* cut out for him, he should be enabled to go to *roost* quietly till the day of combat arrived." But in this he was disappointed; and when the match was off, SUTTON almost shed tears about it, and it was only receiving the forfeiture of £50 that tended to alleviate his grief, having also received £20 forfeit in a previous instance.

SUTTON, in order to occupy his leisure time, accompanied *Reynolds* and *Carter* on a sparring tour to Ireland; and having stopped at Warrington, in Lancashire, to perform, a veterinary surgeon, vulgarly called a *farrier*, who was quite a *jonnok* with himself, and about six feet four inches in height, rather *fancied* the *man of colour*, and accordingly took a turn with him; but in the course of a few rounds, SUTTON gave the horse-doctor such a quantity of *pepper*, that, often feeling whether his *ogles* were left in his *nob*, he exclaimed, amidst roars of laughter from the spectators, "What, do you want to make a black man of me?" and took off the gloves without delay.

SUTTON arrived in Dublin, and exhibited with much applause and attraction. He also joined in the challenge with *Carter* to *Hanlon*. (See page 511.) The *man of colour* had not returned to London on the 20th of April, 1821, but was pursuing his tour to Cork, &c.

GEORGE NICHOLLS,

THE HERO OF BRISTOL.

THIS pugilist has not only obtained great *notoriety* in the Sporting World from his conquest over *Tom Cribb*, in the London Ring, which occurred on Saturday, July 20, 1805, at Blackwater, 32 miles from the metropolis, for a subscription-purse of £25, (see vol. i. page 196,) but from his numerous victories. During his boxing career, GEORGE NICHOLLS fought upwards of FIFTY battles. His knowledge of fighting was so excellent, that he was pronounced by the amateurs a complete master of the fistic art. GEORGE was born in the year 1775, and is in height 5 feet 8½ inches, and his fighting weight 11½ stone. The following is the most accurate list of his battles that can be collected:—

NICHOLLS was only 17 years of age when he entered the Ring with a man of the name of *Hockey Harding*. It was only for a guinea a-side, and it took place on Durdham Downs. NICHOLLS had for his seconds *Applebee* and *George Davis*. In forty minutes *Harding* was defeated; and the *punishment* he received was so terrific, that not only his jaw was broken, but nearly all his teeth were knocked out. This latter boxer had gained considerable notoriety in having made a drawn battle, after a most desperate fight, with the celebrated *Bill Warr*.

2. In a week after the above battle, the brother of *Harding*, anxious to have a turn with NICHOLLS, for

Drawn by G. Sharples. *Engd. by Percy Roberts*

GEORGE NICHOLS.

Publd. by Sherwood, Neely & Jones, April 1, 1821.

a guinea and a half a-side, fought with him on Durdham Downs; but, in the second round, *Harding*, on having four of his teeth knocked out, exclaimed, "*I have had quite enough;* GEORGE *shall not* SERVE *me as he did my brother.*" *Applebee* and *Davis* were also seconds to NICHOLLS on this occasion.

3. A sailor, who weighed 13 stone, challenged NICHOLLS, for a guinea a-side. This battle took place in the Back Fields, near Lawford's Gate. The man of war was a *troublesome customer*, and did not give it in till one hour had expired.

4. Another *sailor* shared the same fate, but in much less time, at Sea Mills.

5. *Bill Packer*, a Bristol butcher, was also glad to surrender to GEORGE NICHOLLS.

6. One *Saunders* fought with our hero for two hours, but at the expiration of which he was also defeated.

7. NICHOLLS fought a severe battle with *Bill Wharf*, when the latter acknowledged he had had ENOUGH.

8. *Tom Hillman*, in a very short time, was beaten by NICHOLLS.

9. GEORGE disposed of *Merrifield* also in first-rate style. *Merrifield* had not the slightest *chance*.

10. A "*Stranger*" made a good fight with NICHOLLS for one hour; but he was so terribly *punished*, that he was taken off the ground for dead.

11. *Bill Thomas*, a butcher, of Chepstow, had so good an opinion of his *milling* qualities, that he sent a public challenge to Bristol to fight the best man in that city. NICHOLLS accepted the challenge without delay, and he also won it off-hand.

12. *Morris*, a fine, well-made man, weighing 13 stone, entered the lists with NICHOLLS, for *one guinea* a-side, in St. Philip's Marsh. It was a determined fight, but *Morris* was defeated in one hour.

13. A *Soldier*, who weighed 14 stone, and who, it is said, the late *Jem Belcher* had refused to fight, was defeated by NICHOLLS in great style.

14. *Samuel Carter*, in the course of one hour, after a good battle, surrendered to NICHOLLS.

15 and 16. On the same day that *Bill Belcher* conquered *David Davis*, in St. James's Churchyard, GEORGE NICHOLLS obtained victories over *Bill Lewis*, and also *Evan Lewis*.

17. In a room at Priddy Fair, one *Barnes*, who had challenged all England, proved quite an easy customer to GEORGE NICHOLLS.

18. *Jack Tanton*, in the hands of our hero, had not a shadow of *chance*.

19. *John Hook* was likewise beaten by NICHOLLS.

20. *Leonard*, the Champion of Bath, was matched against NICHOLLS for five guineas a-side. *Bob Watson* and *Tom Davis* acted as seconds to our hero. This battle took place on Lansdown, the same day that *Spaniard Harris* and *Bill Cox* fought. The Bath Champion was dreadfully beaten, and both his *peepers* were soon closed; while, on the contrary, NICHOLLS received not the slightest injury.

21. *Bill Halldin* was also nobody in the hands of GEORGE NICHOLLS.

22. However painful it may be to relate, the impartial historian is not to be deterred from doing his duty. The fame of NICHOLLS was now so completely

established from his numerous victories, that he was *backed* to the end of the chapter, without the slightest hesitation. However, in his contest with one *Beaver*, he was *defeated:* but it has since been ascertained by his backers, that it was a complete ⋈.

23. *Jack Williams* could make no head against the decisive fighting of our hero.

24. And *Tumbling Joey*, as he was termed, was made a complete *spectacle* of, in the course of a few minutes, by NICHOLLS.

It is supposed, that our hero has fought upwards of FIFTY BATTLES, and only in the above instance, where the ⋈ stands against him, did he ever experience defeat. We sincerely wish such a mark had never stained his deeds of glory; and, in the words of the poet, we are compelled to lament and say,

"OUT, DAMNED SPOT!"

NICHOLLS has long since given up the bustle and noise of the Prize Ring, and follows his business as a butcher, in Gloucester Lane, Bristol; and, although so terrific a personage in combat, yet, in private life, it is impossible to meet with a more quiet, inoffensive, retired man. In fact, he shuns company; never visits public-houses; is rather of a religious turn of mind; and the leisure time that presents itself to him, is filled up in angling, his most favourite pursuit.

His son GEORGE also bade fair to have distinguished himself as a boxer; but, at the request of his relatives, he has entirely given up all idea of entering the Prize Ring.

SCROGGINS AND PARISH.

VICTORY has again crowned the efforts of SCROGGINS. His battle with *Parish* took place on Banstead Downs, in Surrey, on Saturday, March 3, 1821, for £50. It was the second fight on the above day; and, notwithstanding the rain continued pouring down in torrents, SCROGGINS appeared and threw his hat into the ring, attended by *Randall* and *Paddington Jones* as his seconds. *Parish* appeared soon afterwards, followed by *Spring* and *Harmer*. The men appeared in excellent condition. For *one hour and a quarter* both the pugilists exerted themselves in the highest style of courage to obtain the victory. The *changes* were frequent indeed; 2 to 1 on SCROGGINS—3 to 1 on *Parish*—3 to 1 again on SCROGGINS—then other changes. In the 52d round, from the distressed state of *Parish*, *Randall* threw up his hat, as it did not appear that *Parish* would be again able to appear at the *scratch*. He, however, recovered, and fought till the 69th round; but, in the last three rounds, it was a hundred pounds to a farthing in favour of SCROGGINS. The latter behaved extremely well, was remarkably steady, and reminded the spectator of his former days. He was, however, most terribly *punished*. The greatest anxiety prevailed among the old fanciers, who were more than friendly in their good wishes towards their old favourite. In the second round, SCROGGINS fell with his shoulder against one of the stakes, (which circumstance was not known to the spectators, and operated as a great

drawback to his exertions.) Had not this accident happened, SCROGGINS thought he could have won it in much less time. *Parish* was *punished* but very little about the head; but he remained in a state of stupor a short time after the fight was over; and *Spring* carried him in his arms, quite senseless, out of the ring. *Parish*, however, displayed a great deal of *game*, and he suffered very severely from heavy falls. If *Parish* had gone in to fight first, he might have given a better account of the battle. *Spring* this day convinced the amateurs he was entitled to their praise, not only as a most *attentive* SECOND, but as a very *active* one; and it would not be doing common justice to the anxiety and exertions he displayed to make his man *win*, in passing them over without notice.

On the Thursday after the above fight, at *Josh. Hudson's* benefit, *Parish* addressed the Court, observing, "that, although he had been defeated by SCROGGINS, he was not *satisfied*, and he was ready to have another trial." SCROGGINS, in reply, said, "from the advice of his friends, he had not intended to have fought any more; but as *how* he was too much of a GENTLEMAN not to *accommodate* Mr. *Parish*, who was also a *gentlemanly* sort of a man; and he would give him another trial." A guinea a-side was deposited; but on the arrival of the night to make the stakes good, *Parish* did not make his appearance, and the guinea, of course, was forfeited.

SCROGGINS has fought SIXTEEN prize-battles, and he has proved the conqueror in *nine* of them, besides the *one* that he was interrupted in with *Turner*.

HARRIS AND GREEN.

BOTH these heroes, from the *milling* capabilities they displayed in their contest at Dagenham Beech, in Essex, on Monday, March 13, 1820, for a subscription purse, immediately after *Scroggins* and *Dav. Hudson* left the ring, made a considerable impression on the minds of the *Fancy*. *Bob Burns* seconded GREEN; and *Holt*, *Harris*. It was the unanimous opinion of the amateurs, that a better or more manly fight was never seen. Twelve rounds were contested in a style that almost baffles description, for their goodness. The hitting on both sides was tremendous; the repeated *facers* terrific; and a painter, with a brush, could not have changed the colour of their *frontispieces* quicker. In the last round, although *Harris* was in full vigour and confidence, he received such a severe flush hit between his *peepers*, that he was in a state of darkness in an instant, and turned away from his opponent dead beat, exclaiming, "No! No!" This battle occupied thirteen minutes and a half. It turned out, on inquiry, that *Harris* was a pupil of *Josh. Hudson's;* he had also been in training for three weeks, and was a *plant* upon GREEN.

GREEN, since the above period, has been defeated *twice* by *David Hudson*.

HARRIS, who is about 10 stone and a half in weight, has increased in the opinion of the amateurs. He is a very steady boxer; and disposed of one *Wyber*, a

very determined Welshman, for a subscription purse, at Banstead Downs, on Tuesday, July 4, 1820, the third fight on the day that *Owen* and *Mendoza* fought, in 40 minutes. *Paddington Jones* and *Holt* waited on HARRIS. *Turner* and *Purcell* seconded *Wyber*.

HARRIS often exhibits at the Fives Court, with attention and applause: and he has also offered to fight the tremendous gypsy, *Cooper*, but the friends of the latter refused to back him against HARRIS.

CALEB STEPHEN RAMSBOTTOM,

OTHERWISE

BALDWIN.

THE above great *milling* hero, in his day, was termed the "PRIDE OF WESTMINSTER," and a better *bit of stuff* never *peeled* in a ring. CALEB was nothing else but a fighting man, and a boxer that afforded lots of amusement to the *Fancy* in general. His battles were numerous, and victory, except in a solitary instance, crowned his efforts; however, such are the vicissitudes of life, that he is, at the present period (April, 1821), so completely *cut-up*, as to attend at the Fives Court, selling oranges to the visitors, in order to get a "*bob*" in an honest way. To claim the attention and interest of the amateurs towards his benefit, who had known him under better circumstances, he issued the following hand-bill:—

Pugilistic Amusement.

CALEB BALDWIN

Respectfully acquaints his Friends and the Public, he would be proud to see them at the

MINOR THEATRE, IN THE STRAND,

On Thursday, 16th September, 1819,

Where he intends to exhibit with

One of the Primest Little Nonpareils* of the Day;

And as several of the first-rate Pugilists have promised to meet him there, he anticipates they will receive a high Treat.

The *Cognoscenti*, the *Lads of the Turf*, and the *Fancy* in general, cannot obliterate from memory the amusement they have enjoyed from the *able, spirited,* and *active* manner in which CALEB *always kept the Ring for them on Days of Sport;* nor can it be forgotten, he has fought upwards of 30 *battles, and was never beat,* previous to that unsuccessful set-to with *Dutch Sam.*

This true-bottomed Champion of his day once moved in comfort and prosperity; and we painfully have to deplore that the *case is now altered.* We

---

* *Randall.* This set-to afforded considerable amusement.

trust *A Real Bred Sportsman* will never see a *Worthy Veteran of the Turf in Distress*, and shut up that spirit which should distinguish such a character. The single reflection of

A Thorough-Bred Westminster Scholar, at Low-Water Mark, and wanting a Lift,

will require no further invitation, nor suffer exertion to sleep on the subject.

The Amusements will commence at Two o'clock.

Tickets, 3*s. each, to be had at* T. OLIVER'S, *Great Peter Street, Westminster;* RANDALL'S, *Chancery Lane;* HARMER'S, *Plough, Smithfield;* T. CRIBB'S; MOUNTAIN'S, *St. Martin's Lane; and* W. AUSTIN'S, *the Black-a-Moor's Head, Whitcomb Street.*

We are sorry to remark, that this appeal to the *Fancy* had not the desired effect; and, to make a bad matter worse, CALEB had not enough visitors to pay his expenses; indeed, the veteran was out of pocket by it.

BILL PERDUE,

ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL OF BOXERS, AND THE RANDALL OF HIS TIME.

THE above *little* (GREAT) hero, who scarcely measured 5 feet in height, and wanted 2 pounds of 9 stone in

weight, about 45 years ago was viewed as a PHENOMENON *in the Prize Ring*. His courage was so truly excellent, that he was not *particular* about *size* or *weight;* VICTORY being his only object in view. At that period, numerous battles were manly contested for one guinea a-side; *five guineas* were thought handsome *stakes;* but when a fight was made for 20 or 30 guineas a-side, the amateurs pronounced it a large sum. PERDUE was well known to the *milling world* as the *little fighting butcher*, and the master *Rumpsteaks* of that day in Fleet Market, Messrs. Comfort, Waghorn, Carpenter, Stratford, Fowler, Brown, &c. were always his backers. He was born on the 8th of January, 1758, in the above neighbourhood; but his skirmishes, when quite a boy, are too numerous for recital. PERDUE was also a sailor in the early part of his life, and for a short time he served both in the East and West India trade; and he was likewise on board a man-of-war for nine months.

It is rather singular to remark, that although PERDUE possessed a good knowledge of the *science*, and was a severe hitter, yet, generally, he had the worst of all his battles for the first five or six rounds, and could not "go to work" till he had received some *punishment*, or, in other words, till he got *warm* on the subject.

PERDUE's first prize fight of note was in 1781, with one *Ben Hamilton*, on Barnet Common, for ten guineas a-side,—a man who stood high in the estimation of the amateurs, as a first-rate boxer. It was an equal match in weight; but *Hamilton* was so confident, that he offered to lay any *bet*, that in less than *five* minutes

PERDUE should be as blind as a *bat*. *Hamilton* was, however, deceived; and after a severe battle of 30 minutes, glad to observe he had had enough.

One *Mintum* was matched against PERDUE, for ten guineas a-side. This battle was also on Barnet Common, in 1781. *Mintum* was half as big again as our hero, and for the space of 20 minutes it was a most determined battle; but *Mintum* was so severely *punished*, that he kept continually going down without a blow, when the battle was decided in favour of PERDUE. The celebrated *Dick Humphreys* seconded our hero.

Tom Chaunt, a boxer of great note, and also a teacher of the art of self-defence, was matched against PERDUE, for twenty guineas a-side. This battle took place on *Michaelmas-day*, in 1782; but in consequence of some interruption, the above boxers fought upon a stage, erected upon 18 water-butts, placed in a creek into which the Thames flowed, at Brentford. *Chaunt* was a great *bounce*, although a good man; and he was so confident of victory, that he appeared on the stage with blue ribands in his hat, also tied to the knees of his breeches, and made use of as bows to tie his shoes. *Chaunt* was an excellent dancer; and after having amused the spectators with a few steps of a hornpipe, he took off his hat and made a bow, observing "he was sorry he had not to fight a bigger and a better man than PERDUE, as it would last no time." PERDUE, in reply, "offered to bet (holding *two guineas* in his hand) that he won the battle, notwithstanding *Chaunt* had boasted of *killing* and *eating* him!" Heath, the brother-in-law of *Chaunt*, took it imme-

diately; the odds being very high on *Chaunt*. The *Old Nailor* and *Bill Line* were his seconds on this occasion. From the superior strength, size, and weight of *Chaunt*, he, without any difficulty, *floored* PERDUE six times in succession;—and 3 and 4 to 1 were betted in his favour; while the *cutting-up* tribe took it readily, from the high opinion they entertained of PERDUE. The sixth round of this battle was terrific. It occupied five minutes, the combatants giving hit for hit, till they went down exhausted, falling different ways. It was minute time; but when "*time*" was called, *Chaunt* left the knee of his second very reluctantly, to come to the *scratch*. PERDUE now went to work, and he jumped up, and put in such a tremendous *nobber*, that *Chaunt* went down as if he had been shot. When the latter made his appearance at the *scratch*, PERDUE observed to him, "Tommy, I have got you now; and you will not want a bigger or a better man to *lick* you this time." *Chaunt* was again *floored*—the fight was completely taken out of him—and after being *smashed* all to pieces, at the expiration of 25 minutes, he could scarcely articulate that "*he would not fight any more.*" It was a proud day for *Fleet Market;* the butchers filled all their pockets with *blunt*, and brought PERDUE home in triumph.

The celebrated *Tom Bromage*, (well known for many years in London, for his celebrated bull dogs, for which he had harness made, and used to drive four-in-hand, and take children about from place to place at one penny per head) was defeated by PERDUE, in *Islington Hollow*, a favourite and convenient spot, where the *minor* part of the FANCY, about 30 years ago, used to

decide their matches on Sunday mornings and Monday afternoons. Many a brave fellow has stripped in *Islington Hollow*, of which no records are left to hand down his fame to posterity.

PERDUE was out for a day's shooting in the neighbourhood of Uxbridge, and having shot across some hedges, behind which was a master baker of Uxbridge, who valued himself upon his fighting qualities, he observed, "if PERDUE did that again, he would take his gun from him." "No," replied BILL, "you are not man enough for that!" The baker in a passion said, "Come across the hedge, and I'll show you." PERDUE instantly jumped over the hedge, exclaiming, "Well, here I am, then!" "I will not take any advantage of such a little fellow," answered the baker. "Have you got any money about you?" "Only five shillings," said PERDUE; "and I will fight you for that." "Agreed," observed the *Master of the Rolls;* "but let us walk into the road first." They walked by each other's side till they arrived at the road, when they immediately *peeled* and *set-to*, near Stratford Bridge. Some persons soon collected together, and strangers acted as the *seconds* to both the combatants. For the first quarter of an hour, PERDUE was floored and severely *punished* by his opponent, who was upwards of three stone heavier, and he also got his ribs hurt against a carriage: a large mob by this time having collected together, considerable betting took place on the fight. In the course of an hour, the *Master Baker* acknowledged he was beaten. He was immediately taken to the next public-house, where PERDUE treated the seconds and his fallen foe with

the *five shillings* which he had thus courageously won. The baker received so severe a *licking*, that he was not able to leave his bed for three or four days. This circumstance being made public in Uxbridge, where the master baker had previously taken the *shine* over a good many fellows, he was now frequently assailed by the boys with, "*Who was licked by a nurse child?*"

In the year 1780, PERDUE defeated the "*fighting Post-Boy*," after a most tremendous battle, in the fields near the Cock, at Holloway.

A big Irishman, who could lift a sack of potatoes round his head with the most comparative ease, was defeated in the course of half an hour, on the stones in Fleet Market, by our hero.

A *Dustman*, who could make good use of his fists, received a severe thrashing from PERDUE, on Snow Hill, for cruelly treating his horse.

A *Milkman*, possessing great strength, and who was also a very tall man, in the course of half an hour, in Cow Lane, Smithfield, was so severely *punished* by PERDUE, that he was taken home in a coach. This battle took place in consequence of the Milkman's ill-treating a child, which our hero witnessed in passing through the streets.

A hardy Welchman, of Herculean strength, abused PERDUE at his own shop door, in Fleet Market, on a Saturday evening, on account of his selling his meat so dear, threatening, at the same time, to give such a little fellow a thrashing.—"You can't do it!" said BILL. A fight immediately commenced, when the *nob* of the Welchman, in the course of a few rounds, was beaten as *black* as the ace of spades; however, the

violence of the Welchman was so great, that he had not only bit a piece out of PERDUE'S cheek, but also dislodged *four* of his teeth. The Welchman, not satisfied, brought a charge against PERDUE, before an Alderman; but the latter person was so convinced of the propriety of PERDUE'S conduct, that the Welchman had to pay all the expenses.

Five Coalheavers were also beaten, one after the other, in Fleet Market, by PERDUE; the *black diamonds* having ill-used our hero, and laughingly threatened to *hide* him in their pockets. It was this circumstance that brought PERDUE into notice as a *milling cove*.

In the skirmishes, rows, turns-up, and battles, which our hero has been engaged, the calculation would amount at least to 100; and not in the slightest instance did PERDUE ever experience DEFEAT!

At the present moment, April 20, 1821, PERDUE is living, in the 64th year of his age, as a Master Butcher, in Fleet Market. He has been married 35 years, and brought up fourteen children; but he never fought a *prize battle* after his marriage. He is a most inoffensive man; much respected by all his acquaintances; and might be said, from his long residence in it, to be the FATHER OF FLEET MARKET.

JACK TEASDALE,

A MOST lively boxer, extremely active on his legs, and a slashing hitter, was born in Pear-tree Court,

Clerkenwell, in the year 1796. TEASDALE is rather under 9 stone in weight; and 5 feet 3½ inches in height. His skirmishes, when a boy, are too numerous for recital.

TEASDALE's first battle of any note was with one *Coates*, a tailor, in Spa Fields. The *hero of the thimble* was upwards of 11 stone; and an hour and a quarter had elapsed before TEASDALE could dispose of this *troublesome* customer.

Harry Ironmonger, a good man, weighing 10 stone, was twice defeated by TEASDALE, in great style.

Our hero fought a most determined battle with *Jerry*, the file stripper, in a field contiguous to the *Sluice House*, for 1 hour and 35 minutes. TEASDALE had been out early in the morning, upon the *Cockney* suit of procuring some *palm*, and had made rather too free with Mr. Lushington, when the above *turn-up* occurred. *Jerry* was nearly 11 stone; and the friends of TEASDALE, finding that he could not win the battle, took him away from the ground against his will.

Sales, a butcher, and a very active man, was matched against TEASDALE for 4 guineas a-side. This battle was decided in White Conduit Fields, on Saturday, August 28, 1819. It was an excellent fight on both sides; but, at the expiration of 1 hour and 12 minutes, TEASDALE was declared the conqueror.

Mason, well known at the Fives Court, was defeated in 16 minutes by TEASDALE, on the day that *Turner* and *Martin* fought.

TEASDALE left the Metropolis in 1820, to fight one *Cox*, a blacksmith, at St. Faith's, near Norwich. It was for £50 a-side. TEASDALE was seconded by *Painter* and

Purcell. It was a hard battle, occupying 65 rounds, in one hour and 12 minutes. The talents displayed by TEASDALE, in this fight, gave him a high character among the amateurs.

As this little hero was passing through St. John's Street, Smithfield, in the month of January, 1821, a coachman drew up to the Cross Keys Inn, and asked TEASDALE if he would have the kindness just to look after his horses during his absence. TEASDALE complied with *Coachy's* request. He had scarcely remained a minute, when the Ostler, six feet high, came out and told TEASDALE he had no right to take charge of the horses, and made a blow at him. TEASDALE stopped the *Duke of Limbs* in fine style, and also made him such a *picture* that he was glad to bolt. Out then came the *Waiter*, accompanied by *Boots* and another *Horse-keeper*, to *sarve* TEASDALE out; but he put the *quilt* upon this courageous two so sharply, in a few minutes, that they were all glad to retire from the contest, amidst the shouts of the populace, who were applauding little TEASDALE for the manliness and *pluck* he had exhibited.

NED BROWN,

THE SPRIG OF MYRTLE.

SOME slight mention is made of this *game miniature* boxer, in the second volume of this work; but since that period, BROWN has become an object of con-

siderable attraction amongst the admirers of Pugilism, and has fought several battles. It is but common justice to observe, that a better *bit of stuff*, more especially of his very light weight, 8 stone 4 lbs., is not to be found amongst the list of boxers. He is 5 feet 2 inches in height. BROWN was born in the year 1800. He is always ready for a *mill;* and he possesses so much true courage, that it should almost seem his heart is as big as his body.

BROWN fought, at Richmond, a man of the name of *Robarts*, weighing 14 stone; and, notwithstanding this great disparity in size and weight, in the course of three quarters of an hour, *Robarts* was so severely *punished*, that he was glad to give up the contest. BROWN, on this occasion, was seconded by *Greenfield.*

Our hero was matched off-hand against *Gillham*, for 10 guineas a-side. This battle was decided in *Oliver's* long room, at Westminster. *Gillham* was nearly a stone in weight more than BROWN; but the *pluck* of the latter enabled him to win it, in one hour and 2 minutes. *Richmond* acted as second to BROWN.

Horton, a Gas-Light Man, was matched against BROWN for a subscription purse, also in *Oliver's* long room, on Monday, March 2, 1819. *Horton* was a stone heavier than BROWN. *Richmond* and *Scroggins* seconded the latter. The courage and heroism displayed by the above little *trump* of the Westminster *nursery*, astonished all the amateurs. The pluck, scientific hitting, agility, and coolness, exhibited by BROWN, portrayed all the combined talents of the oldest veteran of the ring. The *upper works* of his oppo-

nent were so *peppered*, that the Gas-Light Company, it appears, must have had great difficulty in recollecting their man; while young BROWN had scarcely a *scratch*. The Gas-Light hero, however, was nothing else but a *good one;* but for the last ten minutes, when BROWN was rather *distressed*, the *science* the latter showed was loudly applauded: he hit his man every instant without receiving any effective *return;* in fact, it was asserted, it was a *diamond* to a *dump;* but in a close, or struggle, the Umpire decided a *foul blow* had been given by BROWN, and the victory was decided against him. The feelings of little BROWN were so hurt upon this unexpected termination, that "the big tear was seen rolling down his iron cheek." A liberal subscription was, however, collected for him.

In a turn-up with *Lenney*, BROWN experienced defeat. (See page 487.)

For ten guineas a-side, BROWN entered the lists with one *Green*, at Beddington Comer. *Randall* seconded BROWN upon this occasion; when *Green* was defeated, in the course of 40 minutes.

MILLING ON THE SLY; OR, A RING MATCH ANTICIPATED. — Tuesday, May 23, 1820, at the house of a *Trump* (the best card in the pack), it seems that, by way of *digestion* to some *Swells*, who had been taking their wine and nuts, the Westminster *Sprig of Myrtle* (Young BROWN) was introduced; as was the *Pink of Bow* (*Jem Bunn*). It did not require the oratory of a *Phillips* to induce them to *peel;* for no sooner was the *office* given, that the *tip* for the winner was *eleven quid*, than they *buffed* it in an instant, and *Turner* and *Richmond* took *The Pride of Tothill Downs*

under their especial care; and the *Pink* was made *much of* by the *Master of the Rolls* and *Holt.* In order, too, that it should be a *spirited thing*, the *President of the Daffies* held the *ticker*. In the first round, the *Pink* got such a *nosegay*, that the beauty of the *flower* was gone—it drooped—fell—and was picked up from the ground. *The Master of the Rolls*, with all his practice, could not obtain a *recovery* for the *Pink*, who was so roughly *handled* in the course of 22 minutes by the *Sprig of Myrtle*, as to be driven out of the *market.* The above *consarn*, according to some of the party present, it was asserted, was one of the most *comfortable* and *polite mills* ever *stagged;* and they also declared, there was a great deal of *taste* about the thing altogether. Q. E. D.

BROWN was matched against *Dick Curtis*, for £20 a-side. It was a battle that excited considerable interest in the Sporting World; but BROWN was compelled to surrender to the superior science of *Curtis.* (See page 406.)

JOHN BELASCO.

THIS little hero does not often appear in the Prize Ring, although he possesses some good milling requisites; but as a *setter-to* he is excellent.

Young BELASCO left London for Norwich, where he was so much *fancied* by the provincial amateurs, that he was matched against *Bartee*, the Bergh-Apton Groom, a hero of great *milling* fame, for £50 a-side. This contest was decided in favour of BELASCO, on

Tasburgh Common, in 41 rounds, occupying about three quarters of an hour, on Wednesday, September 15, 1819, in the presence of 10,000 spectators. Several elegant females were upon a hill at a little distance from the ring, witnessing the fight. *Abraham Belasco* seconded his brother.

GODDARD AND CUMMINS.

THE FANCY, it seems, had a bit of a *spree* on Tuesday, September 26, 1820, (just by way of keeping their *hands* in a little, till something of more importance claimed their attention,) and they mustered tolerably well on Penge Common, near Norwood, to witness a battle between the above boxers, for ten guineas a-side. The *Master of the Rolls* backed *Goddard;* and the character given of him by his patron was, that he came from a good *batch*, he was also a *crusty* cove, and that his *hits* were felt as *hot* as an oven. *Goddard* was put under the guidance of *Harry Holt*, and *Cummins* was seconded by *Scroggins*. 113 rounds took place, and it occupied the time of the amateurs for upwards of two hours. *Goddard* could have won it, if he would have stood up and fought with his opponent; but he preferred *falling* down. When he had fought an hour, he seemed to think as *how* that he had had *enough*, but he was either *coaxed* or *gammoned* to fight another hour. Upon the whole, he proved too *crummy;* and his *crust* did not appear to be *well baked* enough to resist the hits of *Cummins*, who was ultimately declared the victor.

TOM BELCHER.

NOTWITHSTANDING the above distinguished pugilistic hero has not appeared in the Prize Ring for upwards of *eight* years (his last fight being with the *game Dogherty*, on the Curragh of Kildare, on Friday, April 23, 1813), he is still an attractive feature in the Sporting World; and if the Castle Tavern cannot be denominated as the *Head-quarters* of the FANCY, it must be admitted to be one of its greatest *rallying* points:—

> To BELCHER's repair, at the *Castle* so strong,
> Where he'll *serve* you all well, and you'll hear a good song:
> The company cheerful, and SPORTING's the go;
> Though *milling's* the theme, you'll not meet with a FOE!

Although BELCHER does not, *in propriâ personâ*, exhibit in the Prize Ring, yet he is a most active *caterer* for the admirers of Scientific Pugilism, by introducing new boxers to the notice of the amateurs, and also in making a variety of matches.

In the *character* of a SECOND—from the *promptitude* and *skill* he displays on the most trying occasions; his firmness of conduct in withstanding the clamour of the Ring, and not to be put off his guard; his excellent knowledge of keeping "a man out," or sending "him in to win" off-hand when the chance offers; and, lastly, his superior mode of succouring his man when in great *distress*;—are points so conspicuous and generally acknowledged in his favour, that Belcher, in this respect, is almost without a *competitor*.

No boxer at the Fives Court has more attention

paid to him, when in the act of setting-to, than TOM BELCHER; and as a proof that his *courage* does not want to be *screwed* to the sticking place, the following fact will suffice. At *Spring's* Benefit, Tuesday, November 17, 1818, CARTER informed the spectators, that RICHMOND and BELCHER had taken an unfair advantage of him a few evenings previous, when he was in a state of *inebriation*, and not able to take his own part; but he would fight them both in one ring for £200. An Amateur instantly observed, he would put down £50 of the money. Upon CARTER'S descending the ladder, BELCHER laid hold of his arm, and, pointing to the stage, observed, "*that now was the best time to settle it, as he would fight him for* TWOPENCE." The *Lancashire hero* made no reply, but retired. (*Hissing and uproar.*) RICHMOND and BELCHER then ascended the platform; when the *Man of Colour*, with much *naïveté*, said, "he had hitherto beat all his men *singly*, and he should not now have any thing to do with *co-ship*. (*Laughter and Applause.*)—As to fighting, he was in the fifty-sixth year of his age; but should Mr. CARTER behave to him again in the same way as he had done on that evening, he should follow the precise line of conduct which he had adopted."—(*Applause; "Well done, Old One."*) BELCHER wished it to be understood, "that CARTER was a blackguard, and a disgrace to company in general; and that he stood there to answer for what he now publicly asserted to be the fact."—(*Applause.*)

Several other instances might be adduced to show the *courage* of BELCHER, if necessary; and however

ready TOM may appear to promote the success of Prize Milling in the Ring, no individual displays greater anxiety to prevent *fighting* out of it. It is this conduct that renders the *Castle Tavern* peculiarly attractive; and as a proof how highly BELCHER stands in the estimation of the Sporting World, the following overflowing attendance speaks volumes:—

FIVES COURT.—From the great number of carriages which were driving down the street, to the above place, for *Belcher's* benefit, on Thursday, the 12th of April, 1821, it resembled the doors of the theatre, when a great favourite takes "his night." It was above a *bumper;* and such a muster of "first-rate *swells*" had not been witnessed for a long time. The *Marquis of Anglesea*, with several other Noblemen, were present. The sets-to were all good; and *Cooper* exhibited with *Spring*. The latter boxer completely convinced the amateurs what a *difficult* man he is to be *got at!* The combat between *Eales* and *Belcher* was a perfect treat. The art of self-defence was never exhibited in a more interesting point of view. Both of these celebrated sparrers had the "best of it" in turn. On the conclusion of *Cooper's* set-to with *Spring*, he came forward and addressed the spectators:—"Gentlemen, I lost my last battle; and I attribute it to an accident; but if any gentleman will back me, I will fight the same man again." This brought up *Hickman*, who appeared lame, one of his *ogles* in *mourning*, and in reply said, "I will fight *Cooper* on the same day when *Martin* and *Turner* fight for £100 a-side; and my friends and my money are ready to make the match

this evening at *Randall's*. The GAS *shall* NEVER GO OUT!"—*Belcher* returned thanks.

The DAFFY CLUB, which is nightly held at the Castle Tavern, is one of the most *spirited* Societies in England; and also tends, in a great degree, to keep the "GAME *alive.*"

TOWNSHEND & BROWNING.

EARLY in the month of January, 1819, a severe battle took place at Kearsley, within 3 miles of Coventry, between the above provincial boxers, both Warwickshire men, for £50 a-side. The combatants were nearly of the same age, 26 years old; and about the same weight, eleven stone. In height, 5 feet 8 inches. They were both well known as *good* men for miles round the country; and this battle excited considerable interest among the *Yokels* and the provincial *Fancy*.

TOWNSHEND was seconded by *Hugh* and *Thomas Jones;* and *Richmond*, from London, and *Palmer*, from Tamworth, waited upon BROWNING.

After these *milling* coves had been fighting for THREE HOURS and FIFTEEN MINUTES, and 122 rounds, the time-keepers and referee *interfered*, and made a *drawn* battle of it. A noble Lord and *Bob Gregson* held the watches upon this occasion; and T. Rydny, Esq. was the *referee*. Notwithstanding this fight occupied so much time, it would not have disgraced the London Ring, from the courage and science displayed by both the boxers.

NED DAVIS,

THE LATE WREXHAM CHAMPION,

Was a master butcher and grazier, in the above town. His battles were numerous; but he never fought a prize contest; yet his talents for boxing were not only well known, but had been *felt* for miles round *Wrexham*. He was in height six feet—not stout, but extremely active; and generally termed a handsome made man. Davis was a complete sporting character,—a great cocker, an excellent jumper, and a first-rate player at fives. At the latter game he was so much distinguished, that he beat *Burke*, the boxer, and four others, £100 to £50. This match took place at Wrexham, and excited so much interest in Wales, Chester, Shrewsbury, &c. that the steeple of Wrexham church was filled with persons who came from the above places, anxious to witness it. Davis won the match in great style; upon which he was complimented with a fine peal, by the bell-ringers. *Mendoza* and *Burke* both refused to enter the lists with him.

Sir Watkin Williams Wynn was insulted by a number of persons on Chester race-course; and the consequences might have proved very serious to the Baronet, if Davis had not rescued him from his most perilous situation. Davis, regardless of his own person, went in among the crowd, and without ceremony, *floored* several of them who had threatened Sir Watkin. His great courage and pugilistic prowess

astonished all present; and he was highly applauded for the manly conduct he had exhibited.

In his deportment, the WREXHAM *Champion* possessed the manners of a gentleman; and he was also much respected by all his neighbours.

DAVIS fought with FIVE brothers, within a mile of Wrexham: he was assailed by TWO of them in a public-house; they were in waiting for him on his road to purchase some cattle. It was owing to some slight but unintentional offence, which DAVIS had given to them. The above TWO brothers had flattered themselves, that united they could *punish* the Wrexham champion; but they were most grievously deceived; and DAVIS, after SERVING *them out*, pursued his journey. However, on his return home in the evening, calling at the same house to take some refreshment, the whole FIVE of the brothers were assembled, besides 56 persons, principally their workmen. DAVIS was compelled to fight his way out of the parlour on to a grass-plot at the back of the house, when he immediately challenged the brothers in succession. He beat three of them off-hand; when the other TWO both fell upon him: but he likewise *punished* them so heavily, that one of their workmen, on the sly, planted a terrible blow on his kidneys, while DAVIS was actively engaged, and could not prevent this most cowardly and treacherous attack upon his person. In consequence of this blow, DAVIS ultimately lost his life. No individual ever had any *chance* with him; and he had defeated, before he died, all the *rough-cast ones*, for miles round Wrexham. He was only 38 years of age when he was FLOORED by Death.

SPREES OF THE FANCY.

Black Milling.

After the amateurs had partaken of that *elegant* amusement, bull-baiting, in Tothill Fields, on Thursday afternoon, April 16, 1818, in order, it should seem, to give a decided *finish* to the sports of the day, a scientific battle took place for a handsome purse. The combatants were not wholly destitute of *pedigree:* one of them was a young *blade of colour*, who had recently disposed of "*Dummy*" in fair style; and the other a *Sweep*, of boxing fame, from the Westminster nursery. The *Black* placed himself under the guidance of *Randall* and *Purcell;* and "*Sweep, soot-ho!*" was handled by *West Country Dick.* The men were about 10 stone each. *Flooring* often occurred during the fight, but *milling* and the variety of *punishment* were the principal features of the contest. *Soot-ho* proved himself a good *taker;* yet the *nob* of poor *Blacky* was so painted, that the distortion of *Fuseli*, in one of his highest flights of imagination, was a mere caricature to the handywork of the *Sweep.* It was, however, a most determined battle on both sides; and not till one hour and five minutes had elapsed, did the *sprig of colour* resign the contest. *Richmond, Oliver*, &c. were among the spectators.

PUGILISM at EALING COMMON, Middlesex.

Thursday, Dec. 24, 1818, a small muster of the

Fancy assembled on the above spot, among whom were some amateurs of rank, as a prelude to the Christmas sports, to witness a prize contest between *M'Fell*, a waterman, from the East End of the town, and one *Jennings*, an inhabitant of the *Holy Land*, for a small purse given by the *Pugilistic Club*. The *pretensions* of the men, not exceeding 11 stone each, were unknown to the ring, and, in consequence, but little *blunt* was sported upon the occasion. The turf was covered with *icicles*, and *General Fog* seemed to have *the best* of all parties: the *phthisicy* ones were nearly *floored;* but a kind drop of *blue ruin* was close at hand to allay the uneasiness and rumblings of the *penetralia*, and which, by repeated applications, enabled the *ould coves* to expel this most *troublesome customer*. But the *game* of the combatants was not to be *cooled* by such trifling drawbacks, and they both *peeled* with all the *sang froid* of a warm May morning. Ropes were dispensed with, as to confining the men within a certain number of feet, and the whole range of common was allowed to them for their exertions. In the absence of the great Captain, Field-Marshal *Gibbons* gave the signal for attack, and the men let fly at each other, *bang*, *bang*, under the *chaffing* of Messrs. *Perry* and *Cropley*, for the *Knight of the Oar;* and *Tom Jones* and *Shelton* poured into the ear of *Jennings* the most animating sounds towards victory. "Hit straight," says *Tom*, "and give him a *Paddingtoner*, and you can't lose it." The *mill* lasted 42 minutes, occupying 30 rounds, during which time some heavy *facers* were liberally exchanged between the combatants, and their *mugs* rather *pinkified;* but, after the

first three rounds, it was 6 to 4 in favour of *M'Fell*, who was longer, higher, and heavier, than his opponent: the little one, however, tried to win it; and once or twice it was thought he understood the art of getting away so well, that he would have gone all over the common, he retreated so fast from the waterman. There were no good points about the battle to interest the attention of the amateurs; and the *kids* wished it over, that the *game* bull might commence the *lark*. This exhibition was delayed for a short period, owing to a *man of colour*, who had fought once at Old Oak Common in *prime twig*, but whose *victualling office*, it appeared, had been a long time out of commission; yet, nevertheless, *Blacky* offered to have a *bit of play* with any *gemman* that would *accommodate* him with a *turn-up*. *Three-fingered Jack* (not of the Obi sort, but yet a good actor) immediately *doffed his castor*, on a promise that *summurt* should be given to the victor, and the *set-to* instantly commenced. *Jack* made good use of his fingers while he stayed, drew the *claret* of the *man of colour*, and put in some sharp *bodiers*, that made *Blacky's* empty carcase sound like a drum; but finding the canvas of the *dark one* to be almost impenetrable to feeling, he retired from the contest, after *trying it on* for a few rounds. The black is a *slashing* hitter, when he can make it tell; and, if well fed, would prove a teazer to any one of his weight. A subscription was collected for the men. The *bull* at length made his appearance, and some of the *gamest* dogs alive were let loose at his nob; but he threw them over his head with the utmost ease and indifference, and was pronounced by the judges to be one of

the most sagacious animals of the kind ever baited. A dog, however, who had never entered a ring before, had nearly *pinned* him. The bull afforded much amusement; and the amateurs, after enduring the *cold* like bricks and mortar, trotted home, laughing at the fun, till the next meeting again called forth their attention. *Randall, Scroggins, Martin, Spring, Oliver, Richmond, Reynolds, &c.* were present.

JOSH. HUDSON AND JACK FORD.—A slight skirmish took place between these two heroes of the fist, on Thursday evening, March 29, 1821, at the East End of the Town, over a pot of *heavy*. FORD offered to fight *Dav. Hudson;* when *Josh.* said it was cowardly to challenge a blind one. FORD immediately gave *Josh.* a *snorter*, which not only produced the *claret*, but sent his *pimple* through *three* panes of glass. *Josh.* could not return the *favour* till he had put the pot and glass out of his hand; when the *John Bull boxer* caught hold of FORD, and put in such a shower of hailstones on his *nob*, that he roared out for help, and begged of the company to take *Josh.* away from him, if they did not wish to see him (FORD) *murdered!*—JOSH. HUDSON offered to *accommodate* FORD any time in a public ring, if he *liked* it; but observed, that he must take no more *liberties* in future with his head, in a public-house, or else he must answer before the *Beak* for such conduct!—JACK FORD, in his day, fought some of the best men on the list: he was defeated by *Oliver* and *Harmer;* but he conquered *Harry Lancaster*.

SOME SLIGHT SKETCHES OF

BOXERS

Connected with the PRIZE RING, *but who have retired from Public Contests on account of age or other infirmities; also other Pugilists of minor importance, Sparrers, &c.* May, 1821.

BILL GIBBONS still fills the situation of *ring maker* to the P. C.; and he is, most certainly, a very important personage connected with scientific pugilism—more especially when a fight is disturbed. If *Bill Gibbons* is not kept in sight, it is almost *ten* to *one* but the amateur is thrown out of the *mill.*

Ould JOE NORTON, MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES AT THE FIVES COURT.—At the above place, NORTON is a very useful and intelligent person. He introduces the boxers to the audience; and prepares the gloves, water, &c. for them to commence the combat. JOE is also very civil, obliging, and *communicative,* to the persons that attend the Fives Court, and who may feel anxious to obtain information respecting the merits of the pugilists. In return for this attention to the amateurs, he takes a benefit at a tavern, which, in general, is tolerably well attended. NORTON is a respectable man altogether, and full of anecdotes respecting the movements of the sporting world. He also acts as a *second;* and is a most attentive and humane man, in his attendance upon a losing pugilist.

HARRY HARMER, owing to the loss of sight of one of his eyes, and the other being rather defective, has been compelled to quit the Prize Ring, to the great regret of the amateurs. He never was defeated, and bid fair, at one period of his career, to have obtained a very high situation on the list of pugilists. He, however, now can *accommodate* any *customer*, without making an objection either to weight or size, at his house, the *Plough*, near *Gillspur Street, Smithfield*. Owing to a quarrel with an old opponent, Shelton, he sent the following answer to a challenge which he received from the latter hero :—

SIR,—I have only to observe, in answer to your challenge to me, a few weeks since, in *Bell's Weekly Dispatch*, that you know the cause which compelled me to take off my coat and waistcoat in the affair to which you allude. It was to resent an injury; nay, more, it was to recover my money—the wager not being decided. Under the like circumstances, I hope I shall be always ready to resent an injury. Respecting my fighting again in the Prize Ring, it is well known to you and the Sporting World, that, from my defect of sight, I have left the Ring. Indeed, I regret my defect of sight most seriously, that I am not enabled to meet you again in the ring; as I feel equally confident respecting the termination of it, as it occurred above three years since in our battle. H. HARMER.

Oct. 21, 1820.

TOM (otherwise *Paddington*) JONES, a most excellent second, and principally occupied in that department; but, in the days of *Johnson* and *Big Ben*, he was well thought of by the *Fancy*. Few boxers have fought more prize battles than TOM JONES; and his memorable contest with the late renowned *Jem Belcher*, placed him high on the list as a scientific pugilist. In the absence of *Norton*, he officiates as master of the ceremonies at the Fives Court. He was always a *good* man.

ELIAS SPRAY, the coppersmith, once a most formidable boxer from Bristol, and who was defeated by the *Game Chicken*. He frequently shows himself at the Fives Court, but does not exhibit.

BILL WOOD, the coachman, and once the formidable opponent to *Bill Warr*, *Bartholomew*, *George the Brewer*, and *Bitton*, enjoys a fine green old age, and frequently takes a peep in at the Fives Court, to view the young ones exhibit.

ISAAC BITTON,—a good man, in his day, and possessing an excellent knowledge of the *science*, but too old and too heavy to exhibit in the Prize Ring,—often *sets-to* at benefits, and is also a teacher of the art of self-defence and the broadsword, at his residence in Gulston-street, Whitechapel.

DICK HALL, one of the old school of boxers, is still on the theatre of the world; but he does not *set-to*.

BILL CROPLEY, in his day an excellent fighter. His contests with Dutch Sam and Tom Belcher will always preserve his name from obscurity; but, having no patron, he follows his occupation as a coalheaver, and also keeps a *school* for the minor amateurs. He seldom exhibits.

SILVERTHORNE, once distinguished for his contests with Dogherty and Tom Belcher, but who has turned up *milling* altogether. He is a teacher at a Sunday-school, highly respected, and follows his business as a master fishmonger.

JACK FORD, once known as the *game* JACK FORD, is, from repeated and severe attacks of the rheumatism, little more now than a mere *looker-on*. It is

true, he challenged *David Hudson*, in December, 1820, but it went off. He very seldom appears at the Fives Court.

CRAWLEY, otherwise *Young Rumpsteak*, on his first appearance among the *milling coves*, bade fair to obtain an eminent situation. His contest with the tremendous *Gas-Light Man* will always prevent the name of Crawley from being obliterated among the *fancy*. Owing to a very bad rupture, he cannot, with any safety to himself or his backers, again enter the Prize Ring. He understands the *science* well; and always exhibits at the Fives Court with applause. He is not above 21 years of age.

JACK ATCHERLEE, *otherwise* NACKER JACK, a hardy, game boxer, weighing 12 stone. He is well known, in the neighbourhood of Bermondsey, as the conqueror of the late unfortunate *Jack Curtis*, after a most determined battle of one hour and 25 minutes; and also for *challenging Ned Turner*, for £100 a-side, by public advertisement, in the *Morning Advertiser*, after *Turner* had defeated *Scroggins*.

LASHBROOK, the waterman, is a very active boxer, and defeated his opponent *Dowd*, in great style, at Crawley Hurst, July 21, 1819, immediately after Oliver and Donnelly had quitted the ring. It was for 20 guineas a-side; occupying 36 minutes, and 34 rounds. *Carter* and *O'Donnel* seconded *Dowd;* and *Sutton* waited upon *Lashbrook*.

BISHOP SHARP, a smashing, determined sort of boxer, but more known about Woolwich than in London. He has fought several battles with success; and among the number he defeated *Harris*.

The *game* DOGHERTY, once a distinguished boxer in the London Ring, still remains in Ireland, teaching the art of self-defence.

MASON.—He fought once on a sudden with West-Country Dick, at Chelmsford Races; also with Teasdale, Abbot, and with a countryman at Chelmsford. A sort of *prologue* man at the Fives Court—generally opening the combats with Lennox. Very light—and but little *chance* to raise himself as a pugilist.

TUCKEY, one of the light weights, and a butcher; he fills up the *et cetera* at the Fives Court, as a setter-to, and has fought one or two sharp battles.

DENT, in point of importance, similar to the above boxer.

CALLUS.—A stout, strong man, who occasionally acts as a second, and frequently takes a turn in setting-to at the Fives Court.

SALE, a butcher, a strong little fellow, not wanting in *pluck;* and who fought a severe battle with *Teasdale.*

ABBOT, brother to the pugilist of that name. He now and then *sets-to;* and has fought one or two battles, but of no importance.

FULLER, the gentlemanly boxer, is teaching the art of self-defence at Canada, in America; and has met with great encouragement and patronage from the amateurs. The FANCY, it seems, are increasing in America.

SAM ROBINSON, the *Man of Colour,* distinguished for his "*time* fight" with *Carter,* and who was also defeated by *Sutton,* obtained a conquest over a boxer near Edinburgh, in the month of March, 1821.

MANBY,—a baker, who fought determined battles with *Crockey* and *Cabbage*,—entered the ring, after *Martin* and *Johnson* had left it, on the Coventry Farm, near the Hale, in Middlesex, on Tuesday, Sept. 15, 1818, with a *lathy* Israelite, from Petticoat Lane, for a small subscription purse. The charms of the "*monish*" made the Jew *peel* in quick time; but the boring qualities of MANBY compelled the Israelite to give it in, in rather less than 20 minutes—excusing himself for so doing, that "he had *valked* down from London, was very *veak*, and had not been *gutted* for a long time." But the Jews cried out,—"So help my Cot, it's all fudge. He's not half a *good one*."

MANBY entered the ring with *Podger*, to make up a fourth battle, at Moulsey Hurst, on Thursday, Oct. 29, 1818, when *Eales* fought with *Isle of Wight Hall*. It, however, proved a wretched finish to the sports of the day. The *dead man* was completely afraid of his opponent, and did nothing but shift and fall down, till he *gave it in*.

HARRY LEE.—Although this hero of the art of self-defence only fought one battle in the Prize Ring, with *Mendoza*, yet, nevertheless, from his *game* conduct upon that occasion, he has been for many years a very *striking* feature in the pugilistic circles. In his day, LEE was distinguished as a first-rate sparrer; and it was owing to him, in the first instance, that the late phenomenon, *Dutch Sam*, was introduced to the Sporting World. In consequence of experiencing some vicissitudes in his circumstances, HARRY LEE, by the advice of his friends, made an appeal to the amateurs, at the Fives Court, on Monday, August 13,

1820; but his benefit not turning out so well as might have been expected, the following remarks appeared in *Bell's Weekly Dispatch*, on Sunday, August 20:—

"FIVES COURT.—The benefits have of late become so numerous at this place, that, to use a theatrical phrase, '*There is something too much of this.*' So say the *Fancy;* and the *milling coves*, it is urged, are treading so fast upon the heels of one another, that the amateurs complain, that before they can scarcely get three *whiffs* out of their *steamer*, or cool their *chaffer* with a drop of *heavy wet*, their *ogles* are made to *wink* at the sight of a benefit ticket, and, to prevent being thought *sculey*, *three bobs* are punished beyond *redemption*. But this is not the only complaint made by the Sporting World upon this subject; the real judges and promoters of the Prize Ring assert, it prevents actual combats, while the *glove market* affords such plentiful harvests. However, as it seems that the P. C. intend shortly to regulate this matter, 'a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse.' HARRY LEE'S appeal to the public, on Monday last, was a mere matter of patronage, intended to do the *ould one* 'a bit of service.' It had nothing to do with the regular thing at all. *Randall* and *Turner*, always well worth looking at, and worthy of paying attention to, treated the spectators with a fine set-to; at the conclusion of which, *Turner* addressed the Court, saying, that as the *business* between him and *Belcher* had been settled, he was quite ready to open an *account* with any other *gemman* for £100 a-side, and give him *credit* for half a stone.—*(Applause.)*

"The *Sprig of Myrtle* was put up against the Ber-

mondsey White Topper (young *Curtis*). This was termed a pretty *bout;* and the 'White Topper,' in the most *handsome* style, levelled the *Sprig of Myrtle* with the utmost ease. Some of the Opera Pinks, and partisans of *Curtis*, cried out *encore;* but *Brown* said, 'No, vait a bit.' Spirit and resolution ultimately ended the set-to upon both sides, when *Brown* challenged *Curtis* for £20 a-side, which was accepted with the rapidity of lightning. *Hoyle* never produced better editions in *duodecimo* on the points of the *game*, than the above heroes can *illustrate* to those persons who may wish to take a *hand* with either of them.

"This being settled, *Belcher* and *Belasco* made their appearance amidst considerable applause. So much has been said respecting the superior *milling* talents possessed by the former, that *panegyric* is quite run out upon his excellence. But yet, whenever he puts himself in an attitude, there is not a *peeper* absent from the stage. In an amateur, it would, indeed, betray as great a piece of neglect in omitting to witness *Tom's* one, two, put in, as for indifference to be felt by a lover of the drama, in *Kean's out-and-out* effort, in the last scene of *Sir Giles Overreach*. Upon these two subjects, *yawning* and *ennui* cannot occur; ecstasy and praise involuntarily echo around, and the hands loudly come in contact with each other towards producing a climax. *Belasco* distinguished himself, indeed, although he received some explanatory parts of the *science* upon his head, from the above great master. The Jew, it was said, behaved like a Christian; and some of his points were so good, and told so

well, that 'his peoplish' present exclaimed, 'If *Aby* could but *take* as well as he can *give*, it would be all *chise a ma trice* with any of his weight that opposed him.' *Belasco* only wants a swell patron to put him forward. So say the *Rosemaries*.

"The *et ceteras* of the Court *hammered* out a finish; and LEE, in returning thanks, said the *Gas-Light Man* was present, but no *customer* seemed to wish to have the *gas put on*. Respecting himself (showing his foot), the *gout* had got so much the *best of him*, he hoped the amateurs would omit his setting-to. This was granted, and the spectators departed well satisfied."

JEM ROLFE,—who fought a most determined battle with *Jemmy from Town*, for a subscription purse of 20 guineas, August 14, 1804, at the Sun in the Sands, near Shooter's Hill, and, although defeated, yet contended with judgment for 25 rounds,—now merely attends the Fives Court as a visitor, to *look on*, instead of exhibiting his knowledge of the pugilistic art. In fact, ROLFE has turned his attention to *milling* of another description—CANINE fighting; and, at his pit, in Tottenham Court Road, he furnishes the amateurs with "lots of amusement" in this peculiar walk of the *Fancy*.

CHARLES M'GEE,—but better known among the pugilists as PUG,—killed in a prize battle, in a field near Birmingham, one *Samuel Eades*, on Tuesday, June 15, 1819. The death of the latter was owing to a heavy blow which he received on the jugular vein. A battle had also taken place between PUG and *Eades* about three weeks previous to the above period. PUG suffered six months imprisonment in Warwick jail—

the verdict being Manslaughter. PUG fought six battles in the London ring.

WHITTAKER, the oilman, and *game* adversary of *Scroggins*, has not, since his defeat by the latter boxer, shown himself in the Prize Ring; but he occasionally exhibits at the benefits of the pugilists. In a *set-to* with *Randall*, at *Shelton's* benefit, at Levy's rooms, Rosemary Lane, on Thursday, January 7, 1819, he displayed considerable improvement.

The excellence of the *prime Irish lad* was seen as usual, and he put in several *facers* with the utmost *nonchalance;* it is, however, but justice to observe, that WHITTAKER was active, on the alert, stood up to his opponent firmly, made a good *one, two,* and he appeared altogether a much better man than heretofore; but he did not make any *striking* impression upon the *cautious* mode of *milling* practised by the above NONPAREIL. In fact, RANDALL is a complete *tactician*, and alters his plans of fighting as the impulse of the moment dictates. Several persons (not considered as judges, certainly) found great fault with RANDALL for *getting away* with so much dexterity, wishing him to *stand still* to receive the hits from his adversary. *Getting away* well is one of the principal traits towards victory. The *Oilman* came in for his share of applause with RANDALL.

YOUNG CALEB BALDWIN.—The amateurs were highly interested in a battle between *Saucy Bob* and YOUNG CALEB, on Thursday, October 29, 1818, at Moulsey Hurst. Both the combatants were from the Westminster nursery, and true GAME *chicks.* CALEB proved himself a *trump*, a chip of the old

block, and determined not to disgrace the proud *milling* character of his family. *Bob*, however, was too quick and heavy for CALEB; but, nevertheless, it was a most manly fight, and the rounds unusually severe for such light boxers. The latter resisted proclaiming the unwelcome No, till all the fight was literally hit out of him. It continued nearly an hour; and *Saucy Bob* looked *saucy* indeed, on his being declared the conqueror. It was the third battle on the day that *Hall* and *Eales* fought.

GEORGE RHODES, one of the old school of boxers.—In his day, RHODES was considered a man of very high courage, and a most determined and *game* pugilist; a well-made, strong man, and not a little one. He has fought numerous successful battles, although they have not been recorded. In the neighbourhood of Petticoat Lane, Houndsditch, and St. Catherine's, GEORGE was a complete terror to the Jews. His battles with *Youkell*, *Youssop*, *Paris*, and *Barnet*, will be long remembered by the admirers of boxing, for the *out-and-out* qualities he displayed in them. He is still fond of the sport; and few, if any, prize battles take place, but RHODES is to be seen on the ground viewing them. He also makes his appearance at the Fives Court as a visitor; and renders his assistance in giving encouragement towards bringing forward young pugilists.

GEORGE OLIVER, the sawyer, (but no relation to *Tom Oliver*,) a good man, about 12 stone in weight, and 5 feet 8 inches in height, and well known in the *milling* circles a few years since, but whose battles have also escaped record. We are now anxious to rescue his

name from oblivion. On the 18th of March, 1805, he entered the ring, on Wilsdon Green, with *Jemmy from Town*, for a small stake. *Paddington Jones* and *Blake* were the seconds for OLIVER; and *Cribb* and *Bill Wood* attended upon *Jemmy*. OLIVER was a good fighter; and *Jemmy* was no *novice*. During the first round, considerable *science* was displayed on both sides; and OLIVER not only stopped *Jemmy's* right-handed hits, but he also *floored* him from a dreadful blow he put in upon the temple. OLIVER was, in consequence, the favourite. He also kept the lead in every round; but the strength of *Jemmy* was so good, that the friends of OLIVER were afraid he would not be able to reduce it entirely. However, after 45 rounds, occupying 50 minutes, *Jemmy* was so severely *floored*, that he could not come any more. Indeed, it was thought that he would never be able to appear again in the ring. OLIVER has won several battles. He also fought with *Donovan*, a milkman, at Wormwood Scrubs, a severe fight, for an hour.

FISHER, who was defeated by *Scroggins*, but who obtained a conquest over *Crockey*, after an absence of two years from the Fives Court, made his appearance with *Alexander*, at the above place, on Tuesday, March 27, 1821, for *Owen's* benefit. In their *set-to*, he planted such a tremendous hit on the jugular vein of *Alexander*, that the latter dropped his arms, and fell down as straight and as stiff as a log of wood. The spectators felt rather alarmed at this circumstance; and it was three or four minutes before *Alexander* returned to his recollection. Such a tremendous hit was never before made with the *gloves*.

THE TENNIS COURT, in WINDMILL STREET, HAY-MARKET.—This place has, within the last twelve months, been repaired; and it is occasionally opened for a display of the art of Self-Defence. The first benefit, on Feb. 28, 1820, was for *Richmond;* and it is well calculated for an exhibition of this kind.

The *et ceteras* of the Court are made up with *Lennox*, *Gidgeon*, *Gadzee*, and other *minor coves*, who receive a remuneration for their services from the boxer for whose benefit they exhibit on the stage.

SINGULAR ADVICE TO BOXERS.—Sir THOMAS PARKYNS, who died in 1741, published a book on the art of wrestling, at the end of which he gives some directions to boxers. The following are the first two:—"1. By all means have the first blow with your head or fists at his breast, rather than at his face, which is half the battle; by reason, it strikes the wind out of his body.

"2. If you have long hair, soap it. The best holds are the pinion with your arms at his shoulders, and your head in his face; or get your right arm under his chin, and your left behind his neck, and let your arms close his neck straight, by holding each elbow with the contrary hand, and crush his neck with your fingers in his eyes; and the fingers of your right hand under his chin, and your left hand under the hinder part of his head; or twist his head round by putting your hand to the side of his face, and the other behind his head."

If a man could patiently endure this *fingering* of the

eyes and gullet, he must possess a courage of no common order. We know nothing like it but American warfare. But the *science* introduced by BROUGHTON, and succeeded by MENDOZA, TOM BELCHER, &c. has completely removed all the above barbarous notions promulgated by Sir Thomas Parkyns respecting pugilism, but who, in fact, was nothing more than a *wrestler*.

A SKETCH OF BROUGHTON (the father of the Prize Ring), as reviewed a little time before his death. "He appeared to me," says the writer, "a heavy, thick, round made, large-boned man, about the height of *Humphries*. To be sure, when I saw him last, he was in the vale of years, and had acquired some corpulency. It might be about the year 1785, when attending a lady, to look at some household goods, which were to be sold by auction, in Walcot Place, Lambeth Road: a catalogue could not be procured; and seeing *Broughton* with one in his hand, I civilly requested the favour of him to permit the lady to look at a certain article in it; the old man replied, with a peculiar sullen asperity of countenance, quite his own, I believe—"I want it myself;" turning his back upon me. At the instant, up started a little, pert, natty, humorous Jew broker, who, with real politeness, made the lady an offer of his catalogue, and, casting an arch look at the old testy champion, who was still close to us, "Ah!" said he, "Master BROUGHTON, then you are a *bear* to-day;" alluding to the *bulls* and *bears* of the Alley, where Broughton was

well known to be daily jobbing with his property. He had long before left the ring, and lived independently on the property he had saved, and on an annuity which he enjoyed from his Royal Master, the old or Culloden Duke of Cumberland, whom, by-the-by, he used in former days to style Duke William."

AMERICAN MODE OF FIGHTING.

Mr. Palmer, in his Travels, in 1817, through the United States of America and Lower Canada, thus describes the mode of fighting adopted by the inhabitants; which, in comparison with the English practice of boxing, becomes terrific:—"From the rascality and quarrelsome behaviour of a few of the Kentucky men, the whole people have got a very bad character amongst the sister States, especially for blackguardism, and their manner of fighting, when intoxicated; but this is certainly confined to the lowest, and is optional to the fighters. The question is generally asked—'*Will you fight fair, or take it rough and tumble? I can whip you either way, by G—d!*' The English reader knows what fair fighting is, but can have little idea of *rough* and *tumble;* in the latter case, the combatants take advantage, *pull*, *bite*, and *kick*, and with hellish ferocity strive to *gouge*, or turn each other's eyes out of their sockets! I never saw a *gouging* match; and though often of necessity in the lowest company, never had any one offer to do me *that favour*. I believe it is not so common by any means as is represented: I saw but two men who had been injured by this method of fighting;—one had

almost lost an eye; and the other, a free negro, was nearly or totally sightless. They both lived on the banks of the Ohio, where this dreadful art is most practised; it was introduced from the Southern States. There certainly ought to be a strong law enacted, to prevent a resort to so brutal a practice; surely it is a disgrace and stigma to the legislature. *Prize-boxing* is unknown in the United States." We hope Mr. Fuller, who is upon a Sparring Tour, in America, will be able to remove, in a great degree, these barbarous practices.

SECOND FIGHT BETWEEN
COOPER AND HICKMAN.

IT was owing to the determined *set-to* which HICKMAN made with LARKIN, the Life-Guardsman, at *Cy. Davis's* Benefit, at the Royal Tennis Court, on Tuesday, March 14, 1820, that he was matched against *Cooper*. On the appearance of the *Guardsman* and HICKMAN, the latter was received with thunders of applause. It was a daring attempt, but a most determined combat; and although the *heavy hitting* of *Larkin* was tremendous in the extreme, yet the *Gas-Man* would not be *denied*, and he met his opponent with a firmness and resolution that astonished the whole of the spectators. In the first round, the *Gas-Man* received two such *nobbers*, that for the instant he seemed in a *doldrum*, with his mouth wide open, *piping*, and put up his hand, almost to feel if his head remained upon his shoulders. He, however, recovered himself, and again attacked his opponent with the utmost

sang-froid. In several instances, the *Gas-Man* planted terrific hits; and he received cheers from all parts of the Court for his spirited and courageous conduct, in opposition to much heavier weight, height, length, and superior strength. By comparison, he had nothing the *worst of it;* and his *goodness* and dangerous qualities were admitted by all present. Indeed, the daring qualities exhibited by HICKMAN made a very strong impression on the minds of the amateurs.

In consequence of the backers of *Cooper* having forfeited to HICKMAN upon the second match, (see page 300,) the interest was considerably increased in the Sporting World when the third match was made, for 100 guineas a-side, in December, 1820, and the battle announced to take place on the ensuing 11th of April.

COOPER arrived in London from Edinburgh (riding the whole of the 400 miles on horseback) on the 1st of March. From the circumstance of a man like *Cooper*, who had been defeated in the short space of *Fourteen minutes and a half*, leaving a good business at the Britannia Tavern, Leith Street, Edinburgh, again to meet his opponent, subject to the general opinion of the *Fancy* against him, he was pronounced by the amateurs to be one of the *gamest* men alive. The odds were 6 and 7 to 4 against him. It was, however, thought by several of his friends, that his "fine fighting" would enable him to win it; and *Cooper*, in his own opinion, was confident in the extreme. During his *training*, at Riddlesdown, where he was taken great care of, he was severely attacked with

boils breaking out upon his legs, which materially operated upon his health.

HICKMAN, under high patronage, *trained* at Wade's Mill, in Hertfordshire; indeed, his backer never lost sight of him for several days before the battle, and he also had for his companions *Randall* and *Shelton*. HICKMAN was in high spirits all the time; and, to keep his *hand in*, he took a benefit in the neighbourhood where he was *training*, which was well attended by all the provincial *Fancy*.

The prevailing opinion was, that *Cooper* must be defeated; but great wagers were offered, by the most experienced judges of pugilism, that he was not conquered in *half an hour;* others in 36 minutes; and several bets were depending, that *Cooper* was not *licked* in 50 minutes. This was the exact state of things until the

MULTUM IN PARVO FIGHT,

For 100 *Guineas a-side, on Wednesday, April* 11, 1821, *at Harpenden Common*, 25 *miles from London, and three miles distant from St. Alban's.*

As soon as the important *secret* was known, lots of the amateurs *toddled off*, on the Tuesday evening, in order to be comfortable, *blow a cloud* on the road, and be near the scene of action. The inhabitants of Barnet and St. Alban's were taken by surprise, from the great influx of company which suddenly filled the above places. The sporting houses in London also experienced an overflow of the *Fancy;* and the *merits* of the *Gas-Light Man* and COOPER were the general theme of conversation till the lads went to *roost!* 6 to

4 was the current betting; but in several instances 7 to 4 had been sported. Early on the Wednesday morning the Edgeware and Barnet roads were covered with vehicles of every description, before many of the *chawbacons* had opened their *shutters;* and the inns were completely besieged to obtain refreshment. The inhabitants of St. Alban's were all out at their doors, wondering what sort of people these *Lunnuners* must be, who thus spent their time and money so gaily; and also to witness the rapid motion of the motley group: in short, it was quite a holiday for the *yokels* about this part of the country, to whom it proved a fine harvest of *gape* seed. This fight excited an unusual degree of interest; and more money, it is asserted, was betted upon it, than on any battle for many years past. The place for fighting had been well chosen, the ground was dry, and the ring very capacious. The pugilists employed to keep out the ring had new whips presented to them, on which were engraved P. C.

At one o'clock the *Gas-Light Man*, in a white *upper tog*, leaning on the arm of a first-rate *swell*, appeared, and threw his hat into the 24-feet ring. He applied an orange to his lips, and was laughing and nodding to his friends with the utmost confidence, with a blue bird's eye about his neck, followed by *Randall* and *Shelton*. In a few minutes afterwards, COOPER, in a brown great coat, with a yellow handkerchief about his *squeeze*, attended by *Belcher* and *Harmer*, threw his hat into the ring with equal confidence. COOPER immediately went up to the *Gas-Man*, shook him by the hand, and asked him how he was in his health. Two umpires were immediately chosen; and, in case of

dispute, a *referee* was also named. Mr. *Jackson* informed the seconds and bottle-holders, that, upon the men setting-to, they were all to retire to the corners of the ring, and that when *time* was called, the men were to be immediately brought up to the *scratch*. The greatest anxiety now prevailed, and a few persons betted 7 to 4 on HICKMAN.

Round 1.—On stripping, the appearance of Hickman was truly fine; and no prize-fighter ever had such attention paid to him before, being trained in a right sporting place, and where, also, many gentlemen belonging to the Hertfordshire Hunt had an opportunity of witnessing him. Cooper looked pale; and his legs had not quite recovered from the severe attack of the boils. It was evident, Cooper was not in *tip-top* condition; in fact, the time was too short to get his legs well. On setting-to, little sparring occurred; but Cooper, with much science, broke away from the furious attacks of the Gas-Light Man. The latter, however, followed him, and planted two slight hits, when Cooper kept retreating; but on Hickman's rushing in furiously to plant a hit, Cooper, with the utmost severity, met him with a most tremendous left-handed hit on the left cheek, just under his eye, that *floored* him like a shot, and his knees went under him. To describe the shouting would be impossible; and several persons roared out, "Cooper for £100!" and "The Gas-Light Man must lose it!" Even betting was offered, and some roared out 7 to 4.

Second and last.—The Gas-Light man came up rather heavy; it was a *stunning* hit, his cheek was swelled, and also the claret appeared on it. He, however, was not at all dismayed, and went to work with the utmost gaiety, as if nothing had happened. Cooper broke ground in great style, but missed several hits; if any one of which had told, perhaps it might have decided the battle. Hickman followed him close to the ropes, at which Cooper, finding himself *bored* in upon by his opponent, endeavoured to put in a *stopper*, but the blow passed by the head of his adversary; when Hickman, in the most prompt and astonishing manner, again put in a tremendous hit, which alighted just under Cooper's ear, that not only *floored* him, but sent him out of the ropes like a shot. Belcher and Harmer could not lift him up, and when time was called he was as dead as a house, and could not come to the scratch. The sensation on the spectators cannot be depicted; the whole of

the motley group was in a state of alarm; and Cooper was thus disposed of in the short space of *three minutes*. There is nothing like it on record. The Gas-Light Man also seemed amazed; he was quite a stranger to the state of Cooper, and asked why they did not bring him up to the *scratch*. Belcher endeavoured to lift Cooper off Harmer's knee, when Cooper, in a state of *stupor*, immediately dropped again on it. "Why, he is licked!" said *Randall*. The circumstance was so singular, that, for the instant, HICKMAN, Randall, and Shelton, seemed quite at a loss to know what to do—till recollecting themselves, they immediately appealed to the umpires, and took Hickman out of the ring, put him in a postchaise, and drove off for St. Alban's. In the course of a minute or so, Cooper recovered from his *trance*, and was quite at a loss to recollect what had occurred, and said to Belcher, "What, have I been fighting?" also declaring that he felt as if he had just awoke out of a *dream*; every thing appeared in a state of confusion before his eyes, and he did not know where he had been hit. A gentleman came forward, and offered to back Cooper for £50 to fight the Gas-Man immediately; and Cooper, with the utmost *game*, appeared in the ring; but Hickman had left the ground. He then offered to fight the *Birmingham Youth*, or any of the pugilists of his weight that were present. The Gas-Man was the most punished.

Instead of making any REMARKS upon the above fight, it might be more proper to say ASTONISHMENT! The *phenomenon*, DUTCH SAM—the *Nonpareil*, JACK RANDALL—the Champions of England, Tom Johnson, Big Ben, Jem Belcher, the Chicken, Gulley, Tom Cribb, &c., without offering the least disparagement to their courage and abilities, never accomplished anything like the following circumstances:—HICKMAN has won three Prize Battles in THIRTY-ONE MINUTES!!!

	Minutes.
He defeated Crawley in	13½
——— Cooper.....	14½
——— Ditto.....	3
	31

As a scientific fighter, HICKMAN has yet much to learn; but, in possessing the daring qualities of a Paul Jones, and the confidence and promptitude of a Nelson, he is *bang up* to the mark. Therefore the boxer that cannot stop the Gas-Light Man's *rush*, has but little to hope and much to fear; and, whenever it is *stopped*, it is said he will then have quite enough to do to dispose of another *out-and-out* quality, called *game*. We, however, have only one word more to offer, and that is directed to the *listener* of *Hickman*, *i. e.* in order to prevent, as he says, "that the *gas* shall NEVER *go out!*" it is not to value himself too highly upon his conquest over *Cooper*; and also forcibly to impress on his mind the words of a once great conqueror, but now a *fallen* hero, "that there is only ONE STEP between the *sublime* and the *ridiculous*." We again beg of him to avoid the danger, in not being upon "too good terms with HIMSELF." HICKMAN has certainly kept his promise, that "he would beat *Cooper* in a *canter*."

It has created considerable surprise among a few of the amateurs, that no *mark* was left from a *blow* which effected such terrible execution; but that *surprise* must immediately cease, when it is explained in an anatomical point of view. Had the blow come in contact with the angle of the jaw, a bruise might have been perceived; but even a slight hit on the jugular vein is capable of shaking the brain, suspending the circulation of the blood to and from the heart, and creating a sort of apoplexy. Likewise a heavy hit on the fleshy part of the neck might not leave a mark. Had *Cooper* been in a proper state of *condition*, in all probability it would not have taken

so severe an effect. During his *training*, ten boils came out on one of his legs, which so *crippled* him for a week, that he was compelled to rest it on a chair; and when well, boils broke out upon the other: in consequence of which, an *old trainer* (old Joe Ward) advised *Cooper* to take three sweats—the doctor also physicked him—and on the evening previous to the battle, if his leg had not been *lanced*, he could not have walked to the ring; and on the morning of the battle, his leg was also dressed half an hour before the fight. *Cooper* is anxious for another trial, under the above circumstances, and several gentlemen have promised to back him. "If he does not fight HICKMAN," he says, "he will not fight any other person," as he does not feel himself *satisfied*, as poor Pat observes, until he gets "a good *bating*."

After the above extraordinary circumstance had subsided, two farriers of the names of

COLLIER AND EVANS

Entered the ring for a purse of £5. *Collier* was attended upon by *Belcher* and *Harmer;* and *Evans* by *Richmond* and *Paddington Jones*. For 20 rounds it was a tremendous hammering fight, without any science, occupying 25 minutes, when victory was declared in favour of *Collier*. Both the combatants were severely punished. *Cooper* sat upon the ground to witness the latter fight, and appeared very much hurt in his mind that his fight with HICKMAN had been so short. Seven pounds were collected on the ground for *Cooper*. Numerous country girls, from the adjoining hamlet of Harpenden, were upon the ground, endeavouring to get a *peep* at the pugilists.

JOHNSON, *Richmond's* man of colour, threw his hat into the ring, and offered to fight any man in England, barring *Spring*, for £50 a-side.

Teasdale also threw in his hat to fight *Hawkins*, or any one of his weight, for a purse.

The return home of the FANCY made a good *innings* for the *Bonnifaces* along the road, who declared that they had not had such a *money*-taking day for many years; and who also requested of the amateurs to let them have another fight that way before it was long—asserting, "that no persons spent their money so freely as sporting men."

The amateurs were determined that OLIVER, although a *stale* one, (as he had also defeated *Cooper*,) should now have a trial with the above tremendous hero, and the following

MILLING CORRESPONDENCE

ON THE SUBJECT TOOK PLACE BETWEEN THE "SWELL CLUB" AND THE "NONPAREIL CLUB."—THURSDAY, APRIL 12.

"A few Gentlemen at the Castle Tavern, celebrating the benefit of Tom Belcher, desire their compliments to the visitors of the Hole-in-the-Wall, and beg leave to say, they are now ready to make a deposit for Tom Oliver to fight Tom Hickman, on this day six weeks, or at any other period that may be fixed on."

"The visitors at the Hole-in-the-Wall beg leave to state, that they are ready and willing to make a deposit this evening, for Hickman to fight Tom Oliver, for 100 guineas a-side, once within two months. They beg leave to say, the deposit must be made, not at T. Belcher's, but at John Randall's.

"April 12th, 1821. Your's, very respectfully," &c. &c.

On the above answer being received by the "SWELL CLUB," a small deputation, with the *President* of the

Daffies at their head, went immediately to the Hole-in-the-Wall, and entered into the following

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

"Thomas Hickman and Thomas Oliver agree to fight for One Hundred Guineas a-side, on the 12th day of June.—The fight to take place in a twenty-four feet roped ring, and to be, as usual, a fair stand-up fight, half minute time; the place and time of meeting to be fixed by Mr. Jackson. An umpire to be chosen by each party, and, if necessary, a referee to be chosen on the ground. A deposit of ten guineas is this day placed in the hands of the *President of the Daffies*, and a further deposit of forty guineas a-side to be made good at Randall's, the Hole-in-the-Wall, on Thursday, the 26th April, between the hours of seven and ten o'clock, and the remaining fifty guineas a-side to be made good at the Castle Tavern, on the 14th of May. The deposits to be forfeited, if the whole of the money is not made good agreeably to the Articles.

T. HICKMAN.
T. OLIVER.

On the Articles being signed, *Oliver* and *Hickman* shook hands together, drank each other's health, and wished the "best man might win it." 12 to 8 was immediately offered on *Hickman*.

Cooper appeared the day after the fight at the Fives Court, at *Belcher's* benefit, and offered to *set-to* with HICKMAN; but the latter refused on account of lameness. *Cooper* could have been matched by a Major in the army for £50, and there is little doubt but the remaining £50 would also have been made up, if *Cooper* would have fought HICKMAN in the course of a fortnight, but his bad state of health compelled him to decline it. *Cooper set-to* with *Belasco* on the Tuesday following, April 17, 1821, at the Fives Court; but HICKMAN was not present. *Cooper* exhibited great weakness, much unlike a man that had been in *training*.

APPENDIX.

ANECDOTES, CHALLENGES, SONGS, CURIOUS POSTING BILLS, &c.

At the Society for MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT, *established under the patronage of* JEREMY BENTHAM, *Esq. No.* 52, *Great Marlborough Street, the following Question was discussed, in April*, 1820.

"OUGHT the Magistracy of England to be considered worthy of censure for a negligent execution of the laws against PUGILISTIC COMBATS, or of approbation for their prudence in not too violently opposing public taste, and winking at what affords much amusement and keeps up the spirit and courage of the country?"

The following is an outline of the opening speech, made by Mr. M.

MR. CHAIRMAN,—After the many political and literary questions which have been discussed in this assembly, we may now, with propriety, diversify the subject of our investigation, by considering the merits of the National Sports, for which this country is particularly distinguished; and the propriety or impro-

priety of the Magistrates of England in general, only so far putting in force the laws which forbid them, as to prevent their interfering with the public peace and business. This is a subject on which superstition and hypocrisy will be very likely to be active; and, in defending the liberty of the lower orders, to enjoy their own recreations unmolested, when they do not molest others, I expect to be assailed with reproach. But superstition and hypocrisy are cowardly vices, which will pursue you and destroy you if you flee away, but will seldom stand to meet you if you boldly face them. They are like cowardly curs, that will bite your heels, but flee off the instant you turn round. To satisfy any fanatics who may, perhaps, have come into this room, although I am far from pointing at any individual, and to convince him that I am no subject to suit his purpose, I at once freely avow, that there is no pleasure on earth which affords me so much enjoyment, as the sight of a well-contested exercise of valour; and everything must be postponed till the fight is over.

The science of self-defence is now a fashionable branch of education. The sons of our nobility and gentry universally acquire it. The youths at Eton, Westminster, and other public seminaries, qualify themselves not only in Latin and Greek, to pass examination in these studies, before entering at the Universities, but also might come off before a Board of the professors of gymnastic exercises with high applause. At our Universities, this branch of ancient *Grecian Science*, for which Pollux and Hercules were formerly so renowned, and were even deified for their

valour, is not forgotten. It is unnecessary to say, that, from the *highest personage* in the kingdom to the *lowest*, it has the patronage and admiration of all that are courageous and manly amongst Englishmen. The daily public papers, the mirrors of public taste, constantly detail every information on the subject,—of events in preparation, the time of action, the state of the bets, and other particulars; whilst the bulletin of the *battle* itself, and of the conduct of the *warriors*, equals, in length and accuracy, the Gazette of the battle of Waterloo. The Sunday papers bestow equal attention on this important subject; and two* of them make sporting intelligence the leading feature of attraction. Nor do the heroes of the fist enjoy merely fugitive fame, like Achilles and Hector, they have obtained their honour, and that wonderful production of talent, the Biography of British Pugilists.

BOXIANA is a work which, in genius, is not inferior to the Iliad itself; for the great poet of the ancients has not given more pleasing and diversified descriptions of feats of arms and battles than has been done by the author of that work; and gentlemen who have read Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, a leading periodical publication of the day, well know I am not alone in the high admiration in which I hold this book.

The national character for skill in this science is universal in foreign countries. This opinion is highly convenient, and is often sufficient to protect our

* The Newspapers alluded to are now incorporated into one—THE WEEKLY DISPATCH.

countrymen from insult. Foreigners, in general, know nothing of it; they handle their arms like the flapping of the wings of a duck, and, they are conscious, but with little effect; and they dare not await the assault of the British battering-ram preparing to be put in motion. When they hear the blessing which an Englishman in his wrath pronounces on their eyes, and see his uplifted arm, it is as if they heard the roar, and were about to encounter the paw of a lion. Thus a Briton, trusting in native strength, moves amongst them like Achilles amongst the Trojans.

A remarkable instance of the ignorance of foreigners of ancient Grecian and modern British science may be seen in the statues of the Four Pugilists, by Canova, in the Pope's Vatican Palace, at Rome. Whatever may be the merits of the chisel, so unbusiness-like are their attitudes, and so completely do they lay themselves open, that an English boy of sixteen would quickly dispose of them all. However, Canova, when he made these statues, had not had the benefit of a journey to London.

Pugilistic combats may be divided into two classes: first, where an affair of honour is to be settled between the parties; secondly, where it is a display of art and science in the regular course of profession.

I beg your attention to the first class, where there is an affair of honour or quarrel to settle between the parties; and here, although money is not unfrequently staked, yet it is always a minor consideration, and very often the battle is fought without any stake, for what is called *pure love*. I agree with the opinion of the late revered patriot, Mr. Whitbread, in thinking

that such combats ought not to be prohibited, but winked at as the most innocent mode of abating the violence of human passions. It might be well, perhaps, if men were to become gentle as lambs (yet even lambs butt and box together); but men are still far from that meekness of temper, and we must allow passion to work itself off. In the steam-engine, we must have a *safety valve*, to let off the excess of steam, or it will blow up; but what is the force of steam to the pent-up violence of human wrath? Men inflamed with rage, are like men in a violent *fever*—you must *sweat* them, apply *blood-letting*, and lower the *constitution*, and thereby abate the *inflammatory* state of the system. These things the parties do for one another by a pitched battle; the dangerous symptoms are subdued, and mind and body together return to a state of cool healthy temperature. It is true, that, in doing this, the parties are often severely *punished*, but this is no more than they frequently deserve; and the Magistrate who, instead of taking upon himself the invidious task of punishing them, allows them to punish themselves, acts with becoming wisdom and prudence. The ends of justice are accomplished, and much *amusement* is at the same time obtained at their expense, and is received by the by-standers as an ample recompence for the interruption of harmony by their disputes. I was once in a village, in Essex, where the people assembled in the street to settle an affair of honour between two young men, when the Magistrate interfered and forbid the battle, and told them, if they fought in the street, or on the King's highway, he would commit them. The people

retired to a field, at a distance from the road, and there every thing was *properly* adjusted. The conduct of this Magistrate is a proper model for every gentleman who holds his Majesty's commission.

Liberty is the precious gift of Heaven, and ought not lightly to be invaded. Men have a right to take their own way in managing their own affairs. If they interfere not with their neighbours, be their mode of settling their own business such as we approve of or not, it is not for us to assume the power to prescribe to them what they are to do. Advise them we may, if they will listen to us, but to use force we have no right.

I venture to affirm, that the common people, in settling their disputes by the fist, act much more wisely, humanely, and philosophically, than the nobility and gentry who decide their quarrels by more deadly weapons. Lead is very unwholesome to the constitution, and taken inwardly, every medical man knows, often proves fatal; and there is no way so dangerous of administering this remedy as from the mouth of a pistol. This remedy for abating the violence of human passion is, therefore, worse than the disease. Steel is very little better: the surgical operations which the offended parties perform upon one another are often highly injurious. A sword is a very fearful kind of thing; it is very handsome in the hands of an officer, and is a beautiful instrument of war at such a place as Waterloo, but ought never to be used by one fellow subject against another. It is, after all, but a piece of cold, very cold iron—and when rusty it is most horrible; and rusty, or polished and

bright, it is but a great knife; and it is much better for men to appeal to the fist in the centre of the ring, before a jury of their countrymen to see fair play, than to have recourse to such deadly weapons.

If we look abroad, into foreign countries, we shall see the desperate and fatal effects of human passion, for want of a regular and innocent mode of working itself off. In some countries, men administer the poisonous draught, and dreadful and secret vengeance is thus taken; in others, as in Portugal and Spain, and in Italy, and formerly before the French system of police, the dagger has, from time immemorial, administered to offended pride the vengeance of death; in Holland, the peasants were wont to fight at snick-en-snee, that is, to cut each other with knives; in France, from the military habits of the people, the use of the sword is not unusual, even with the lower orders, and death often ensues, or, what is worse, the parties are maimed for life; in the Southern States of North America, the practice of gouging, or forcing out the eyes, is not unusual: all these substitutes are infinitely worse than a moderate hammering in a fair contest with the fist; either party may acknowledge himself beat, when he feels he has enough, animosity ceases, and in a few days every thing is over.

There is something fair and *honourable* in an appeal to pugilistic strength and science. It is done openly, not in secret; it is, in the presence of umpires, to see justice done; no foul blow must be struck; a man is not to be struck when he is falling; he is helped up, and time is given him to recover; and when he allows himself to be pronounced vanquished, his

person is secure against all further violence. *Voltaire* was much delighted with the sight of a pugilistic combat in London, and in his works describes it as a decisive proof of the love of justice and fair play in the British populace.

A spirit of *humanity* towards enemies is hereby engendered; he is not to be struck when on the ground, and every act of generous forbearance meets with the applause which is its due. No soldiers show so much mercy to a fallen foe as the British, and it is to their early acquaintance with the ring that they owe this quality.

A philosophic *command of temper*, even in the heat of battle, is also obtained by the same means; for it is the pugilist who keeps his temper who is able to avail himself of his scientific acquirements.

Hardihood and *perseverance* are also in a particular manner taught by this and other gymnastic exercises. The single-stick, in the West of England, meets there with the warmest patronage on that account. A nobleman in Somersetshire, who formerly had discouraged this practice, and forbidden it at the annual feast in his parish, two years ago, was induced to be present at the *games* in a neighbouring parish, and was so convinced of the utility of the practice, and of the manly virtues it produced, that last season he gave 20 guineas towards the prizes in his own parish, and attended in person to see the sport. Pugilistic encounters, in a superior manner, produce a similar effect; hence the resolute determination of British soldiers to hold out to the last. *Buonaparte* never met with opponents like them; at Waterloo, according to

all the usual chances of war, he thought himself sure, in four or five hours, of exhausting their courage and driving them off; but hour after hour they still stood their ground, wearied out his numerous legions, and, at last, drove them from the field. That the military character of a nation is much influenced by exhibitions of courage, we have the authority of the bravest and most learned people of antiquity — the Athenians. When Miltiades was conducting them to the field of Marathon, the name of which will ever be dear to lovers of freedom, he saw cocks fighting: he formed his army around them in a square, and after the combat was over he addressed them, pointing out how bravely the birds had fought, merely that the one might not be beaten by the other; and from that example he derived an argument to exhort his soldiers to fight bravely, not only for honour, but for their all, —their lives, their property, their parents, wives, and children, with the temples of their gods. The Athenians ever after had annual exhibitions of cock-fighting to excite the courage of their citizens. The Romans also adopted a similar policy.

Having already occupied so much time, I shall say nothing respecting regular combats for money by professional prize-fighters, except that men have a right to gain their living by contributing to the public gratification. Persons who do not like the amusement, need not attend. If unpleasant accidents sometimes happen, so it is the case with every other trade that can be mentioned. That is a consideration for the pugilists themselves, and no man has a right to interfere with their liberty of choice. Such exhibitions keep

up the national spirit, and afford infinite amusement both to the spectators and to those who read the details in the public prints; they could not be suppressed without a system of *espionage*—such an exertion of the police as would amount to absolute despotism.

Upon the whole, my opinion is, that the magistrates do well in pursuing their present course, in so far discouraging such sports as to prevent their being an annoyance to the public, but not too violently opposing public taste by attempting a total suppression.

[The SPEECHES in opposition to the question did not appear to have been directed so much against the *principles* of PUGILISM, or that boxing matches did not tend to keep up the spirit and courage of the country; but the arguments of the few speakers were enforced to show, that none but the lowest orders of society attended such exhibitions; that *Prize Fights* were not only the means of collecting numerous blackguards together, but they tended more to encourage a spirit of *gambling*, and *ferocity* of disposition, than towards producing the feelings of humanity in the breasts of the spectators.]

The following reply was also made by Mr. M——:

"MR. CHAIRMAN,—I rise to reply, under very considerable disadvantage. From my state of health, I am far from being in good *condition*, and I should, therefore, have been happy if the debate had been again adjourned, that I might have time to be in a better state of *training;* but when a *match* is made, and the *stakes* are put down, a man must fight; and I hope I shall show myself *true game* in this cause, however I may be wanting in *science* and *power of execution.*

The gentlemen who have opposed me this evening, have told you that they were unaccustomed to witness the sports of the ring; and I readily believe them: for if it had not been so, from their good sense, they must have acquired a better taste than to undervalue British heroism and honour, and they certainly would have acquired such a love of justice and fair play, as would have effectually prevented so many of them falling upon me. But I am not discouraged; for I know that I am addressing a highly informed British audience, and a London audience, whose liberality of feeling will induce them to favour me the more on that account, and who, judging from what is done by the weakness of one feeble champion in this cause, will duly estimate what would have been achieved, had the number and strength been equal. And when so many elegant females have taken an interest in our debate, and favoured us with their company this night, I am sure they have British hearts, are admirers of true valour, and, by their smiles, doubt not we shall be victorious.

"The great theme of reproach with our opponents, this evening, has been, that a boxing match is a brutal and cruel exhibition, and that it has a tendency to harden the hearts and feelings of the spectators. That it is not brutal is easily shown, for no *brutes* ever learnt to box; and that it is not cruel is also easily shown. It is not so to the parties engaged, for they are volunteers, and are gratifying their own *taste*, and seeking *pastime* in their own way. If these exhibitions had any tendency to harden the heart, we should see some proofs of this in their effects on the people. But the

reverse is the case. It is well known, that the English nation are by pre-eminence above all nations, ancient and modern, a *boxing nation;* and London is, in a pre-eminent degree, still more than it is in other things, the Metropolis of pugilistic science—the grand centre of the amateurs and performers. Boxing, throughout England generally, and in London in particular, is an elementary part of education; and behold the consequence,—no people on earth are so distinguished for generosity of feeling, for humanity, for charity towards distress, as the English; and whilst we are proud of every inch of land that may be called England—of our Metropolis we are more than usually proud, for it is the concentration of all that is noble in human nature, and its whole population are actuated by a love of justice, benevolence, charity, and humanity, of which the limits of the habitable world alone form the boundary.

"The effect of boxing is therefore shown, by experience, to be the very reverse of what has been asserted. But to help out their case, they have declaimed against the cruelty of bull-baiting. We do not blame them for associating the two subjects, for they are naturally connected, and a good bull-bait is not an unusual, and is certainly a very agreeable *after-piece*, when there is not a sufficient number of minor matches to complete the full sport of the day. Now, though some dainty and delicate moderns may affect to despise this ancient English pastime, as *low* and *vulgar*, I beg leave to remind them, that bull-baiting and bear-baiting were the pastimes of the Court and nobility, in the most illustrious period of English history —I mean in the time of Queen Elizabeth; that in that

heroic age they were the chief entertainments given in honour of foreign ambassadors, and were usually exhibited by the nobility and landholders, at the Christmas gambols in the country, who wished to preserve their good name for hospitality amongst their neighbours and tenants. For my part, I can see nothing cruel in this. The animals are in their natural element, in the full enjoyment of the peculiar pleasurable sensations of their nature. The bull is in an ecstasy of delight; and such is the eagerness of the dogs to rush in, that they must be restrained each by a handkerchief about his neck, that the bull may not have to encounter more than one at a time; and if these gentlemen had been spectators of a bull-bait, they might have learned this principle of British justice, even from the men they have so much undervalued, and would not so many of them have fallen upon one this evening, as they have done, and that, too, on one so little able to withstand them.

"I wish gentlemen who affect to deplore the sufferings of the dog and the bull, would be a little consistent. What do they say to striking a bull or an ox on the forehead with a hammer, and cutting his throat? What do they say to the daily slaughter of so many tens of thousands of oxen, calves, lambs, and animals of every sort? Were bull-baiting even as cruel as they say, it would be but a drop in the ocean, compared to that suffering which, on all hands, is allowed to be necessary, and which no man ever takes upon him to condemn.

"And why must the pleasures of the lower orders be attacked? Are hunting, fowling, fishing, horse-

racing, and all the pleasures of the rich, to pass unnoticed, whilst every enjoyment congenial to the heart and taste of the poor man is to be forbidden, that he may be made miserable and dejected, and driven by melancholy to drunkenness and sedition in the pot-house, or to insanity in the conventicle? Will it be said, that the sports of the rich are more innocent and tender than his? I deny that they are so; and maintain that the hare, the deer, and the fox, by running away, prove that they had rather be excused, and that they have no participation in the gratification of the sport; and, indeed, how could they, against such odds? But the bull and the bear, fairly matched against one antagonist at a time, according to the true, genuine principle of British justice, boldly come forward to play their part, and manifest the natural sensation of joy of their hearts. These, then, are noble sports, and the patrons of the ring do well to encourage them.

"Gentlemen have attempted to disprove the glorious effects of boxing, in producing hardihood and military perseverance and courage. To prove that men may be good soldiers without boxing, they have told you, that the Austrians do not box, that the Prussians do not box, that the Russians do not box, and so on. We will admit these nations do not box; and we assert, so much the worse for Europe in the late struggle for independence. If the soldiers of these nations had had their early education in manhood, *pluck*, and *perseverance*, within or around the ring, they would have manifested more *game*, and would not so soon have *given in*, and allowed their country to be over-run. Britons, in their place, would have *come*

again to the scratch, and had many another *round* before they called out "Enough." It was the true British stuff, under the *training*, and *seconded*, on the day of battle, by the genius of Wellington, that checked the insolent career of the enemy. Unequalled as are the *milling tactics* of the great hero—the saviour of Europe, were he here, he would be the first to avow, that it was the sound *stamina*, the genuine *game* and *bottom* of the British soldiers, and their insatiable *gluttony* in fight, that enabled him to take the conceit out of all the marshals of France. May Britons ever have such a *second* to direct the operations of the battle, and may such a *second* ever have under his care such well-prepared material to do justice to his science!

"Gentlemen have affected to pity the poor men who stand up to bruise one another for the entertainment of the crowd: but they may reserve their pity for themselves; for the heroes of the fist want none of it, and feel that in the ring they are playing a glorious part; that the eyes of all that are *noble*, *heroic*, and *scientific*, in the kingdom, are fixed on them; that the nation awaits the event of their glorious enterprise; and that the press will celebrate their heroism throughout the habitable globe. It is truly a most *pitiful* compassion, which would deprive men of the means of gaining their subsistence, and of acquiring distinction, riches, honour, and immortal renown. The men well know their own interests, and the glorious rewards for which they contend. They see around them, in the ring, men who, by their valour, have emerged from poverty and obscurity, to the company of the princes, nobles, and great proprietors of

the land; who have fought their way to a comfortable subsistence, or independence for life. And by what other means can a man of obscure birth, whose sole wealth is his British courage, British constitution, and British enterprise, arrive at such eminence, and render their names familiar to every man in Europe? Would Messrs. *Cribb* and *Carter*, by any other talent, have distinguished themselves at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, and been introduced by a great and noble statesman to the sovereigns of Europe? And, to great minds, immortal fame is a boundless reward. The hero, whose valour has gained his life a place in Boxiana, goes down to deathless renown, and, when received into this *British Plutarch*, shines in the celestial hemisphere of valour for ever and ever.

"But gentlemen have not only pitied the men, as ill used and cruelly treated, but have had the inconsistency to declaim against their being allowed to profit by such exhibitions. But where is the justice and fairness in this argument? If these men gain a golden and glorious reward, no one is forced to contribute either to their profit or their fame. And they who contribute to public delight have a right to be allowed to receive what their admiring friends choose to bestow. They are actors on the stage of valour, and have a still better claim to a benefit than the actors in the theatre of the regular drama; for there the most distinguished actor is at the best but the mimic, or the shadow of the hero he represents; but the man who comes forward to play his part in the boxing ring is the hero himself.

"It has been asserted, that a boxing match is a

nuisance wherever it takes place; but this cannot be the case, for the scene of action is laid by the Commander-in-Chief at such a distance from town, that no evil can be apprehended from an over-crowded populace around the ring. No man can fear any uneasy sensation, but from his own tyrannical and overbearing disposition, which would induce him to interrupt the pastime of others. No man need follow the cavalcade to the solitary heath or common where the fight takes place, unless he feels delight in the sport; and why should he feel uneasy that other men seek happiness in a path different from his own? A pugilistic assemblage is, however, so far from being reckoned a nuisance, that it is viewed as a golden treasure, and a blessing to the road and neighbourhood; and if any man doubts that this is the case, I will appeal to every publican and turnpike-man, all the way down to the fight.

"Nor is it any good objection against pugilistic combats, that pickpockets and other loose characters there assemble. If it be true, that they are there in such numbers as has been said, it is a benefit to the rest of society to have them for one day or more withdrawn from town. If they are drawn down to the country, it is clear, for that time, they cannot hurt those who have no taste to go down to the fight, and who remain in town; and if such be places where they notoriously assemble, it would be an excellent thing to dispatch thither the police to seize them in a body. So far, therefore, are the enemies of pugilism from being injured by any bad company who may mingle with the amateurs, it is clearly their interest, by their

own showing, that there should be a fight every day in the year.

"Mr. Chairman; I should weary you and this company, were I to attempt to notice all the arguments brought forward and supported with so much eloquence and talent, by the gentlemen who have opposed me. But I must advert to the attack made on the British character, in the quotation from *The National Intelligencer* of America. The gentleman who so triumphantly brought America forward, in this case, laid open his guard, and exposed himself to severe *punishment* in return. Had he forgot, that in the southern states of America, where the article quoted was written, the practice of *gouging* is substituted for boxing; and not only are private quarrels so settled, but men will meet and gouge for the honour of their several counties. To some present, gouging may be unknown, and I will, therefore, explain it. Two men meet and wrestle, and each endeavours to get his little fingers fixed in the ears of his opponent, when he attempts with his thumbs to scoop his eyes from his head. This is a usual contest; and though the eyes are sometimes restored, blindness not unfrequently results. Such is the barbarous exchange for the gallant and manly contest of boxing. An Englishman abhors the idea of inflicting an incurable injury on his antagonist. He endeavours, indeed, to make him *put up his black shutters*, to darken him for awhile, but he never attempts to break the glass or shatter the frame.

"But we need not go to America to learn the mischiefs which constantly arise where boxing is not in use.

Gentlemen from remote parts of the country can all bear witness in how much more fair and manly a manner any quarrel is settled in London than there. If any dispute arise in places where the rules of the London ring are unknown, two, three, four, or more, fall upon one man—perhaps, too, with sticks—and terrible is his case: wo to the stranger, or to the man who has few friends. But not so in London. Two men dare not fall on one—indeed, they would be ashamed to do it. A stick must not be used, or any other weapon, but the naked fist. The crowd immediately form around in a ring, and be he a man from the east or the west, the north or the south,—be he a white or a black, a Turk or a Jew,—it is all the same; he is sure of fair play, impartial justice, and the volunteer offer of a second to see him through the piece. Every man who looks on is as good as a Lord Chief Justice and special juryman, and will see that the law on the case is fairly and duly administered; and when the decision is pronounced, by the overwhelming evidence of superior *weight of argument* and skill, the unfortunate man who has lost his cause has merely the shame of being defeated as his only suffering; his person is as safe from further injury as if surrounded by the King's guards; and if he has acquitted himself well in fight, he meets, from the spectators, with the consolation of all that sympathy which is justly due to virtue in distress. Such are the triumphs of boxing, and such the principles of honour, justice, and humanity, it never fails to produce and support;—where it is known a man is safe from the violence of superior numbers, from the poisonous draught, and the dagger of the

assassin. It is a safe and salutary cure for the violence of human passion and revenge, and, as such, it is deserving of admiration and applause.

"But I must not occupy more of your valuable time; and I have only to express my hope, that this learned and enlightened audience will give their support to this ancient British sport, to which the nation is indebted for its generosity, justice, valour, and its high place amongst the nations of the earth. For if any impression be made on their minds by the poor arguments which I have brought forward, how strong an impression would have been made, if the learning and talents of some of my opponents had been on our side. I trust it will be considered, that this Literary Institution, in having for once substituted, in place of the grave philosophical discussions on literature, science, and political economy, this debate on the distinguishing natural sports of our country, has promoted the improvement and entertainment of its members, and of their friends who have favoured us with their company on this occasion. I hope it will be the opinion of a triumphant majority, that the magistrates of England, in so far simply discouraging these sports as to prevent their becoming an inconvenience, act the most prudent and praiseworthy part, and that they do well in not too violently opposing public taste, by attempting a total suppression of what affords so much amusement, and keeps up the courage and manhood of the country. Such a decision will be most honourable to a London audience; and, from the interest which the fair have taken in this discussion, I am sure their smiles of approbation will reward the man who

by his vote testifies his admiration of British honour, justice, manhood, and valour."

The decision of the majority was in concurrence with the sentiments of the above speech.

SPARRING BEFORE THE ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN, IN MARCH, 1819.—His Royal Highness having expressed a wish to witness some of the national and manly sports so peculiar to this country, a distinguished nobleman, high in the *Fancy*, in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor Square, requested some of the first-rate pugilists to attend at his mansion, and Mr. *Jackson* superintended the order of the combats. CRIBB and *Oliver* first made their bows, and this *set-to* was much admired for its spirit and science. On CRIBB'S being announced to his Royal Highness as the "Champion of England," he appeared much pleased with the manly and fine athletic appearance of this pugilistic hero; and also the muscular arms of *Oliver* claimed his attention. *Turner*, who had recently returned from a sparring tour, in fine condition, had a turn with the scientific *Eales*. Notwithstanding the superior tactics of the latter, *Turner* had made such rapid improvement from his late practice, that he appeared to stand upon equal ground with his opponent; and once or twice, like the acknowledgment of *Laertes* to *Hamlet*, "palpable hits" were admitted. It was pronounced by all present an admirable display of the art of Self-defence; and thunders of applause crowned their exertions. The *finale* was equally

attractive. *Richmond* and the "*prime Irish lad*" displayed their various traits of *milling*, much to the approbation of the amateurs. His Highness was *struck* with the decided mode of *hitting* pourtrayed by *Randall*, and expressed himself convinced of the advantages that must result towards victory, in actual combat, from its velocity. His Highness was much pleased with the politeness and attention shown to him, and he retired giving praise to the manliness of the English character.

GOOD CONDUCT OF THE PRIZE RING.

BELASCO AND THE BIRMINGHAM YOUTH.—In consequence of the death of his late Majesty, the match which was to have been decided on Tuesday, February 1, 1820, between the above heroes, was, at their own express desire, on the preceding evening, put off till some future day, all persons connected with the prize ring uniting in that general sense of propriety and decorum which ought to characterize every individual upon such a solemn and interesting occasion. Indeed, so *warmly* did the pugilistic Champion of England feel it, that, to use his own expression in council, "he *hoped* that not only the *principals* but also the *lookers-on* would all be *quodded*, if such an attempt was made during the present circumstances." The amateurs, from the highest to the lowest in the *Fancy*, unanimously expressed themselves decidedly averse to any *exhibition* taking place till after the funeral of his late Majesty. The sporting world know themselves better.

RANDALL AND OLD BROWN.—Previous to the *Swell Fight*, at Moulsey Hurst, on Tuesday, December 5, 1820, a *turn-up* took place at Hampton, between the above heroes, in consequence of a dispute about a bet. The two first rounds *Ned* rushed in upon *Randall*, caught him in his arms, and threw the NONPAREIL down ready to burst him. The two following rounds Randall returned the compliment, almost *shaking* to pieces the *ould one*. In the fifth and last round, RANDALL had got *Brown* in an awkward situation, and was going to *finish* him in his desperate *fibbing* style, when *Ned* sung out, "he would fight no more!" The son of the above old one, (denominated the *Sprig of Myrtle*,) witnessing his father in a dilemma, let fly, and gave *Jack* a blow under his left *peeper*, that produced a black eye; but the NONPAREIL, although pressed by the surrounding spectators to return it upon the *young one*, let it pass over without any notice.

THE NONPAREIL AT THE MASQUERADE.—RANDALL was viewing the "*grand doings*" at the CARNIVAL, at the English Opera House, on Monday, the 12th of February, 1821, in a *domino*, quite unknown to most of the motley group, when a *character* CLOWN was *gammoned* to *serve out* a *novice*, who *fancied* he could "spar a little!" The set-to commenced, two or three hits only had passed, when RANDALL'S mask slipped off his face. He was immediately recognized by the *Clown*, who dropped his hands as if electrified, and said he would have no more of it, to the great laughter of the surrounding masks.

RANDALL.—The *Nonpareil*, it should seem, has not lost his importance in the ring, although filling the character of a publican; and it was announced, that if the friends of *Oliver* would back him against *Randall*, 300 guineas against 100, a gentleman, well known in the fancy, would make the match for *Randall*—to take place in July.—March 25, 1821.

TURNER AND HICKMAN.—During some conversation, one evening early in December, 1820, the friends of the *Gas-Light Man* offered to back him £150 to £80 against *Turner*, when a small deposit on each side was immediately put down. A second meeting took place, when the former deposits were increased; but upon the third meeting, at *Randall's*, to the great mortification and even *anger* of *Turner*, a forfeiture was the result. In consequence of *Ned* being engaged at the Royalty Theatre, to exhibit the art of Self-Defence with *Harmer*, he was not present; but he asserts, that he commanded an amateur to make the stakes good for him, and who also promised to attend the meeting. The person alluded to did attend, but when called upon to *cover*, said, "he had no authority to put any money down; indeed, he had nothing to do with it." It was thus this match went off. The amateurs in general entertained an opinion, that *Turner*, in opposition to *Hickman*, would not have had the slightest chance to win; nay, that he must have been *smashed* all to pieces. However, on Monday evening, Jan. 22, 1821, at *Parish's* benefit, at the Woolpack Tavern, in Cornhill, *Turner* and *Hickman* set-to. The general opinion then expressed

by the spectators was, that *Turner* "had decidedly the *best of it.*" But the *Gas-Light Man*, in answer, said "*he gammoned it.*"

MARTIN AND PURCELL. — In consequence of ill-health, during his *training*, the backers of *Purcell* forfeited to *Martin* £50.

TURNER AND MARTIN.—Fifty pounds a-side were made good at *Randall's*, on the 5th of April, between the above pugilists, to fight for £100 a-side on the 5th of June, 1821.

GALLANTRY.—*Josh. Hudson*, a day or two after he had defeated the SWELL, *Williams*, was accidentally passing through Ratcliff Highway, when a great overgrown coal-heaver turned a pregnant woman off the pavement into the road. The feelings of *Josh.* were rather touched at this unmanly treatment, when he remonstrated with *Coaly* on his bad behaviour to a female; but the only return he got was a cut across his shoulder with a large cart-whip for his interference. This was too much; and *Josh.*, without further ceremony, gave *Coaly* such a *wisty-castor* upon his *nob*, that he went down like a shot, and it was a minute or two before he recovered, "to talk the matter over with his brethren of the sack!"

IMPORTANT ADVICE TO PORTRAIT PAINTERS — A SURE MODE TO PROCURE AN ANIMATED LIKENESS.— When Hayman was painting the pictures of the British heroes for the room at Vauxhall, the gallant

and good-natured Marquis of Granby paid him a visit at his house in St. Martin's Lane, and told him he came at the desire of his friend Tyers, the proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens, to sit for his portrait. "But, Frank," said the hero of Minden, "before I sit to you, I insist on having a *set-to* with you." Hayman, not understanding him, and appearing surprised at the oddity of the declaration, the Marquis exclaimed: "I have been told you were one of the last boxers of the school of *Broughton*, and I am not altogether deficient in the pugilistic art; but since I have been in Germany, I have got a little out of practice, therefore I will have a fair trial of strength and skill." Hayman pleaded his age and gout as insuperable obstacles. To the first position the Marquis replied, "that there was very little difference between them; to the latter, that exercise was a specific remedy; and added, that a few rounds would cause a glow of countenance that would give animation to the canvas." At length, to it they fell, and after the exertion of much skill and strength on both sides, Hayman put in such a blow on the stomach, or, to speak technically, the BREAD-BASKET of the Marquis, that they both fell with a tremendous noise, which brought up the affrighted Mrs. Hayman, who found them rolling over each other on the carpet like two enraged bears!

HOAX PRACTISED ON THE PROVINCIAL FANCY.—It appears, that in several of the interior towns of England, where it was not likely that a discovery of the imposition would take place, *two chaps*, something about the size of RANDALL and *Turner*, during the year 1819, exhibited themselves as the above pugi-

lists, with considerable success, particularly in Lancashire.

PUBLIC CHALLENGES AND ANSWERS THAT PASSED BETWEEN DIFFERENT BOXERS, in the *Weekly Dispatch*, at the commencement of the year 1821.

IT was publicly announced, February 11, that SHELTON could be backed against NEAT for £100 a-side.

BOXING.—CRIBB AND NEAT.

Bristol, February 15, 1821.

W. Neat thinks it proper (to do away with any misconception which might have been entertained in consequence of Mr. T. Cribb's receiving the forfeit on a late occasion) to state, that the Gentleman who put down the deposit of £10 at Mr. T. Belcher's for him (Neat) to fight Mr. Cribb, did it without his being consulted; and the reason why the match was not made good was, Mr. T. Cribb's refusing to meet him half way, which was his (Neat's) determination after his battle with Mr. Oliver; he then stated, "that he would fight any man attached to the London Ring, meeting him half way."

W. Neat certainly would give Mr. T. Cribb the preference; but supposing he is afraid of taking cold, coming so far, will accept the invitation of Mr. Shelton, who has kindly consented to accommodate him. Mr. T. Belcher will be empowered to do the needful on the part of W. Neat.

Cribb's age is 40—Neat's age 32.

From T. SHELTON to MR. NEAT.

SIR,—Observing a paragraph in last Sunday's Paper, stating that the match between you and Mr. Cribb was off; and as you had stated upon a former occasion, that you would fight any man attached to the London Ring, meeting him half way between London and Bristol, I beg to inform you, that my friends are ready to back me for 100 guineas against you, and that I have no objection to comply with your wish of meeting you half way. Also, that my friends will meet any friend of your's at my house, Mr. Cribb's, or Mr. Randall's, which-

ever you may appoint, to make the match; but I object to meet Mr. Belcher upon the occasion. Your's, &c.

Black Bull, Cow Lane, Smithfield. T. SHELTON.
24th February, 1821.

To MR. SHELTON.

Mr. Neat's compliments to Mr. Shelton, and takes the liberty of informing him, that if it is his wish to fight, he has only to name a gentleman, the place, and hour, to make a deposit, when a friend of Neat's will make a point of attending, to *accommodate* him. If he cannot get backed, and should feel extremely anxious for a MILL, Mr. Neat will pay his expenses to Bristol, and give him a *chop*, at his *block*, for *nicks*."

To MR. NEAT.

Having seen your note in *Bell's Weekly Dispatch* of Sunday last, I beg to inform you, that a friend of mine will be glad to meet a friend of your's, at my house, on Wednesday, the 4th of April next, at eight o'clock in the evening, to make the necessary deposit for the match. With respect to the latter part of your note, I feel obliged for your kind invitation; but, as I am not disposed to travel so far as Bristol, I shall be happy to give you a chop and a bottle of claret, at any place, about half way between Bristol and London.

Black Bull, Cow Lane, Smithfield, T. SHELTON.
20th March, 1821.

To MR. SHELTON.

The person who wishes to make a deposit for Mr. Neat, to meet you half way between London and Bristol, is most ready to attend any evening, at the house of Mr. Cribb, Mr. Harmer, or Mr. Davis, to meet any gentleman; but objects to seeing Mr. Shelton on the business. Neat, not being in London, the deposit, on his part, will have to be made by his friend. He therefore thinks, that the articles should be drawn without the presence of Mr. Shelton. On Neat's part, these are all he wishes:—a twenty-four feet roped ring; half minute time; an umpire to be chosen by each party; but to choose a referee jointly before setting-to.

Hyde Park Hotel, Monday, March 26, 1821.

SHELTON.—This boxing hero says, "as how he is quite tired not only of the *chaunting* but the *chaffing* about the match between him and Neat; and as he has a sporting dinner at

his house, the Bull, in Cow-lane, West Smithfield, on Wednesday next, his *blunt* is ready to make the match; therefore, if Neat's friends choose to come forward and stake any sum, it will be *covered* immediately: if not, let it be done away, as Shelton asserts, he means nothing else but fighting, and to *win* if he can." April 1, 1821

A CHALLENGE TO ALL ENGLAND.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—Tom Cribb having been called to the *bar*, which now so completely occupies his time—but to be *brief* on the subject, he has, in consequence, entirely resigned the whole of his *practice* in the ring, to Tom Spring, his adopted boy:—the Son, therefore, wishing to tread in the steps of his father, and not to lead

A dull, inglorious life!

anxiously seeking the path of glory, informs all those heroes whom it may concern, that for three months he is open to all England, for 100 to 200 guineas a-side. March 25, 1821.

TO MR. CYRUS DAVIS.

SIR,—I was out of London, last year, when you challenged me at your benefit at the Tennis Court; but now, being in want of a *job*, if you will have the kindness to *accommodate* me, by *cutting* me out some work, I am ready to do it any time you may think proper, in the month of June, and at any *price* you like. Your's, &c.

March 24, 1821. PHILIP SAMPSON.

To Mr. SAMPSON.

SIR,—Having seen your challenge to me, in last Sunday's Paper, I have only to say in answer, that if a man does not mean *fighting*, it is of no use to *talk* about it. Therefore, at present, the *Bear* fully occupies my time; but when he ceases to find me employment, in all probability I shall again enter the Prize Ring, but with this proviso, it must be against a *winning* man! Your's, &c.

Bear and Ragged Staff Tap, CYRUS DAVIS.
March 31, 1821.

SCROGGINS has offered to fight *Parish* for £100 a-side; or for £50; but if *Parish* cannot raise so much money, and he *really* wishes to be *accommodated*, why *Scroggins* is too gentlemanly a sort of man to refuse him for £25 a-side.

ELECTION OF THE FANCY.

Cy. DAVIS

Respectfully solicits the VOTES and INTERESTS of the AMATEURS at the

ROYAL TENNIS COURT,

Great Windmill Street, Haymarket,

On THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1820,

BEING THE DAY FIXED FOR HIS ELECTION;

NEAT AND CABBAGE,

TWO CANDIDATES

From Bristol, also offer their Services to the Public on this Occasion; and

A WARM CONTEST IS EXPECTED,

In consequence of those well known Metropolitan Heroes of the Ring, *Messrs. Cribb, Belcher, Harmer, Oliver, Randall, Richmond, Eales, Turner, Martin, Reynolds, Sutton, &c.* being likewise determined to put in their claims for the attention of the Sporting World.

The Polling will commence at Two o'Clock, and PLUMPERS will be the Order of the Day.

The TALENTS of the various Candidates are of the most STRIKING description; their ARGUMENTS will be perfectly demonstrative; the advantages of a good CONSTITUTION clearly shown; and the essential services portrayed, in DEFENDING it from all Attacks.

The State of the POLL will be declared at 5 o'Clock.

The access to the Hustings will be rendered pleasant and easy to the Voters; and QUALIFICATION TICKETS, at Three Shillings each, to be had at the Bar.

A FINE OPPORTUNITY OFFERS

TO THE

LOVERS OF LIFE AND FUN!!!

A. BELASCO

Most respectfully invites the Amateurs from the West and East Ends of the Metropolis, to witness

THE ART OF

SELF-DEFENCE

AT THE

FIVES COURT, St. Martin's Street,

LEICESTER FIELDS,

WHICH WILL BE EXHIBITED POR

HIS BENEFIT,

On TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 1821.

The *Out-and-Outers* on the Fighting List have promised to lend him a *hand* upon this occasion. The *Game Cocks* want no spurs to do *ABRAHAM* a service. The *Big* and *Little Coves* are all ready to set-to. And on which occasion

ALL THE FIRST-RATE PUGILISTS

Of the Day will exhibit in a variety of Scientific Combats. A. BELASCO will exert himself, therefore, to produce Lots of Amusement. *Caper-sauce* and *Bunches* of *Fives* may be had gratis; *Claret* free of expense; and nothing charged for *Electricity*. *The*

Fancy may depend it will be nothing else but a gay day's play, and *Tickets* may be had by only asking for! Then all of you come, for *BELASCO* will be very glad to see the whole of the AMATEURS at the FIVES COURT, on Tuesday next.

*** Be sure to be there early, as the Sparring commences at Two o'Clock!

COOPER and the GAS-LIGHT MAN will be present.

Holloa! Holloa!! Holloa!!!

A GENTLEMANLY SORT OF A MAN

JACK SCROGGINS,

Humbly doffs his Castor to the

SPORTING WORLD,

TO INFORM

THE FANCY

THAT HIS

BENEFIT

AT THE

FIVES COURT, St. Martin's Street,

Leicester Fields, takes place on

WEDNESDAY, APRIL the 25th, 1821,

When all the First-rate Pugilists on the List will exhibit in a variety of

SCIENTIFIC COMBATS.

The Champion of England, Belcher, Spring, Randall, Oliver, Shelton, Burns, Owen, Turner, Richmond,

Martin, Harmer, Cooper, Hickman, Sampson, Eales, &c. have promised SCROGGINS to be

HAND and GLOVE with him upon this

MOST STRIKING OCCASION.

SCROGGINS begs leave to assure the Patrons of Scientific Pugilism, that nothing shall be wanting on his part to give the utmost satisfaction; and he trusts that, in being remembered ONCE as a great favourite, he also with the utmost deference humbly hopes, that SCROGGINS will not be forgotten as an Ould SERVANT, who has afforded the Amateurs Lots of Amusement in

SIXTEEN PRIZE BATTLES,

As the following LIST of his Opponents will show:—

BOOTS	WHITAKER	TURNER	DAV.HUDSON
SMITH	CHURCH	TURNER	DAV.HUDSON
NOSWORTHY	FISHER	MARTIN	HOLT, AND
EALES	TURNER	JOSH.HUDSON	PARISH

In order to prevent his being entirely FLOORED; and that they will lend their support as *Seconds*, towards PICKING HIM UP, Putting him on his Legs, and giving him another *Chance*, whereby SCROGGINS may be enabled to get a House over his *Topper*, where he can

Serve all his CUSTOMERS!!

And Sing, as an Old Sailor, God save the King!

To commence at Two o'Clock,—Tickets, 3s. each, to be had at all the Sporting Houses.

*** All Tickets issued for February the 27th will be admitted. Tickets to be had at the Bar.

Chaunts for the Fancy,

AS SUNG AT THE DAFFY CLUB, CASTLE TAVERN, HOLBORN; AND AT THE VARIOUS OTHER CONVIVIAL MEETINGS HELD AT THE SPORTING HOUSES.

SONG MADE ON THE PRIZE RING IN 1819.

By P. EGAN.

Tune—"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

Pats who saw Jack Randall fight,
That filled the Fancy with delight,
Oh! it was a manly sight,
Such *game* lads to see!

Back'd by the Welch, Ned took his ground,
A better man could ne'er be found,
Showing fine *science* ev'ry round,
And not a *flincher* he!

Who wou'd strut in *Dandy's* fur?
Who wou'd be a sneaking cur?
Who wou'd bear the coward's slur?
He's no man for me.

'Twas on the plains of Waterloo
Old England prov'd her courage true,
Where Shaw, he nine Frenchmen slew,
Which many there did see!

To Randall, Turner, and Tom Cribb,
Tho' fond of truth, yet love to *fib*,
And on fighting Scroggy's *glib*—
To increase the list.

Belcher and Eales with *science* lead,
Oliver's heart is of true breed,
Painter and Harmer *game* indeed;
Those heroes of the fist.

RICHMOND and SHELTON always gay,
And SUTTON *show'd* some prime *day's play;*
And COOPER ready ev'ry way—
Milling with glee!

An *Out-an-outer* is RANDALL'S due,
And TURNER'S an *Out-and-Outer* too,
Like such *trumps* there are but few—
T'wards Victory!

Of ERIN and CAMBRIA'S boast—
An honour to the English coast;
The FANCY'S pride, and their toast,
Here's their health so free!

Then join with me in praise to sing,
The *bottom* of the *milling* ring;
Effeminacy from you fling,
To raise your Country!

A DAFFY CHAUNT.

By P. EGAN.

AIR—"*Cease your Funning.*"

Bring the DAFFY,
Let's be happy,
Life, you know, is but a span:
No melancholy,
All be jolly,
Smoke your pipes and fill the can!

Sure as a button,
Though a prime *glutton,*
By OLD TIME you will be *scor'd:*
Then kiss your lass,
Enjoy your glass,
DAFFIES ALL, before you're *floor'd.*

THE FIGHT AT CRAWLEY,

BETWEEN

THE NONPAREIL

AND

THE OUT-AND-OUTER.

*Written by BOB GREGSON, P.P.**

And sung at the Daffy Club, held at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, by TOM OWEN, with the MOST *spirited* applause.

Come, won't you list unto my lay,
About the fight at Crawley, O!
Where RANDALL, full of spunk, so gay,
Made good use of his *morleys*, O!
What's it to me, but the best d'ye see,
To TURNER it means no scandal, O!
But the favourite boy, they all agree,
And his name it is JACK RANDALL, O!
With his fillaloo, trillaloo,
Whack, fal lal de dal di de do!

When from head quarters came the news,
That the day was fix'd for fighting, O!
The bets ran high among the coves,
Who *milling* take delight in, O!

---

* A pause ensued—till cries of "GREGSON"
Brought BOB, the Poet, on his legs soon—
(My *eyes*, how prettily BOB writes!
Talk of your *Camels*, *Hogs*, and *Crabs*,
And twenty more such *Pidcock* frights—
BOB's worth a hundred of these *dabs*.
For a short *turn-up* at a *sonnet*,
A *round* of Odes or pastoral *bout*,
All Lombard Street to *nine-pence* on it,
BOBBY's the boy would *clean* them out!)
Tom Cribb's Memorial to Congress, p. 38.

The roads display'd a motley group,
While on their *prads* to handle, O!
But the sporting lads of *St. Giles's* troop,
To be sure we're for JACK RANDALL, O!
With his, &c.

When RANDALL leap'd into the ring,
He threw up his hat so gaily, O!
And taking TURNER by the hand,
He shook it frank and freely, O!
Each man then stripp'd and took their view,
Which way was the best for to handle, O!
When the lads sung out from *St. Giles's* troop,
What a "*broth of a boy*" is JACK RANDALL, O!
With his, &c.

The *weaving* system went to work,
RANDALL made TURNER stagger, O!
But, like *a good one*, he scorn'd to *lurk*,
Taking all off with a swagger, O!
Exchequer'd soon his NOB appear'd,
The *claret* from his *handle* flow'd
While the sporting lads all loudly cheer'd
The battle's your own, JACK RANDALL, O!
With his, &c.

When four and thirty rounds they'd fought,
With HEARTS just like two lions, O!
When *Baxter** own'd *enough* he'd got,
My word you may rely on, O!
It's true that each man did his part;
Then the sparkling glass let's handle, O!
And drink success to the fistic art,
And long life to Paddy RANDALL, O!
With his, &c.

* The brother of NED TURNER, who, perceiving that the latter hero had no *chance* whatever, and that he was only standing up to be *slaughtered*, (although he had a great stake upon TURNER,) with the true feelings of humanity, insisted upon his second, TOM OLIVER, taking him out of the ring. This request was immediately complied with; but TURNER wished to continue the battle. The monosyllable NO! does not belong to TURNER's vocabulary.

BOB GREGSON AND HIS CHOP-HOUSE.

By JOHN EMERY, Esq.

A Captain from afar,
Kick'd up such a racket,
Though not a man of war,
He did command a packet:
Wind and weather howl,
Never did appal him,
Let the tempest scowl,
His *prads* were sure to haul him.
Too ral loo ral loo.

Lancashire men he's *mill'd*,
'Twixt Liverpool and Wigan,
Some you'd thought he kill'd,
He's such a mortal big one:
Then to town he came,
Fought a man for money,
I've forgot his name,
But surely it was *Gully;*
Too ral loo ral loo.

The Captain now, in turn,
Was *mill'd* to his heart's desire,
Yet his heart did burn,
To stand another fire:
But again he vanquished lay,
Strength did not avail him,
Science gained the day,
His friends began to fail him.
Too ral loo ral loo.

Friends will often fly,
Like swallows in fine weather,
But a winter's sky.
Drives all away together:
They skim about in shoals,
While your fortune's shining,
Then off they go like bowls,
If pockets want a lining.
Too ral loo ral loo.

Then he fought TOM CRIBB,
But the stakes he lost, Sir!
Because he couldn't *fib*,
He found it to his cost, Sir:
Now's he got a job,
He* keeps the CASTLE INN, Sir,
In Holborn; call on BOB,
There's wine, and beer, and gin, Sir.
Too ral loo ral loo.

If once you pull his bell,
You're sure to call again, Sir,
For though in fight he fell,
He's not the worst of men, Sir.
No more he'll fight for stakes,
He's done with *hits* and *stops*, Sir;
With GULLYS, CRIBBS, or BLACKS;
In peace he'll mind his *chops*, Sir,

JACK RANDALL.

By Mr. UPTON.

Come, all ye lads of *milling* fame,
That seek renown in story;
And wish to gain a hero's name
For pugilistic glory!
I sing of one ne'er yet outdone,
By Saxon, Dane, or Vandal;
Nay, may be deem'd old Hector's son
That fighting cock, Jack Randall.
Oh, Jack Randall!
The flooring boy, Jack Randall!
With heart and voice,
The Fancy's choice,
The conquering Jack Randall.

* Gregson, at that time, was landlord of the Castle, Holborn.

From Erin's land the Paddy sprung,
That Wellington gave breath to;
And never boys more honour won,
That deal in life and death too.
The one knock'd down at Waterloo
Whole lots like sale by candle;
While Turner, Martin, and the Jew,*
Were scuttled by Jack Randall.
Oh, Jack Randall!
The fibbing boy, Jack Randall, &c.

Then *Borrock*, *Holt*, and *Country Dick*,
As brave as any going,
Have felt how JACK can do the trick,
And set the *claret* flowing!
His right and left have made them sob,
Nor think it, boys, a scandal,
Since few like him can *weave the nob*,
That fighting cock, JACK RANDALL!
Oh, Jack Randall!
The *milling boy*, Jack Randall, &c.

THE

GAS-LIGHT MAN AND COOPER.

By J. FOGO.

TUNE—"*The Trotting Horse.*"

Come all you sporting gentlemen, in country or town,
I'll sing to you a song of pugilistic renown;
Concerning one TOM HICKMAN, who to milling laid a claim,
And the noted George Cooper, you must have heard his fame.
Who could hit away, stop away, mill away,
With my fal de ral, &c.

* Belasco.

Scotland was the place of this hero's abode,
He was the terror of that country, from his scientific mode;
He beat the famous *Molineaux*, by that he raised his name,
Which took the British Champion one hour to do the same.
Who could hit away, &c.

A challenge it was sent to the conqueror of Burn,
To fight him for a hundred, and to give the *Gas* a turn;
For a purse of £50 the *Swells* rushed to COOPER like a *flood*,
And when stripped in the ring, the men showed bottom, bone, and blood.
Who could hit away, &c.

Now the FANCY on the alert, to view COOPER cut and slash,
Expecting *Gas's* features would soon receive a *smash!*
But the thing it took a turn, COOPER could not him withstand,
For in less than fifteen minutes he beat him out of hand!
Who could hit away, &c.

And now to end my song, I have sung all that I know,
May each British boxer true courage always show;
And never sell a fight; nor from honour ever yield,
But act with good behaviour, both at home and in the field.
Then hit away, &c.

JOSH. HUDSON AND THE SWELL BOXER.

By J. FOGO.

Of all the fighting men,
Down from Johnson and Big Ben,
I'll tell you of a *swell* that was so handy, O!
At once to raise his fame,
He fought on Moulsey plain,
But he proved nothing else but a *Dandy*, O!

Now this hero of the glove,
With fighting fell in love,
Who had knock'd about the fighting men so handy, O!
But boxing in the ring
Was quite another thing,
Not fitting for the *mug* of a *Dandy*, O!

Now they stripped without delay,
To commence the bloody fray,
With their seconds and their bottle-holders, handy, O!
Oh, what a funny sight,
To see JOHN BULL a going to fight,
Instead of a boxer, with a *Dandy*, O!

Now to do away all fun,
And hostilities begun,
Hudson with the pepper-box was handy, O!
Like a British heart of oak,
He thought it but a joke,
Instead of boxing, to be playing with a *Dandy*, O!

Now to end this bloody battle,
Josh. slaughtered him like cattle,
And his bowels napp'd the *wisty-castors* handy, O!
Like a broken china cup,
His seconds couldn't pick him up,
Which proved him nothing else but a *Dandy*, O!

So you swells of the *Ton*,
That patronize this Don,
I'd have you for the future to look handy, O!
Ne'er again be led astray,
Your *blunt* to throw away,
But back a man of *bottom*, not a *Dandy*, O!

RANDALL AND MARTIN.

Written by T. REYNOLDS.

It was on the fourth of May,
There was a fine day's play,
When RANDALL peeled to *mill* with the *Baker*, O!
Who the *Shamrock* thought to tear,
From the breast that ne'er did fear;
But it turned out all my eye and Betty *Martin*, O!

And when the fight began,
Lord, how the *claret* ran,
"Burn my breeches!" cries Gibbons, "what a muzzler, O!"
It would make a good one shy,
To feel Randall "*let fly*,"
The fancy all roared out "He's the dandy, O!"

Says MARTIN, "*Jack's* a noble foe,
His left morley's spoilt my *dough*,
My bread-basket feels queer, and so crusty, O!
His opponents all get wild,
Against Fortune's fav'rite child,
So farewell to all my greatness with the *dandy*, O!"

Ben *Bonniface* did grunt
For his *dummy* lost his *blunt*,
And the monkey mounted high on his shoulder, O!
He cracked a hasty wid,
About a *wooden kid!*
How much unlike the NONPAREIL, *Jack Randall*, O!

Then in General Barton's praise,
I could sing all my days,
For he found out this *gem* in the darkey, O!
He's the friend of ERIN'S sons,
And a *pal* of WELLINGTON'S;
Health to him and the NONPAREIL, Jack Randall, O!

THE GLORIES OF SPRING.

A Pugilistic Pastoral.

Farewell to thee, Winter! thou surly old covey,
For now of thy betters I'm going to sing;
Not quite like Miss Wilson, Miss Tree, or Miss Povey,
Yet the subject's inspiring—the glories of *Spring!*

In Time's rolling circle we meet with each season,
And each in his turn is the nob of the ring;
But the fav'rite by far—aye, and that too with reason,
If I'm at all *downy*, is surely the *Spring*.

The Poet no task has more truly delighting,
Than over brave heroes Fame's mantle to fling;
The *Painter* has mingled with he who loves fighting,
And show'd much true feeling on meeting with *Spring*.

When Oliver's face* 'pears above the horizon,
The hinds take to rest, and fond lovers to cooing;
But one's man good meat is another man's poison,
And Oliver's light fades before the gay *Spring*.

O long may the glories of *Spring* be unfading,
And wreaths of fresh laurel may ev'ry year bring;
Through storm, clouds of grief, if he e'er be seen wading,
No Summer may they feel who care not for SPRING!

A LOVER OF NATURE AND ADMIRER OF ART.

* The Moon.

SONNETS FOR THE FANCY.

After the manner of PETRARCH.

EDUCATION.

A link-boy once, Dick Hellfinch stood the grin, (*a*)
At Charing Cross he long his toil apply'd:
"Here light! here light! your honours for a win," (*b*)
To ev'ry cull and drab he loudly cry'd.
In Leic'ster fields, as most the story know,
"Come black, your worship, for a single mag," (*c*)
And while he shin'd, his Nelly sack'd the bag, (*d*)
And thus they sometimes stagg'd a precious go. (*e*)
In Smithfield too, where grazier flats resort,
He loiter'd there to take in men of cash, (*f*)
With cards and dice was up to ev'ry sport,
And at Salt Petre bank would cut a dash;
A very knowing rig, in ev'ry gang,
Dick Hellfinch was the pink of all the slang. (*g*)

PROGRESS.

As Nell sat on Newgate steps, and scratch'd her poll,
Her eyes suffused with tears, and bung'd with gin;
The Sessions' sentence wrung her to the soul,
Nor could she lounge the gag to shule a win. (*h*)
The knowing bench had tipp'd her buzer queer, (*i*)
For Dick had beat the hoof upon the pad,
Of Field or Chick-lane, was the boldest lad,
That ever mill'd the cly (*k*) or roll'd the leer.
With Nell he kept a lock, (*l*) to fence, (*m*) and tuz, (*n*)
And while his flaming mot was on the lay, (*o*)
With rolling kiddies Dick would dive (*p*) and buz,
And cracking (*q*) kens concluded ev'ry day;
But fortune, fickle, ever on the wheel,
Turn'd up a rubber, for these smarts to feel.

(*a*) Exposed. (*b*) Penny. (*c*) Halfpenny.
(*d*) Emptied the pocket. (*e*) Got booty. (*f*) Gamesters.
(*g*) Blackguards. (*h*) Hold her hand to beg.
(*i*) Found guilty at the Old Bailey. (*k*) Handkerchief.
(*l*) House. (*m*) Hide. (*n*) Gamble. (*o*) Look out.
(*p*) Pick pockets. (*q*) House-breaking.

TRIUMPH.

Both'ring the flats (*r*) assembled round the quod,
The queerum (*s*) queerly smear'd with dirty black;
The dolman (*t*) sounding, while the Sheriffs nod,
Prepare the switcher (*u*) to dead (*x*) book the whack (*y*);
While in a rattler (*z*) sit two blowens (*aa*) flash,
Salt tears fast streaming from each bungy eye;
To nail the ticker (*bb*) or to mill the cly (*cc*),
Through thick and thin their busy muzzlers splash:
The mots lament for Tyburn's merry roam,
That bubbled (*dd*) prigs must at the New Drop (*ee*) fall,
And from the start, the scamps (*ff*) are cropt (*gg*) at home;
All in the Sheriff's picture frame the call:
Exalted high, Dick parted with his flame,
And all his comrades swore that he dy'd game.

(*r*) Mob. (*s*) Platform. (*t*) Newgate bell. (*u*) Hangman.
(*x*) Hang. (*y*) The number of convicts. (*z*) A Coach.
(*aa*) Whores. (*bb*) Watch. (*cc*) Handkerchief.
(*dd*) Convicts under sentence. (*ee*) Newgate. (*ff*) Thieves.
(*gg*) Hanged.

LINES

ON THE FIGHT BETWEEN

RANDALL AND TURNER.*

All hail to the *Cove*, see his doxies have crowned him,
With gin-dripping shamrocks just pluck'd from the plain,
See the *Captain*† and *Caleb*† are chuckling around him,
As he offers to *scuttle a nob* o'er again.

Ah! Erin, be proud of the boy you have got,
And toast his sweet name in the *water of life*;‡
Drink joy to his *double-ups*, strength to his shot,§
And a laurel each time he embarks in the strife.

Oh, the leek that beam'd gaily on *Turner's* clear brow,
Glitters still in the wind both purely and bright;
Though the fast springing buds are close clipp'd round it now,
Yet the leek is but robbed of the glare of its light.

Say, thou *Shakspeare of Fancy men*, who could resist
The *Fibber*, the *Touter*, the *tight Bit of Stuff*,
The man who knew *head-work*, and whose mutton fist
Could have tipp'd e'en a young rampant bullock enough.

---

* Literary Journal.

† Captain Barclay and Caleb Baldwin, trainers and betters on *Randall*.——[The author must excuse us in observing, that he is not *quite* FLASH in this respect, as neither *Captain Barclay* nor *Old Caleb* had anything to do with the *training* of *Randall*. If he had stated, that the worthy GENERAL BARTON had had a *hand* in it, he would have been nearer the *mark*.]—ED.

‡ Gin.

§ A peculiar blow that *Randall* has the power of giving, and denominated among the *Fancy*, "*Randall's shot*."

Let feather-bed whelps, without any discerning,
In fashion's gay rounds pass the best of their days;
Let students and poets, in bowers of learning,
Drawl out their existence, and sing their soft lays:

Be ours the wild pleasure, be ours the bright hopes,
Which e'en when devoid of our *day-lights* we see,
The chance but of *flinging* our man on the ropes,
Or of *boring a customer* down on the knee.

We're just like the flowers that bloom in that clime,
Where all sorts of sun-shining sweetmeats are eaten,
Blushing on, blooming on, through the whole summer time,
And whose value's not known till *most soundy they're beaten.*

'Tis then that their soft rosy fragrance glows,
And expands with delight as their strength dies away,
And we, when the *claret* bright, torrent-like flows,
Prove our worth by our *nobs* being board-like and gay.

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